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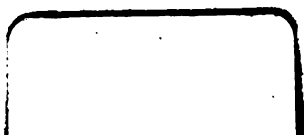
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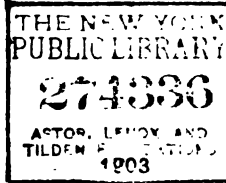
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H. E. Vanderhoef



Coach Courtney



W. O. Beyer

THE ERA

ECHOES FROM THE RACES.

ON the afternoon of July 3rd there gathered in the Dutch Kitchen many a happy Cornellian to celebrate the wedding feast of Cornell and Victory. Heads were light and hearts were free at this merry-making meal for training was broken and Ithaca was welcoming home the victors of the races. Our loyal townsman is no small factor at these times. Language was not fluent enough to serve the toasters in their uncurbed flow of enthusiasm over the work of the crews, and the demonstrations of town and gown bore testimony to their delight that Cornell had regained her old time place in the rowing world.

Our success on the water this year was in one sense a double victory. Besides defeating five other fast crews we at the same time wiped out the lingering discouragement left by the defeats of the past two years and established a record that many a crew will work hard to break.

The uninitiated can not appreciate the stupendous amount of training our crews experience before the "Old Man" considers them ripe enough for the all-important trial. The men go on the machines early in the winter and their untiring faithfulness during the long tedious hours of indoor work is no small criterion by which the coaches pick their men. Then come the cold spring days before overcoats are discarded when the shivering candidates don their rowing garb and betake themselves to the frosty waters of the inlet only to be "called down," overhauled and even "bounced" by the "Old Man." All this severe handling, however, lends more encouragement to the chosen few upon whose shoulders will fall the struggle later on.

Then the day for departure arrives and the boats are packed, all ready for the journey to Poughkeepsie. The cheerers at the station little realize the seriousness of the business the men are undertaking nor the individual effort each will put forth in the struggle.

One visiting the attractive training quarters on the western banks of the Hudson where he sees the tanned, jolly crew men sprawling on the grass singing Cornell songs or at the training table devouring meals which from their size might easily have been prepared for twice the number of consumers would readily conclude that it is a lucky fate to be a crew man. But when one sees the same men next morning out in the blistering sun making distance rows up the river, or the day following at the race itself concentrating every atom of power in the boat, pulling along at a cutting speed for four straight miles towards Cornell's goal, one concludes that a crew man's life is not all song and eating.

On July 2nd of this year the Hudson river was the scene of two of the grandest races ever witnessed by a true Cornelian. The observation train followed the three four-oared crews to the start. Cornell was on the outside. At the signal Columbia and Pennsylvania pulled off at a furious clip while Cornell settled down to that aggravatingly slow swing which has so often brought anxiety to the restless watchers. The excitement of this race was intense on account of the spurts of the other crews while Cornell ploughed steadily on, seemingly oblivious of surroundings. We were behind up to shortly beyond the $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile mark, when the efficacy of that tantalizing stroke began to tell and we gradually forged to the front. For the last quarter our boys spurted away from the other shells and crossed the finish line victors with apparent ease.

This stroke of good luck at once brought Cornell into favor and started our own hearts to beating over the freshman race next to be rowed. All know the story of how the freshmen took the lead and maintained it until the last quarter mile, how when they were easily rowing along well in the lead the rough water broke number five's oarlock and robbed us of a victory which was easily within our grasp.

Disappointed but not disheartened the human load of enthusiasm on the observation train again rode back to the start for the Varsity race. And now it was observed that the wind which up to this time had been blowing from the south suddenly swung around to the north turning unfavorable conditions into those well suited for record breaking. The six crews were soon in position waiting for the referee's signal when an accident shifted Cornell's stake-boat, necessitating a flying start. After the shells were in line the referee sounded the signal and the race was begun.

After the crews had settled down to their work the Cornell eight gradually came to the front and by the time the half mile mark was reached was in the lead. From this point onward Columbia and Wisconsin followed Cornell, fighting for second place. After three miles had been covered it became evident that Wisconsin could make nothing better than third place and Columbia began a desperate struggle to catch up with Cornell. Our boys were not to be caught unawares, however, and quickly responded to Columbia's approach by the only spurt they made in the race. The way our shell left Columbia dispelled all anxiety concerning the condition of the men, and the crew making a strong finish crossed the line between two and three lengths ahead.

It is hard to remember just what did happen after this, except that everyone yelled and all lost their heads and voices in the din that followed the crew out to the middle of the river. But when the news of our record, 18:53½, came to us on the bank all was pandemonium. Our first impulse was to make our way to the boat house to shower congratulations on Mr. Courtney and the whole crew at once. Mr. Courtney in his gratification over the work of the boys admitted a few friends who had the honor to be the first to shake hands with him after the victory. The rest of the crowd had to be content with peeking in at the door crack to get a glimpse of our famous coach and the happy heroes of the races.

Edna McNary Colson.

"THE GIANT'S ROBE."

TOM LAWSON declared that the reason the girl was so interesting was because her deep mourning so became her unusual coloring. Mrs. Tom Lawson thought that it was that coloring and her eyes with their soft shadows. No two persons agreed on the cause—though all agreed that she was an intensely interesting figure. We were all fellow voyagers bound for Europe—and "she"—the interesting one—was a girl about twenty-four, I imagine—tall, broad shouldered, not exactly beautiful, but wonderfully attractive. She was accompanied by another woman of whom, in look, she was the exact counterpart. No more had been learned concerning them by us interested ones than that they were Mrs. Martha Morton and her niece Miss Janet Rea—of Cleveland.

I agreed with Lawson that she was stunning in black—and I thought his wife right in declaring her eyes wonderful—with their greenish light and soft shadows. I said that it was the long lashes made the shadows. Mrs. Lawson thought it sorrow or something of that sort.

I confess I must have been born under a lucky star, for I suddenly remembered that I had known one Tom Rea in college. I spoke of him to Miss Rea the first day out, which was bold in me, I confess. She smiled a wonderful smile and told me that Tom was her dearest cousin, like a brother to her, and more than that—that Tom had spoken of me to her. I felt warm all over my heart. I knew that every soul on that boat was cursing himself because he didn't know some dear relative of this haughty lady's.

I have reason to call her haughty. For after that one long smile she was ice itself. It was only my utmost audacity that could make me attach myself to her side. I enjoyed too, seeing the other people eye me and talk about me. The Lawsons urged me on. They thought it an interesting shipboard

flirtation. Fancy Janet Rea flirting! No, I had made up my mind. The girl had a lot to her, more than the average, I was sure. There was some reason for her avoiding people. I meant to learn the reason. For my journalistic career had nourished in me the habit of sniffing about for the unordinary and interesting and adaptable—I might be able to make my fortune out of a romance woven about this girl. Ah—a fortune it was.

The third day out I discovered something. The girl adored her aunt. Also that the aunt was sweetness itself and prone to like young men. Moreover Aunt had heard about me, she said. That was her way of coaxing you to her. Aunt was so very like the niece that I was easily coaxed. God bless Aunt.

The fourth day out Aunt and I were lasting friends. And having talked about everything under the sun save the one thing I wished to talk about, she began.

She told me that Janet was going abroad for a change. And when I asked if Miss Rea was not strong, she only laughed and answered that the girl was strong as a horse, too strong. So after considerable clever questioning, I learned that Miss Rea was a literary young woman and had written considerable stuff.

"She must be clever," I vouchsafed. The aunt sniffed a little.

"Clever—yes, and who likes a clever woman? That was my brother's greatest disappointment. He couldn't help showing it. He didn't want her to be so different from other girls, wayward, whimsical, independent." She leaned a little towards me and lowered her voice. "Why—just before his death he caught her in a scheme to join the editorial staff of one of our weeklies. Fancy! If he hadn't died of acute indigestion I should have said that the shock hastened his end, poor man. He made her promise that she would never do such a thing as long as there was a cent in the world she could call her own—those were his exact words—though how that girl could support herself on a cent I don't know. But

she's not been happy for a year back. So I packed up and started her off, and I'll not go back to America until I get the cobwebs out of the child's head."

I crossed my hands back of my head and smiled at something out in the restless ocean. "Janet Rea," I was saying to myself, "you're the sort of girl I like. You're not the milk and honey sort I've known all my life. You've got spirit and go and a good deal else to you. I am going to know you." All this I said with as much solemnity as though taking an oath. It was an oath.

"I wish you'd talk to Janet. She's so cold toward young people nowadays and I don't like it. But you know she puts it on. She's not that sort really. It's some absurd idea she has in her head that—that she doesn't like men and—well, how's the girl ever going to fall in love?"

I took my eyes from the ocean and fastened them suddenly upon Aunt. I raised my shoulders and head proudly. What was happening? Was I being asked to help in the delightful task of marrying Miss Rea to someone?

Mrs. Morton suddenly grasped the arms of her chair in an ecstasy of pleasure.

"I know what I'll do. Do you remember that little book of songs and verses which came out awhile ago—published by Harpers? The girl went wild over them. I'm going to tell her you wrote them. She'll—"

I felt my face grow scarlet to the roots of my hair. I jumped up hastily. "Oh don't. I beg of you—"

But Mrs. Morton was up as quickly as myself. She shook her finger at me gayly.

"Don't you tell on me, young man. It's all just to interest the girl in someone—no harm, no harm." She gathered up her cape and hurried off down the deck while I sank, helpless and wretched into a steamer chair.

What the consequences would be I dared not consider. That I could let the girl think for a moment that I wrote the verses seemed impossible, for I had always tried to be honorable. I smoked cigar after cigar trying to straighten things

out—and wondering why the old lady should have hit upon me as her means to a desired end.

There was a sunset that night and all the passengers who were able strolled on the promenade deck to enjoy the ocean beauty. I was there with a foot-long cigar and a heavy heart. And as I was moodily passing one of the saloon doors—a tall figure in a long coat came gliding up to me.

"I'm so glad—" she began, and I threw the cigar miles out into the ocean and all misery fled, for I seemed to catch the aunt's spirit as I felt the change in the girl's manner. Perhaps there would be no wrong in the end.

"—that I know. I loved those verses, every word." She lowered her voice as though speaking with reverence. "I fancied an old man had written them, by their tone—and it is you." I felt myself color and she kindly changed the subject. But I felt the warmth, nay the actual friendliness in her manner.

So, thanks to Aunt's utter shocking lack of truthfulness I found myself pacing the deck way into the gloaming hour by the side of this girl, talking to her of the things which were very near to my heart and, I discovered, very dear to hers—always books and their writers.

That night I offered a devout prayer to the starlit heaven that the clever man who had really written the book of verses which had won my way into the girl's friendship might pardon my pardonable sin.

I found her more and more interesting each day and I spent more and more time with her. "Aunt" threw us together with wicked intent and many a nod of her head toward me. The Lawsons and others wondered a little how all this had come about, but Miss Rea was reticent and no one but ourselves and "Aunt" knew about my book of verses.

Not as yet had she spoken of herself. She talked a great deal of Tom, and so did I. She talked of her aunt, and so did I. She spoke just once of her father, very calmly, and I felt for the moment like pulling off my cap and baring my head before her.

Was I going to find out about the girl—the real girl? I

had found her friendly and charming and companionable with me, but why was she not so to others as well?

It was the last night out. "Last nights out" on ship-board are bound to have some unusual happening, and so did mine. We had defied all bars and officers, had passed the steerage and were there alone. She sat on a capstan, enthroned like a queen, and I stood before her a favored subject. Neither of us wished to speak, for our voices would not have harmonized with the wash of the water at the bow or the softened thud thud of the engine. We heard the watches cry from the fore-top. It aroused her a little.

"How calm it is," she began, looking tentatively at the mist along the northern horizon.

"We are almost in the Channel," I answered slowly. Then there was another silence which she again broke.

"You have never asked me one word about myself." There was something amusingly irregular and irrelevant about this girl.

"No," I answered, and she interrupted me laughing.

"No, for probably Aunt told you all about me. She always does. I know just what she told, she has told it before, you see. I'm a little queer—all that—she—

"Calls your ambitions cobwebs," I chimed in.

Miss Rea turned to me. "Thank you, I do not hear that often. Yes, they all call them that. A girl isn't supposed to have ambitions or ways of her own to live. I was supposed to be ordinary and do the ordinary things of my life and be happy. I was supposed to drive and ride and talk and dance and eat and sleep and be merry, be a veritable butterfly. That's all very well if you have the material for a good butterfly in you. The world would be a dreary place without them. But poor me! I've hated society ever since I was old enough to know what it meant. It was a blow to poor father when I came home from college, a strong-minded girl—"

I detected the sarcasm in her voice.

"They didn't call you that, surely."

"They had to. No one knows a softer name for a person

different from the ordinary. They know no middle ground. I wasn't cultured and finished and all that. I was a dreadful barbarian in the eyes of my dear aunt and her world—so I had to be strong minded—I couldn't be the butterfly."

She looked away at the mist again, and with her eyes off from my face I felt more bold.

"You could keep away from people, but how could you keep people away from you?"

She laughed. "That is why I have grown into a savage. I do not like many girls. There have been a few that I loved. Most of them have gone out of my life now, though. I knew them at college. They have helped me, they understood me, perhaps they were like me. I do not feel that I could ever fill their places."

"And men?" I felt a little frightened as I put the question. The girl laughed a little, but she blushed also.

"Hasn't Aunt told you anything about that? I like men better than girls but I haven't known many, and I do not care to yet. I have always wanted to be a man. You can do so much more with yourself."

"You make a better girl than a man."

"Oh, do I? I suppose so."

"Miss Rea," I commenced timidly, "I haven't known many girls—and you—you've interested me. I'm bold, but I wish you'd tell me about yourself. I've tried to puzzle you out and I confess I cannot do it. I wish you'd tell me why—why—"

"Why I, Janet Rea, aged twenty-four, am sailing away to Europe for an indefinite wander, with a lorn aunt and her heart whole and fancy free?"

I laughed and looked at her. "Yes," I answered.

She sprang lightly down from the capstan and went up into the very bow. The wind was blowing her hair loose. I thought I had never seen such a picture, and yet she was not beautiful. She was silent for a very long while. I waited, my heart beating a little fast. Was I going to see into the girl's way at last?

She laughed a little and looked down at the white caps slashing the bow.

"It is funny, isn't it? To look back and think and see what time can do, how it can change one! Oh, my life isn't a bit romantic. You would not think it interesting, my poet friend," she looked up into my face. I winced.

"I suppose I had my share of fancies, and all that," she went on, "but I was not the sort of girl to indulge in them deeply. I was too healthy and too skeptical. I was not a bit as I am now. They have all labored together and changed me. Soon dear auntie will approve of me and then the work will be complete. Aunt didn't know me in those days. No one did at home. I grew up wild. Father thought his duty finished with engaging good nurses and instructors and giving me money and toys innumerable and the love of a great big busy heart." She stopped a moment. "Mother died, you know, so I never knew what it was to have anything else. So you see I was—"

"I knew you were that sort—" I broke in, in a low tone. I looked at her, at her sunburned face and beautiful hair, fair in the half light, the poise of her head and shoulders, the straight line of her back not concealed by her loose coat. Oh, nothing escaped me.

"You've read what a good poet once wrote—" I went on,

"Marna with the wind's will,
Daughter of the sea—"

She turned full towards me and her eyes were shining, "Don't you love that?"

"Marna with the tree's life,
In her veins astir,
Marna of the aspen heart
Where the sudden quivers start
Quick, responsive, subtle, wild,
Artless as an artless child—"

I went on quoting.

She turned away almost wistfully.

"Oh, but she was a poet's fancy and I—I was only a girl.

I was an independent, impulsive, headstrong girl, who had conned every creed I possessed from my child-philosophy and from nature, and from the books I loved. I do not remember ever learning a principle from anyone. And I thought myself as free as the wind and perfectly capable of judging between right and wrong. There was no ethical knowledge in that childhood of mine—" she laughed. "Creed and principle stood by me well enough until I went away and lived with other people and tried to fit them in with others' and put them into practice, and then Marna could not live with staid folk—so she fell. I had to lay each way aside and adopt the new ones. It was hard, and I don't suppose I will ever entirely succeed. Those friends I had then helped me and I am—well—as I am."

"I wish I had been one of those friends."

She looked at me and her eyes was soft and large with feeling.

"You know—you are like, one of them. I've noticed it from the first. I used to wonder if he had written those verses and wish he had, but it was you. You are like what he must be now. I liked him because he was not like the others, and—"

My boldness reached its height. I put my fingers across her hand just for a moment—

"Did you care for him?"

I firmly expected a haughty rebuff. I trembled inwardly. But there was only a silence, broken at length by a low laugh, a little, sad laugh.

"I suppose I cared, for I was very young, and he seemed to give me something which I had never known before in my life. He had everything in him that would attract a girl like me. When all others bored me, I set him aside and—I understood him and I liked all his good qualities and enjoyed his faults. And he wasn't like all the others. He was not so quick to blame me for my failings. Well, I built all my girl dreams about him, and before him all my independence fled and I was humility personified." She was saying all this half laughing, but I felt the undercurrent of wistfulness.

"And—well—"

She shook her hair back from her face. "I always knew, all the while I knew him best, just how much he cared for my friendship and what sort of a girl he would really like—I mean love. She would be slender and graceful; she would have soft, big blue eyes and goldenish hair and dimples. She would be beautiful in every way, face and manner, a charming girl—a gentle, clinging little creature."

I laughed aloud. "You didn't imagine—" I began.

"We were very young, you know. It was the way of fate you see, to throw me in his path, and it was not for me to regret that he gave me less, perhaps, than I gave him. It was all natural. He helped me more than anyone else, without knowing it. He taught me perhaps what I had to learn and what no one else could teach me. But I always kept the vision of that other girl in my mind, and out of pure perversity I have grown the opposite sort. Sometimes I wonder—if perhaps—I might not have helped him a little. I suppose there was much good from it all, and I didn't know until afterwards how much I cared—and perhaps I didn't—for—"

I looked straight into her eyes. "You did care," I said slowly.

She turned away. "Yes, I did care, but it seems a long time ago. My other fancies have been failures. I've looked so hard for the things I like in people—and have failed so often that I've given it up. Just now my life seems a little empty and useless and—" she looked up at me wistfully, "I have caught myself wishing that I—I was the blue-eyed, pretty charming girl, you know. You see what a dissatisfied creature I am. I have promised never to attempt to earn my own living by my pen so I might as well roam around with Aunt for awhile."

"But you need not do it for the money in it," I exclaimed.

"I'm going to 'do it' sometime. My cobwebs must come out, dear auntie. But I am willing to bide my time. I shall be happy over here. And I want to tell you," she hesitated a little, "you're the first person who has understood

me since I left those girls, my old friends, and you've given me sympathy and let me bore you with my silly tales, and—I thank you."

"Don't," I begged a little huskily and I found myself pulling off my cap involuntarily.

"Oh yes, I must."

"I won't have you say so. I have—" I stopped dead still and she waited.

"I feel that I have been strangely honored to thus—please, Miss Rea, promise if you ever hear anything of me that is dishonorable and unworthy the friendship you've given me—pardon the sin."

She laughed. "Why, you act as if you had done some wrong. Oh, you are so like that other one, with your haughty-humble tone. You make me want—. He used to hint darkly at unknighly offences. Yes, I promise to pardon you all your sin," she spoke lightly.

I thanked her with all my heart.

"And if I am like that other one, might I not—" I began but of a sudden she raised her bare little hand in warning.

"No," she said quickly, and then she laughed nervously. "Oh, it is the last night out," and then with her usual irrelevance she wound up, "I would like to know—I suppose he has found this blue-eyed girl."

"That has not to do with either you nor me now. We are all wanderers. Miss Rea, you and your aunt are going to Switzerland direct, are you not? May I follow you in a few weeks?"

We heard the ship's bells and the cry from the foretop. She held out her hand impulsively and smiled at me. "Yes," was all she said.

I had been in Paris a few weeks when I received two letters posted from Lucerne. They were edged with black. I felt my heart give one fierce thump against my ribs.

"No wonder you craved my pardon, sir," one letter began, without address of any sort, "you, who posed as poet

and won my friendship and admiration through the genius of another. If I did not know the real culprit I should fail in my promise to forgive you, but it is the guilty who must suffer and I shall only scold you for being the apt tool of a dear, deceitful old woman. How could you?

"So I shall cut the first day of our acquaintance off and bury it forever, for it belongs to the real poet. The rest belongs to you, however, for I believe it was you yourself I knew then.

"We are looking forward to seeing you in the home we have fixed up here very soon. Until then, goodbye. Janet Rea."

I read it over and over. No, she was not like other girls. The other letter was short and typical of the "dear, deceitful old woman."

"If you don't come to this place very soon, young man, I shall go wild, for I verily believe that I am successful as a match-maker at last. My darling child has awakened to the realization that someone exists in the world worthy of her interest, and I want your help. Oh dear me, what am I writing? But Janet acts restless and discontented and I think she's a little lonely and—do come as soon as possible—Martha Morton."

I went the next day, for you see she needed me. And—well, three months later Janet Rea and myself were married in a little English chapel in Lucerne. And Mrs. Martha Morton sailed soon after for America, with the satisfied feeling that she had done her duty well.

Sometimes I wonder what brought all this happiness in my life. Was it simply fate, or my borrowed laurels, or my resemblance to that other one who had known my darling before I did? He had known her and had loved the blue-eyed girl, thank Heaven for that. Janet says, and that is enough, that it was the "Giant's Robe" I wore.

J. L. D.

THE CHIMES.

DOUBTLESS one of the first objects on the campus to attract the new student's attention is the chimes. It is true he may have already become fully alive to the peculiarities of Ithaca boarding houses and to the Armory—we usually notice disagreeable things first. Yet it can not be long before he hears floating through the air the mellow tones of the great bells, and hearing, wonders. Perhaps there is wafted to him some of the sweetness of the donor's life, and a little of the message she entrusted to the bells. In any event, he is abnormally constituted who unmoved can hear those perfect tones for the first time.

It was late in the summer of 1868 that Miss Jennie McGraw, better known to us perhaps as Mrs. Jennie McGraw Fiske, conceived the idea of presenting to the newly founded and not yet dedicated Cornell University a chime of nine bells to be placed in the tower of McGraw hall, thence to send a helpful note across the campus. Scarcely was the idea born than it sprang into vigorous life. In eighteen days the bells were molded, cast, and mounted in a temporary campanile near the site of the present Library; they were not to be rung until Inauguration Day, October 7, 1868. On the afternoon of that day, before a large assemblage of townspeople and others, Francis M. Finch, now dean of the College of Law, proffered in an eloquent and finished address the gift of Miss McGraw. It was accepted by the Hon. George H. Andrews and Lieutenant Governor Woodford, acting on behalf of the University. Both before and after these addresses the bells chimed out the "Dying Year" by Tennyson.

But what about the bells themselves? As has been said, they are, or were, nine in number, for in 1870 a tenth bell, the gift of Mrs. Amanda White, was added. It is this bell that sounds the hours. The weight of the combined nine is 6,426

pounds, the largest bell weighing 1,780 pounds and the smallest 231 pounds. Inscribed on them are the nine verses of the "Dying Year," beginning :

"Ring out the old—ring in the new ;
Ring out the false—ring in the true."

and ending,

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart and kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land ;
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

In addition to this, on the great clock bell—the one of 1870—is inscribed a portion of Psalm XCII,

"To tell of thy loving kindness in the early morning and of thy truth in the night season,"

and the following poem by Lowell :

"I call as fly the irrevocable hours,
Futile as air or strong as fate to make
Thy lives of sand or granite ; awful powers,
Even as men choose, they either give or take."

The bells are graduated to the key of G, the extra bell being F natural, in order that pieces written in C may be played. In consequence of this, a large number of tunes can be reproduced, the one capable of being rendered with greatest expression being "Sweet Hour of Prayer." Other tunes, such as the martial, "Star-spangled Banner," and the lighter "Yankee Doodle," can be brought out with great power.

The sound can be heard, under favorable circumstances, from three to four miles among the hills and for five miles or farther along Cayuga. Originally, in the "military regime," the chimes were played five times during the day—at reveille, chapel call, dinner, drill call, and tattoo. At present, however, they are rung but three times, at 7.45, 12.45, and 5.45, each rendition, during which from three to six tunes are produced, lasting fifteen minutes. They were never, until this year, rung during the summer session, nor are they played on

Thursday and Sunday afternoons for fear of interrupting the Sage Chapel organ recitals.

Around the bells have clustered a large quantity of verse and song. Space forbids dealing separately with all these, but surely no Cornellian can forget the pensive grace of the "Evensong" or the cheerful movement of the "Chimes." "Busted," too, can hardly lose its prestige. Yet may the writer be forgiven for saying that few things written concerning the chimes have such point as this rather feeble witticism of a '69 student :

Dialogue between a Professor and a Bell Ringer.

Professor. Do you go by the Cascadilla clock ?

B. R. No, sir ; the clock goes by my watch.

But the mere telling of facts and figures concerning the chimes can not or at least should not, satisfy the student mind. Other than the splendid view obtainable from the Library tower, much can be learned in an ascent to the bells that can be learned only in that way. Suppose we make the ascent, choosing the mid-day ringing for the occasion.

After we have waited some minutes at the great entrance to the lecture room, the chime-master appears. At present that functionary is O. L. Goehle, '02, who succeeded A. O. Berry, '01, of cross country fame. We follow to the oak door just within the entrance and express our wish. The bell-ringer gives cordial assent, and we too pass through to the tower stairway. Up ! up ! up ! along a winding, iron staircase, on one side an iron balustrade, on the other a dingy, white-washed wall. Are we almost to the top ? No indeed ! we have mounted only ninety steps and there are almost one hundred and sixty. Up ! still up ! We are beginning to pant for breath ; we wonder how the chime-master can take three steps at a stride. Still up ! Ah ! here is the last spiral ; you recognize the fact by the names carved on the wall by vandal students.

Where are we ? Well, this is the room directly underneath the bells. It is not very cheerful in appearance. Scaffoldings, wires and pulleys are not pretty. Then the

brick-work is old and dingy, the huge, round windows of heavy glass are somewhat in need of washing, and a single wooden chair on a rough wood floor seems inhospitable. That? Oh, that queer-looking contrivance on the east side is the device for ringing the bells. It consists of an upright wooden frame in which are placed ten wooden levers, hinged at the back, and connected by wires and pulleys with the bells. The largest lever, the one on the extreme left, connects with the White bell and regulates the hours.

On up? Of course; the bells are not here. We must climb another stair spiral. The wind? Why, it's from the tower. That horrible, ear-deafening clang? That is the chimes. They sound more melodious at the distance of—say Cascadilla.

Here we are at last! We are standing in an open space balustraded by an open-work iron railing. On every side the campus and the beyond, whether hills or lake, stretch their panorama. What's that we are told—fifty miles a clear day? Well, though to-day is hazy, the view is splendid. But let us look above. There are the bells, eight of the smaller ones ranged in a circle around the largest of the original nine. Directly below is suspended the White bell. Those inside hammers are used in ringing the chimes, the outer ones in striking the hours.

Whew! how the wind blows! Think what it must be up here in December when we on the level campus perforce stagger beneath the blasts. The life of a chime-master is not an unmixed harmony then.

Shall we start down? Here goes for the first spiral.

T. J. E.

THE BRIDGE OF HELL.

Every moment Desmond leaned forward over the horse's neck, as if by his own impetus he could force a faster gallop. Behind him the shouts of pursuers had long since died away, while the thunder of hoofs on his track was now present only in his excited imagination. Before him stretched the long, deserted avenue, black as ink and veiled by sheets of falling rain; at the roadside shadowy trees flashed by like uncouth dream-shapes—dark masses in a surrounding blackness; overhead a starless heaven gloomed upon him a terrible, formless vengeance, save when a yet more terrible lightning-flash zig-zagged across the rent sky from horizon to horizon. And through it all Desmond rode on, starting at the slightest sound that echoed his own guilty fears, no less than at the thunder-peals incessantly crashing above him. The tense set of his face, the wild stare of his eyes, the shaking of the hand that held the bridle-rein, all proclaimed a man tortured with foreboding,—one who sought refuge from his own evil thoughts in this awesome midnight race. Farther and farther forward he stretched—almost over the horse's neck; far away, away in front lay his one hope of safety,—across the Bridge of Hell and the state line.

Not thus had he started and shivered three hours earlier, when the old man refused him the desired gold, not thus had he mentally cowered and shrunk within himself. Then in all the pride of insolent strength he had risen to his full height and brought his fist down with a crash that had scattered papers and memoranda—a crash defiant and threatening. When the old man spoke in cold tones of his drunkenness and debauchery, citing debts paid without a remonstrance and promises broken within an hour, he had laughed scornfully, and answered with curses and menace. It had made his wine-heated blood boil, and his hands clench, to see the old man

there before a safe filled with gold and bonds, deny him the few thousands he needed, and, in words as scant as a tramp would have received, cast him off forever.

At the recollection almost the same thrill quivered through his nerves again ; but it was no longer one of drunken fury and profligate despair. The thrill now was terror—terror lest they should take him and put the rough hempen cord around his neck—he could almost feel it there. Horror shook him when he remembered the lust for blood that had come upon him ; the blows repeated and again repeated on the old man's gray hairs ; the mad kicks ; the streams of blood that had clotted the silvery beard, and stained the white vest ; the last dying shriek for help and the last prayer for revenge ; and then the ominous quiet while the clock ticked on and on with fearful loudness. The blood-spattered rug and the mutilated body seemed to be things sentient, endowed with a vengeful soul. His teeth chattered when he recalled the hasty saddling of his favorite in the wet, gloomy night, while the gold in his pocket clinked a merry accompaniment to his heart-beats, the swift pursuit that began before he was half way down the village street, the angry oaths and yells of hatred. Yet—and one little quiver of exultation ran through him—his Arabian had outstripped their country plow-horses. Ahead, only six miles away, lay the state line and safety, across the Bridge of Hell.

Nobody ever knew—probably nobody ever will know—why they gave it such a name. Perhaps it was because the two states used to hate each other cordially, or perhaps there was an old ghost-legend hanging about the place. At any rate, by day it was only an old iron bridge, with a few red paint blotches still clinging to the side rails and upper-work, and the swift, deep river coursing along beneath with a great exhaustless energy. By night—ah ! by night everything is different !

By this time excitement was loosening Desmond's fettered imagination. It seemed no longer he who was riding alone in fear of life through the storm and darkness ; it was some demon

ghoul that had stolen his body, some spirit akin to the lightning that flashed and split the firmament. He was far above—above that slow nag—flying with the tempest-driven clouds. Soon he would reach the hotel with its garish lights and flower-banked tables, at which sat jolly young companions, gossiping and bandying repartee with highly-painted young women. Or he would seek Stella's boudoir and sip champagne at her feet, while she told him of her recent triumphs and the bouquets she had received—the warm elixir forcing her cheeks to glow and her bosom to heave, until he was lost in a maze of love-dreams. Or he would try again the fortunes of the gaming-table, for he had gold once more—would watch the fatal wheel turn, and turn, and turn, till he should win—would madly stake thousands upon thousands over the green baize that used to tantalize him by its never-changing hue—would gain and gain till the croupier grew white and announced that the bank was broken.

Yet other and other fantasies chased across his crazed brain. Now he was an immortal wind-spirit rejoicing in the desolation and havoc around, drawing life from the rolling artillery and the deadly flame of the sky; now he was a Turkish sultan wandering at will through a seraglio of houris, more beautiful than those of Paradise; and now he was a blood-stained murderer, vainly endeavoring to wash from his trembling fingers the crimson stains. Gradually his senses were stumbling back to the light of reason—he was almost Desmond again.

With long strides the Arabian had carried him onward. Just as he regained knowledge of who and what he was they turned the last corner. The Bridge of Hell was in sight!

Even in his terror Desmond jerked back the horse on its haunches. The brute resisted, quivered, and gave in. Man and beast became like statues. Five—ten—fifteen minutes pass. But why does he halt now—now, when freedom and liberty are just before him—now, when the gold that he has bartered his soul for is secure, and he can begin anew his round of pleasures—now, when delay is fatal and the pursuers

nearing—now, when one final spurt carries him over the bridge? Why is his face whiter than even soul-anguish and bodily peril could make it before? Why does he turn his face to heaven and raise his hands in prayer? What lies before him? Only the Bridge of Hell!

Ha! behind him the shouts rise again; though far, far in the distance they are once more on the trail—those men with stern features and clenched fists, with hardened hands and more hardened hearts. Faintly, very faintly, the hoof-beats come,—yet they *are* coming. Will he never start, never relax that fixed stare? Ah! at last he moves! he spurs his horse!

But now the Arabian refuses to go on. He has done his part; he has nobly carried his master for thirty miles; he has endured the terrible strain without flinching. Even a steed from the wide desert, a steed with the Arabian pedigree out-dating the Hegira, a steed that Saladeen might have been proud of, could do no more. No horse will enter Hell!

For one night at least the bridge had earned its name. No longer was it the old, familiar, rusty iron bridge; it had become an Inferno of flame. From every part of the iron-works coruscating sparks darted hither and thither like living demons, sometimes in throngs and again so few that each gave due emphasis to its deadly message. Like fiendish shapes they combined before Desmond, twining in and out, wreathing, threatening, beckoning him to his doom. Along the sides the tongues of fiery blue-green snakes seemed to lick and consume the solid iron, striking menacingly at the hapless observer, curling as if they already possessed his body. Every now and then whitish glares vied with the flashes in the heavens, vanishing swiftly as they came. It all imaged one wild Brocken-dream, a phantasmagoria hideous in its unexplained strangeness. Beneath, the black, silent river; above, the black, gloomy heavens; around, the black, rain-veiled country-side; here, spitting and crackling globules of hell-fire, darting, retreating, coalescing, crossing. And the shouts were growing louder.

Desmond hesitated. His horse refused to stir another foot. He thought of retreat. Too late—the pursuers were nearing. He must attempt the bridge! He leaped from the saddle and approached the structure. Once—twice—he drew back. And always the shouts came closer. The third time he placed one foot upon the bridge; a strange tingling and pricking warned him. But now the shouts were very, very near. He must cross! He drew back, and—just as the first of his pursuers uttered an exultant cry—with one bound he entered the hail of fire. The next moment all was over.

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The crime was expiated. Heaven itself had struck down the guilty—so the coroner said, and the simple country folk agreed.

But the next morning a wire flashed to the central office in Fordham:

“Wires over B—bridge down. Bridge wet. Short circuit. Five hundred volt current. Great electrical display. Young Desmond killed in attempting to cross.”

A COLLEGIAN'S EXPERIENCES IN THE WOOLLY WEST.

ONE may travel through the West quite extensively and see nothing of its woolly side. The towns and cities are modern in character and appearance, and often possess a spirit of energy and thrift which the East might well afford to copy. To be sure, the proportion of saloons seems large to an Easterner, but this is accounted for by the scarcity of good water in a country where alkali abounds. To really see the *wild* portion of the West in its natural state, it is only necessary to follow the government surveyor for a few months as he

measures off sections of the public lands on the great deserts or in the dense forests. In a few days civilization and all its traces are left behind and there is nothing but desolate, endless plains in just the same state as they were hundreds of years ago.

April last it was my good fortune to be taken on such a survey both into the deserts of Oregon and the forests of Idaho. On the 18th of April we left Portland, Oregon, one of the busiest cities of the West, and took the train to Caldwell, Idaho, a small town right on the edge of a great desert extending for hundreds of miles over into Oregon. From here we walked sixty miles through the sand and over bare mountains till we came to the point where we were to begin work by the Owyhee river.

To say that the new life that now began on this survey was a hardship would hardly be true, for it was enjoyable, but it certainly was a great surprise. Being accustomed to pick out only a few things, which could be considered edible, from the extensive menu of the Ithaca boarding-house, the surveyor's bill of fare struck me as rather confining. Likewise walking and climbing for twelve hours a day was a violent form of exercise for which even my Cornell experience had not rendered me thoroughly fitted.

The first day's work will always be clearly outlined on my mind. About 5:30 A. M. I was awakened by the cook's breakfast call. Rolling out of my blankets I followed the others down to a little mud-hole and went through the motions of washing. There was, however no great enthusiasm in the act for I thought my face cleaner than the water. After getting tenth on the towel, I started for the breakfast table under the impression that I was very hungry. The table was not to be found, but spread out on the sand was a strip of canvas, and upon this what the veterans called a "lay-out." In turn I took my plate and tin table spoon and filed alongside of the tempting display. First, there were beans; the doctor had always said that beans were highly indigestible. Next bacon; I never could eat the stuff. The coffee was beyond my

strength. The biscuits, however, commonly called "sinkers," looked weak enough for anybody, so I made a meal on these and apple-sauce. After breakfast we again filed by the table each taking two or three biscuits for the mid-day lunch. Then the two compass men took a crew of four men each and started off over the desert in different directions. By means of sighting through his instrument, the compassman would find some distant object directly upon the line we were to run. The taking down his instrument he would walk directly towards the given point, while the chainmen followed directly in his foot-steps and measured the distance traversed. Pretty soon we came to a small stream running about waist deep, and as there was snow on the hill tops round about, you may imagine how the chainmen felt when the compassman walked straight through the water. There was nothing to do but follow the leader, so we took our bath and tried to look pleasant. Rapidly walking over the sand, climbing cliffs, fording streams, and scrambling up ravines,—in this way we continued till noon when we stopped to eat our three biscuits. Inasmuch as I had sat on mine a few times, they looked painfully thin, and as I gazed upon them I began to wonder if beans really would do me any serious damage. Our work in the afternoon was but a repetition of the walking and climbing of the forenoon, only that I began to think more and more about something to eat. In fact, I decided I would eat anything and lots of it. Three times at supper I loaded up my tin plate with beans and bacon and apple-sauce, and three times I filled my cup with delicious black coffee. My ! but that meal certainly beat anything Delmonico ever served. In a short time I left the camp-fire, rolled myself up in blankets and slept in peace and perfect content beneath the quiet stars.

It does not take the blood of our ancestors very long to assert itself, and very soon this wild unrestrained life came to be one of pleasure. The scenery especially was quite fascinating to a tenderfoot.

One day as we were walking along the apparently endless sage-plain we saw far ahead what appeared like a small break

in its surface. As we approached nearer and nearer this slit began to widen, and at last we stood on the edge of an immense canon. Looking down almost beneath our feet, we could see, seven hundred feet below, the river rushing and roaring along between the cliffs; and such strange cliffs carved into immense statues, and built up in the appearance of forts, and churches, and all painted with the richest colors imaginable. As far as the eye could reach this little river had carved out wonderful statues, and painted its richly colored pictures.

When, however, we descended to the river the picture changed. Those beautiful cliffs were sharp and treacherous. They tore and bruised our hands and crumbled beneath our feet. The river bottom was narrow and filled with immense boulders. The high walls shut out every chance of a breeze, and the midday sun poured down upon the rocks with such warmth as to render the atmosphere close and oppressive. Lizards in all shapes and colors spread their ugly forms upon the nearest rocks and watched us eat our lunch; and now and then our noise stirred up some irate rattlesnake. White bones lay bleaching among the rocks, and off in the distance the coyote howled and the buzzard sailed above the cliffs. A more dismal picture could hardly be imagined.

That night we found our camp pitched beside two hot springs, and so had the opportunity to enjoy the luxury of a dip in one of Nature's bath tubs. The river was icy, but right beside it and not over six feet away there bubbled up a spring of steaming hot water. By running a little river water into the spring we managed to obtain a very pleasant temperature, and enjoyed it immensely except when we became careless and sat in the wrong stream.

Leaving this region by the canon of the Owyhee river, we tramped across country for one hundred and twenty-five miles to the foothills of the Stein mountains near the Oregon-Nevada line. The climate in these mountains was quite a change from that we had left. The mountains were covered with snow, and every few days we had a snow storm although it was now about the middle of May.

Our everyday life here in the Stein mountains was very much like that upon the plains, but now and then we would have some new experience. One night half of the men failed to arrive in camp. It seems that in the morning before starting from camp the "Boss" had carelessly told the packer to move camp two miles to the west, when he had intended to say two miles east. Consequently the pack-horses were loaded down with our goods and belongings and driven west, while all day long both crews were working toward the east. At 5:30 P. M. both crews started for camp. They searched in every canon where camp could possibly be, and searched in vain. About 8 o'clock our crew climbed the highest peak available and searched the horizon for signs of camp. We were doubly tired from a hard day's work, and from two and one-half hours of mountain climbing. Besides this we had eaten nothing substantial since 7 o'clock in the morning. Just as we were about ready to lie down in the gathering gloom and spend the night, way off to the west we saw a faint light flickering against a mountain side. At once forgetting our troubles we stumbled over the rocks for two hours more, guided only by that gleam on the mountain. At last, however, we were rewarded by finding camp. The other crew was not so fortunate; till ten o'clock at night they searched over mountains and through ravines without result. Finally, completely exhausted, they built a fire by a little stream and watched and waited for the break of day. Just as the first light began to streak the east our compassman took a bag full of biscuits and a revolver and hunted up the lost. About 9 o'clock they came straggling into camp, pretty well used up, but rather glad to find something to eat and a few blankets.

The middle of July found us surveying the forests of the Bitterroot mountains in northern Idaho. Here, likewise, we found trouble in finding camp owing to the density of the forests and the thickness of the underbrush. So difficult was traveling that one mile per hour was deemed a good rate of speed. We often got near enough to camp to smell the bacon frying, and then spent half an hour getting to it. It was a

terrible trial for us to pick our way carefully through dense thickets, and make wide detours around patches of fallen trees while that tantalizing smell was nearly driving us crazy. The most exciting experience that befell me occurred on my way out of the country. Leaving the camp at 9:30 A. M. I started off alone for the nearest station, which was thirty miles away. The first mile lay down the side of the mountain towards the St. Joe river, a rapid little mountain stream. Coming to the river, it became evident that the only way to progress was to follow one bank till it ended in cliffs, and then ford through the rapids to the other. Thus for seven miles, alone in a pouring rain, it was my luck to walk back and forth across the river. After going this distance I found a dim trail and tried to follow it. Now a trail is not much like a sidewalk. It is merely a path marked by the cutting of trees, called "blazing," along which it is possible to proceed if due care is used. About every one hundred feet a tree is cut upon both sides to mark the trail. When the nearest house was yet two miles distant it began to grow dark, and it became more and more difficult to see the blazes upon the trees. As it grew darker and darker I had to walk slower and slower. Soon the blazes seemed to disappear and only by straining my eyes could I see from one blaze to the next. At last it was dark and walking carefully along I felt of each tree and by feeling for the cuts managed to move slowly along the trail. Coming to a sharp bend I went straight ahead into a dense thicket and had to retrace my way step by step to a blazed tree. In this way I moved slowly along till the trail seemed to branch into four smaller paths. Trying each one of these they all turned out to be nothing but old logging trails. Just as I was about to give up in despair and lie down in my wet clothes, a cow bell tinkled about half a mile ahead of me. The thought that a fire and something to eat were so near at hand lent new energy to my weary limbs, and I started on. Leaving the four false trails I struck out straight through the forest for that cow bell. The start was quite brisk ; in fact too brisk, for I put my foot in a hole and tried to make another with my head. While I

was picking myself up and getting the dirt out of my mouth I counted ten and tried to laugh. A few feet more and I landed head-foremost in a fine spruce tree. I forgot to count, but did not say much. The underbrush now became so thick that I had to crawl along parting the bushes with my hands. In this way I progressed very well till I found an immovable object on each side of my head. Upon feeling carefully about I discovered that I was stationed between two tall firs. Naturally I was too disgusted to speak. Backing out of this trap I carefully crawled out on the end of a log that seemed to be going in my direction. Soon, however, I discovered that the log was getting too far from the ground, so I tried to get off. This, it turned out, was unnecessary, for the log was rotten and broke, teaching me a few new turns and somersaults. When I had picked the most of me up, several feet further down the hill, of course I felt disgusted but not too disgusted to speak. I believe I increased my vocabulary by about seven hundred and fifty-two words right on the spot. For two hours I crawled in this manner on my hands and knees, and at last found a cabin and was taken in for the night. I was not allowed to sleep in the cabin, for it consisted of but one room and this already contained a dining table, three common chairs, a rocking chair, several dry-goods boxes, a bed, a baby carriage, a baby cradle, and a baby. A couple of blankets and a hole in the hay mow were good enough under the circumstances.

Thus was the last experience a fitting climax to a summer's experience in the wilds of the West.

G. P. W.

CLÉSINGER THE SCULPTOR.

In his preface to the catalogue, published in 1895, of Clésinger's works, the Marquis Reny de Gourmont says :

"In the history of French sculpture during the nineteenth century, Clésinger is a name. He is more than this,—he is a date ; he is, in fact, an epoch. He personifies as a chiseler of marble, Romanticism in art. Was he its Victor Hugo? No sculptor of this century is a Hugo. Was he its Alexander Dumas? Yes, and something besides ; for along with his perpetual fecundity, Clésinger possessed a perpetual style. His work was often bad, but there was a passion and a fury in its badness. . . . Rude, Clésinger, Carpeaux,—these are the three last great sculptors."

After several years of long and expensive litigation, the heirs of Clésinger have finally got possession of the original models of the sculptor and they are now crowded together in three different studios in Paris rented for them. Even the most hasty glance at this dust-covered mass of plaster, bronze and marble, huddled together in the obscure light of cramped store-rooms, fully confirms, in all essential points, this judgment of the Marquis de Gourmont. Ever and anon one is reminded of the vigor and grasp of Victor Hugo, though the prolificness of Dumas is the dominant impression left on the beholder of this veritable array of busts and groups. And when, in addition, one recalls the agitated career of the sculptor, his domestic and financial troubles, his artistic disappointments and triumphs, his ungovernable temper and his lofty aspirations, glimpses of all of which phases of his life and work will be seen in the extracts from his unedited correspondence found further on in this article,—when one takes into account all this, one readily admits the correctness of this judgment of M. de Gourmont, especially as regards "the passion

and fury'' of the man, not only the domain of art but in all the manifestations of his being.

Jean Baptiste Auguste Clésinger was born at Besançon, in 1814, in a casement of the citadel during the siege of the city by the Austrians. This fact probably accounts for many of the agitated qualities which stood out prominently in the character and temperament of the future artist, tendencies doubtless increased by the social influences of his mother, who was Spanish, the niece of the Grand Prebendary d'Aurot. His strictly artistic tastes were chiefly due to his father, who was a sculptor of merit, a pupil of the distinguished Italian sculptor, Baron Bosio. Many examples of the elder Clésinger's work may be found in the churches of Franche Comté, and his statue of Cardinal de Rohan, made for the choir of the cathedral of St. Jean, possesses interest to us quite outside of its artistic merits; for this dignitary of the church was struck by the remarkable promise of the son and took him to Rome, which immortal city settled his future career and was ever afterwards his refuge and inspirer.

At Rome, the young Clésinger was brought up with the monsigneri of the Pope at the Vatican. But it was not long before it became evident that the talented young man was not meant for the cloth. So he became a pupil of the great Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, then fixed in Rome, and of the architect Salvi. Cardinal de Rohan died in 1834, and although Cardinal Antonelli had taken Clésinger under his protection, the latter returned to France, abandoned his art studies and enlisted in the first regiment of cuirassiers, whose captain was MacMahon, later Marshal and President of France. Thus Clésinger took part in the African wars, which finally secured Algeria for France. The Orléans Princes, who held high command in the army during this campaign, were so struck by the sketches and drawings of the young soldier, that they advised him to quit the army and devote himself wholly to art. Their interest in him was so great that the Prince de Joinville brought him back from Paris a block of marble from which was cut in 1868 "Cleopatra before Caesar."

In 1845 Clésinger's domestic troubles began. In that year he married the daughter of George Sand, Iolange Dudevant. Writing in that same year to Count de Villemain, the then delighted mother-in-law said : "Clésinger will make his wife and me glorious. He will engrave his titles on marble and bronze which will last as long as parchments." The young couple had four daughters, all of whom died in infancy from meningitis, the parents being too highly strung mentally to produce healthy offspring or even to live in unison. The marriage soon proved to be most unhappy and was dissolved violently at the end of a few years, both parties separating with intense hatred for one another, a hatred which continued to the end of Clésinger's life, and which is still alive in the breast of the surviving widow. When the break in their wedded existence occurred, the last daughter was living, and one parent kept stealing her from the other until the poor child died in the midst of these unfortunate family quarrels. "O my adorable angel," exclaims George Sand in the "History of my Life," "thy death has torn out my heart. Why did I not follow thee?" When, some ten years later, Clésinger received an order from the State to make a statue of George Sand, which is seen to-day in the *foyer* of the Théâtre Français, the celebrated author but detested mother-in-law was in mortal fear lest the resentful son-in-law should allow animosity to influence his chisel. But such does not seem to have been the case, as this striking full-length portrait of George Sand is creditable to both artist and subject.

Napoleon III was also a good patron of Clésinger. He gave him an order for a statue of Napoleon I, for a heroic sized Francis I and for a Charlemagne said to have destroyed by the Germans in 1870 in the artist's studio at Enghien. It was also the Emperor's intention to have Clésinger execute a grand monument sixty-five metres high, which should crown the then bare Trocadéro hill at Paris, where now stands the Palais du Trocadéro. At its base were to have been the statues of Charlemagne, St. Louis, Napoleon I and Napoleon III and at its summit the Genius of France. The artist partly reproduced

this idea in his proposed monument to Victor Hugo, which was never completed, owing to the sculptor's death.

It was not wholly artistic reasons which caused Napoleon III to take an interest in Clésinger. As was the case with Rubens and Vandyck, the sculptor was often charged with quasi-official political missions. Having been brought up at the Vatican under the eye of Pius IX, as we have already seen, and being more or less initiated into the secrets of the Papacy, Antonelli more than once confided to Clésinger verbal messages which were given to no regular diplomat. He had his entrée at the Tuileries and created not a few jealousies by his frequent tête-à-têtes with the Emperor.

These semi-confidential relations with the chief of the State enabled Clésinger to enjoy certain privileges which could not be understood or pardoned in some circles. Thus, while engaged in 1856 on the statue of Francis I, he asked for the loan of the most beautiful tapestries of the *garde meuble*, and the request was promptly granted by the Emperor. The then director of the Louvre Museum was not a little vexed when the armor of Francis I was removed from its customary place and sent to the sculptor's studio. He was even allowed to make casts of the crown diamonds. Among his letters I find this one written in 1853 to Colonel Varlez :

"My very dear Colonel : Let me remind you of your kind promise to lend me a well-shaped Arab horse from the stables of His Majesty, the Emperor. I have completely finished the *ensemble* of the statue of King Francis I. To finish my horse, there remain to be done only the fine and thoroughbred details. I have made haste also to begin and finish the statue of which I have so long dreamed,—Napoleon I."

All these marked attentions and high favors of course excited the animosity of the other artists who had hoped to see him fall with the breakdown of the Empire. But such was not the case. The successive Presidents of the new Republic—Thiers, MacMahon and Grévy—were not less friendly to him than the Emperor had been, and he died in 1883 without suf-

fering the chagrin so common to French artists of suddenly finding himself in disgrace with the heads of the State.

Clésinger was on terms of intimacy with most of the famous men and women of his epoch,—with George Sand of course, with Théophile Gautier, the two Dumas, with Baudelaire, Arsène Houssaye, Pierre Dupont, etc. He was a close friend of Chopin, who died almost in his arms, and whose monument at Père Lachaise cemetery is from his chisel.

Physically, Clésinger was also a notable man. He was exceedingly tall for a Frenchman, being six feet high. He had a handsome face lit up with black and sparkling eyes, and a flowing beard. He was early habituated to every kind of bodily exercise. He loved to hunt. He had an indomitable character and a nervous temperament, and was untiring in thought and act. He was a hard-worker, as is evidenced by innumerable passages in his letters—some of these will be found further on in this article—and by the vast amount of finished and unfinished sculpture which he left behind him. Close observation of the man and his work leaves on the mind the impression that Clésinger must have been a sort of nineteenth century Benvenuto Cellini. He richly merits Théophile Gautier's epithet of "the Murat of sculptors."

In 1856, disgusted with men and things, Clésinger left France for Italy in much the same state of mind as did Byron when he turned his back on England half a century earlier. In fact, the character, acts and works of the French sculptor, recall in more than one respect, those of the English poet. Both had ungovernable tempers,—in his impatience, he would often break a new statue all to pieces with a hammer—both chafed under the conventions of modern society, both threw off the marriage yoke with empotment, both complained bitterly against their own load and their fellow countrymen, and both fled to Italy for retirement and inspiration, and it was under the Italian sky that both produced works that placed their names high in the list of the world's men of genius. The foregoing brief biographical sketch brings out some of Clésinger's striking resemblances to Lord Byron, and the letters which follow will emphasize them.

The earliest letter in the papers which I have examined contains this sentence, which, coming from a boy of eighteen, is notable. "Yes," wrote Clésinger from Rome in 1832, to Charles Weiss, "I hope that one day I shall contribute to the glory of my native land."

In February, 1835, the same correspondent received this letter :

"I am going again to make the tour of Italy, but not like the first time, for I go now as a sorely tried man. I shall fill a dozen drawing books with every thing curious that comes under my eye relating to arts, customs and traditions. I shall penetrate into the interior in quest of legends . . . I return to Lausanne on Tuesday. Thence I will go to Brieg, and then to Simplon, to Domo Dossola, to the Borromée Islands, and thence to Milan, where I shall sojourn a month, studying Raphael and all the masters, making sketches of the most beautiful monuments. After that I will visit Mantua, Padua, Ferrara, Venice, where I will embark for Trieste and Ancona. I will coast along the Adriatic till Etna apprises me of my arrival in Sicily, where I shall tarry a month. If possible, I will steer for the shores of Greece and my enraptured soul will be thrilled at the approach to Athens and Lacedemonia, when recollection will bring before me all the beauties of those spots. I will touch at Alexandria, returning to Naples by the way of Calabria, feasting my eyes once more on Pæstum with its three temples, and then, finally crossing the Pontine marshes, Rome will come before me again. Rome ! There I will labor for three months and during those three months I shall hope to become a good artist again."

The following letter was written from Paris in 1839 to his father :

"Last evening I received a note from M. Gigoux in which he asked me to call at his house at an early hour. You can easily imagine that I made haste to do so. As soon as I got there, M. Gigoux said to me : 'M. David* is expecting you at 10 o'clock, 14, Rue d'Assas.' I was consequently off in a

*David d'Angers.

hurry. Having sent in my name, M. David received me much better than I expected. After showing me through all his studios, he led me into the one occupied by his pupils, informing me that I was one of them. Thus, dear father, here I am in friendly rivalry with the best students of sculpture in Paris, under the ferule of the best master. With the faith in myself, and the talent which I already possess, in three months' time I will astonish art circles with my group of the Virgin, which M. David and M. Gigoux consider the most beautiful and grandest conception of the fine arts."

This dithyramb is dated at Lausanne in 1841 and was written to Charles Weiss :

"I am entering into the future of which I had dreamed. I feel coursing through me that salutary fever which produces masterpieces. Rome, Rome, then I am to see thee again ! Michael Angelo, my master, thou art then to give lessons to the pupil who will never forget thee. I am going to drink at that sacred spring. Do not judge me too severely,—I have the art fever at this moment."

In 1844 comes this letter also from Paris and also to his father :

"To-day is to be moulded the model of the statue that I have called 'A Dream of Love.' I do not believe—I speak to you frankly—that antiquity or modern times have ever touched so difficult a subject. I think I have made a success of it. I am complimented on all sides."

In 1856 he writes as follows from Rome to his brother Victor :

"It is but three days since I got your good dear letter and I thank you for it with all my heart. I have suffered much, but the day has come when I am to reap the fruits of my courage and labor. The Emperor has answered me with a kind and charming letter, and has given me two blocks of marble for which the director of the Academy* has been ordered to pay 6,000 francs, so you see what it is to be hopeful."

* The Academy of France at Rome.

Here is an extract from another letter from Rome written in the same year as the foregoing letter and to the same brother :

"At last I have finished the third and last statue. How beautiful it is ! In three weeks you will receive photographs of all the work I have done. I have saved my future reputation and have created at Rome a studio filled with my works. I think that as soon as the Emperor receives the package which I am sending him the same time as to you, he will not only be satisfied with my work, but will forthwith send me what is necessary in order that I may go on and continue my statue of Francis I, which is well under way. Thus all goes well. My enemies at Paris have showered upon me many calumnies and accusations. But how can it be prevented ? My arrival in Paris will put an end to it."

The following extracts are from letters written from Rome to this same brother in the years 1856 and 1857 :

"I enclose in this letter a proof of the statue of Sappho which I am making. It represents the famous Greek woman, celebrated for her verses and the great sufferings of her life, at the moment when she has just repeated her last song and is on the point of throwing herself into the sea. You see that the subject I have chosen is a sad one,—sad like myself."

"The moulders have finished with my masterpiece, the statue of Mary Magdalene. I am impatient to send you the photograph, so that our mother and all the family may share with you the joy and true happiness of your brother who at least has produced a beautiful good statue. I have got Cardinal Antonelli, Secretary of State, to promise to visit my studio, as soon as the moulding is done and then to expose the statue publicly in the museum of the Place du Peuple. Who knows but that this statue may be the source of a new and great fortune for me !"

"I am working at my marbles with the greatest ardor. I hope to finish the Sappho, as well as the Infant Hercules, for the Exposition. As for the Dancing Girl, it cannot be finished before August [he is writing in February, 1857], when I will return to France."

One of the largest and most interesting letters in the collection is this one addressed in 1862 to the late Arsène Housaye :

"You know that on January 2, 1856, leaving in France a name reviled, resources exhausted, debts contracted in laboring, I turned toward Rome, earning my bread along the way like those starting out on their career. I worked so hard at Rome that at the end of five years of persevering toil, I found myself in a condition to undertake at my own expense an equestrian statue, a work which I consider as a sort of revenge on my enemies and without which I should scarcely have brought myself to return to my native land. I had chosen as my subject the Emperor Napoleon I. . . . Six months ago, Nieuwerkerke* came to see me. I placed him in front of my statue. 'I think,' he said, 'that the Emperor† would like to see you retouch the statue of Francis I.' These words led me to think that I was not entirely forgotten and that the check received in past years might be repaired.

"I returned to Paris, and after having converted into money all the marbles in my possession, I began on the 15th of last August my two equestrian statues. I say two, because my Napoleon, which for want of cash I had to leave in the custom house, was returned to me completely deteriorated. As regards my Francis I, I never dreamed of retouching. Six years of study caused me to conceive an entirely new work. During this labor I swallowed up little by little my very last resources. To-day I abandon my models to public judgment (?) I am going to continue at Rome to produce busts and statues which will perhaps make it possible for me some day to realize one of my artistic dreams,—the putting into marble this statue of the great captain of modern times."

In 1864 he writes from Paris to M. Charles Weiss :

"After a long sojourn in Italy, I return to settle down again in France, and I find here more implacable than ever the same dense crowd of mediocrities who, ten years ago, forced me to go away. What have they done? Where are

* Count de Nieuwerkerke, the French sculptor, of Dutch origin.

† Napoleon III.

the monuments and statues which will live in the future? No-where! There are only plagiarisms, works without style or color. In a word, I find about me only a complete decadence, which is sure to make an impression on one who, like me, has just been spending several years in studying the beauties of ancient art. Yesterday I began work again on an equestrian statue of Charlemagne."

The three extracts which follow are all from letters written from Rome,—the first two in 1868, the last in 1869.

"The studio has again taken on its work-a-day appearance. All goes well, thank God. I am expecting to make a rather important sale, thanks to M. Visconti. He brought to me Prince Toilonia, who is enchanted with my Victorious Bull, the new Dancing Girl, and Beauty Subduing Force. He saw this last group in an unfinished state in the clay and on his return to town from Ancona, where he is at the present moment, he is coming to the studio again.

"As regards the model, the Child Hercules, M—— must pay me 2,000 francs if he wishes it put into marble for him; and, in order to offer him an inducement, I will exhibit it at next year's Exposition if the marble is fine and it is well executed. The serpents must not be made in marble. I will make them in bronze when I arrive.

"You will have by the end of October the two busts, Helen and Paris."

"The cares of the present threatening me with absolute poverty, and, what is more, with a total loss of all the super-human work executed during the past six months,—it is in vain that I have tried in some way to get out of my present difficulties. I can do nothing. The only thing left me is to turn to ideal works, and you know what comes from that. I don't know what to do or say. I have made a rough sketch for that statue of the Death of Cleopatra, throwing into it all the spirit which you know I possess. But to-day comes discouragement with the defeat of all my hopes."

"To-morrow I shall pack the charming statue of a Young Bacchant I cannot authorize its being moulded unless

for terra cotta, and even then great care must be taken to wash it with aquafortis after the moulding, for all this impairs marbles. I mean to arrange for the future so that no marble will be moulded after it has received the patina.

"The workmen who rough hew the Cleopatra must be careful to leave sufficient marble so that when I finish it, I will find enough stone."

On March 3, 1871, just after the siege of Paris by the Germans, he closes with these words a letter written from Bordeaux to his nephew George :

"I hope no harm has come to any of you. Any way, write me *poste restante* at Algiers, for, having nothing left in the world, I am going away.

"Your uncle, Clésinger."

In 1872 he wrote as follows to the mayor of "the heroic city" of Châteaudun, who urged him to complete a group ordered by the municipality to commemorate the brave defense which occurred there during the Franco-German war :

"I have had so many pecuniary difficulties to contend with that I have more than once been nearly on the point of abandoning everything. And yet I felt it was wrong to get discouraged, and so I have finished 'The Genius of Gaul', which is ready to be cast."

A letter written from Barbizon in November, 1876, contains this passage :

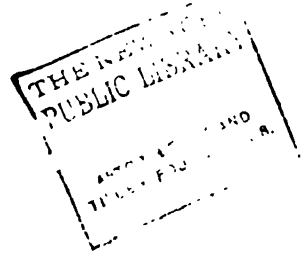
"I have just returned from Fronchard, where I spent a week in the forest without seeing anything else but admirable landscape, deer and wild boars. I did a lot of work."

Such was Clésinger. The strains of sadness which are seen running all through his life and which were, perhaps, the dominant note, were not absent at the final scene. On that cold day in January, 1883, scarcely ten friends stood around his open grave. He seemed to have anticipated this neglect, for before his death he had sculptured his own monument. "This last trait, so characteristic of him, paints Clésinger entire," a friend has truly remarked.

Theodore Stanton, '76.



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THE ERA with this number begins its second volume as a monthly magazine. To the newcomers at the University, and perhaps to others, an explanation of the sphere of this publication may not be amiss. For some years it had been recognized that there were more college journals at Cornell than the situation justified. Each encroached to some extent on the field of the others, and considerable dissatisfaction resulted. Accordingly, at the beginning of the last collegiate year, a reorganization was affected; the number of publications was reduced and to each was assigned a separate and distinct scope. The chronicling of the daily events of college life was made the duty of one paper exclusively, another devoted itself to the humorous side of that life, the third had entire charge of the news of the alumni, and the ERA, hence-

forth a monthly, became the literary magazine of the University. This arrangement proved satisfactory in the extreme, both to the editors and their readers, and is now continued for a second year.

The term "literary magazine," however, does not adequately describe the character of the ERA. The gathering and publication of the best stories, essays and poems from the student pen is not its sole duty. It does more. It aims to be in the fullest sense a journal of the University. The principal events of Cornell life are chronicled each month. The leading questions of undergraduate interest are discussed. Various topics connected with the University are treated at length; the history of the different student activities is described. And to some extent topics of college affairs beyond Cornell's walls are taken up. To publish a magazine of the best work of the students, and whatever may be of interest to the students, whether by themselves, the faculty or the alumni, in fact all that is best and most enduring in the realm of Alma Mater—such was the aim of the first editors under the new system. With but slight change it will be the policy of the present board.

The ERA has been particularly unfortunate during its brief existence in the present form in the many changes which have been found necessary in its board of editors. Fate has shown its customary irony in obliging that one of the college publications most stable in its character and contents to be most unstable in its organization. This condition may be an indication of the exactions college journalism makes upon its devotees, but the condition is none the less unfortunate. It is accordingly announced, with regret, that John Rea Patterson, '02, has found it necessary to resign the position of editor-in-chief, and that James L. Dorrance, '03, of the staff, and Edwin P. King, '03, of the business department, have failed to return to the University. Two of these positions have been filled by the election of Richardson Webster, '02, to be editor-in-chief,

and Winsor F. Woodward, '04, to be assistant business manager. The vacant position on the staff will be filled by competition, literary in its nature, and open to all undergraduates. This will close November 1st, and the student whose contributions up that time point to him as the most worthy contestant for the place will be elected to the board.

The attention of aspirants for journalistic and literary honors is called to the fact that all positions on the ERA staff are thrown open to competition each year. Members of the board and others meet on the same footing at the close of the college year, when the staff for the succeeding year is selected from the best material available. Those who desire appointments are urged to begin work at once and to contribute regularly. Stories and sketches of all sorts and articles on topics of Cornell life or on subjects in any way connected with the University, are desired. The editor will be glad to confer with intending candidates in regard to their work. The competition will close May 1st.

In this number the ERA presents to its readers the first of a series of articles contributed by alumni. The author, Theodore Stanton, '76, is one of the comparatively small number of Cornellians prominent in the field of literature. He is well known as a critical writer, and as a continental correspondent for American newspapers and magazines. As a resident of Paris for many years he is well fitted to deal with the subject he has chosen for the ERA.

The delay in the appearance of the ERA this month is caused by the non-arrival of paper, which was manufactured to order for this publication. The Manager regrets this keenly, and assures the readers that hereafter the magazine will appear promptly on time.

THE UNIVERSITY

The king has come to his own again, and Cornell has again assumed her proud position in the rowing world. On July 2nd Cornell won the Varsity and four-oared races at Poughkeepsie, and only lost the freshman race by an unfortunate accident when her crew was well ahead. In the Varsity race Cornell won from five other crews, and lowered the American record for four miles to 18:53½.

It was a well merited victory, as all Cornellians who were here last spring well know. The men in the boat worked hard and trained faithfully throughout the long season of preparation. And that long and careful preparation, and the superiority of Mr. Courtney's stroke and training methods gave Cornell the greatest aquatic triumph of recent years.

This year a system of athletic finance, entirely different from any previously in force at Cornell is being tried. Heretofore the different athletic teams which were not self-supporting, the navy, track, cross country and others, have raised the money to carry them through the season by soliciting individual subscriptions from the student body. This plan has become impracticable for several reasons. It was often very difficult to raise the necessary funds; the burden was borne by a comparatively small number of the students; and the students were continually harassed by the different subscription lists.

The plan which is being tried this year is to sell one thousand season tickets to the students at \$10 each. These will admit the purchasers to all athletic contests to be held during the coming year on Percy Field, and will give the purchaser

the first choice of seats in all out-of-town games. The sale of 1,000 of these tickets will also obviate the necessity of collecting any subscriptions from the students for the support of any athletic teams. Under this new system the financial burden of Cornell athletics will be borne by a much larger proportion of students than ever before.

At present writing 750 of these tickets have been sold or pledged. To make the scheme a success 250 more must be sold. The ERA is sure that there are at least 500 men in the University who have not yet procured these tickets, who can easily afford to do so. Let these men come to the aid of the athletic management, by buying these tickets at once. To the man who goes regularly to the baseball and football games they will save money.

About sixty men are working hard every afternoon at Percy Field, in order that the University may have a Varsity and a freshman football team that she may be proud of. They are working under a great disadvantage for the material that has so far reported is very light for a strong team. One of the best ways to encourage them and to show them that we are all behind them, is for as many of us as can to go down to the daily practice. It is no very great sacrifice to do this. You can go down about half past four, and be in time to see the Varsity line up against the scrubs for two short halves. More than this you will learn a great deal about the making of a Varsity team, and you will be able to appreciate the fine points of the next regular game as you never have done before.

There are about eight hundred students in the class of 1905, the largest class that has yet entered Cornell. A class of this size should have many athletes who are anxious to make the different class and varsity teams. Yet the captain of the football team complains that he has few candidates, competing for places on the team of the entering class. The first

underclass baseball game is almost here, and the captain of the baseball team wants more freshmen to try for the 1905 team. And Trainer Moakley of the track team says that only about twenty freshmen have reported for track and cross country work. Freshmen classes in the last two years have produced much fine material for the different teams. Much is expected of 1905. May she not shirk her responsibilities.

The ERA welcomes to the University faculty, Professor Fetter, Professor Sterrett, Judge Irvine, and Professor Coolidge. Professor Fetter, Cornell, '92, is professor of political economy and finance. In 1894 Dr. Fetter was an instructor in political economy at Cornell. He left the following year to become professor of economics and social science at Indiana University. In 1898 he became head of the department of economics at Leland Stanford, Jr., University where he remained until his appointment to Cornell. Professor Sterrett has an admirable reputation in classical philology and archaeology. After extensive studies abroad he occupied in turn the chair of Greek at Miami University, the University of Texas, and Amherst College. He is now head of the Greek department in this University. Judge Irvine, Cornell, '80, was appointed last summer professor of practice and procedure in the College of Law. He has served on the District Bench in Omaha; and was a Justice of the Supreme Court of Nebraska.

Professor Coolidge takes the place made vacant by the resignation of Professor Kimball. He is graduate of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale and has been an instructor in the Worcester Polytechnic Institute, and an adjunct professor at the Georgia School of Technology. He has just published a work on Drawing and Descriptive Geometry.



John R. S. Sterrett



Frank Irvine



Frank A. Fetter

THE ERA

AT THE INDIAN GAME.

IT was a jolly crowd of Cornell students that pulled out in the "special" on Friday before the Indian game. Every seat in the long train was full. In some cars the fellows had turned the seats about so as to form little compartments, and in these had collected as many as four in a seat. In some cars the chief amusement was playing cards; in others story-telling kept the men busy; while in a great many the time passed quickly in singing.

Bursts of "rag-time," snatches of old melodies, and bits of Cornell songs met one's ear everywhere in passing from car to car. But old songs with "swipe" cords began to pall after a while, so some of the students started to compose words to familiar tunes to be sung at the game. One crowd made up some good words and marched up and down the length of the train singing the new song, which went something like this:

"Here come the Indians,
We'll run around their ends,
Smash all their tackles back,
Teach them football,
For Cornell can never fail,
We'll turn their faces pale,
We are from old Cornell—I, yell yell yell, Cornell!"

As they reached the "Cornell" in the last line, they stopped singing and gave the yell.

Marching up and down they finally came to the car where the team was. Starbuck made them stay, and then for about an hour the car rang with college songs, sung in

dashing style. Different members of the team and of the singers gave solos, rattled off clog-dances, and generally kept things lively. When the crowd left, the team had brightened visibly, and had forgotten all about the game to come.

In this way rolling along toward Buffalo, they forgot all about time and distance. Fellows talked and sang with others whom they had never met before. The whole atmosphere was brimming over with good fellowship and Cornell spirit; the true University spirit which makes our Alma Mater dear to us was growing strong in every heart. It is seldom that one sees such an exhibition of what true college loyalty can do for a crowd. Certainly no one left that train without feeling the influence, the contagion of that enthusiasm down in his inmost soul.

When the train drew into Buffalo, the fellows after giving a yell and singing "Alma Mater" in the station, crowded on the cars for the exhibition grounds. At nine o'clock that night, about a hundred Cornell men collected on the Midway. Their spirit had to have something to vent itself on, so they decided to go through the different shows together. Some one with good business instinct suggested that they could get a reduction by going in a crowd. This plan was worked with success everywhere. One of the crowd would go up to the desk as spokesman.

"How much for the crowd?"

"How many are there?"

"About a hundred."

"Gentlemen, our price is only twenty-five cents, and the show is worth fully a dollar. I am sorry that we cannot make any reduction. Just step inside and see—"

"He says he won't make any reduction."

"All right. Let's go to 'A Trip to the Moon'."

This would quickly bring the showman to terms, and after some haggling, a fee of ten cents apiece would be agreed upon. This scheme was successful in every instance.

And then what fun they did have! The Hawaiian theatre almost had to close its doors. The roof shook with Cornell songs, and Cornell yells for Lizzie or some other dark favorite. The high notes were too big a temptation to be resisted, so the crowd joined lustily in all attempts of the performers on the stage. The air was full of such sentiments as: "Piedro, how much you mak?" "Hey old center-rush, do you play for the Indians?" "Who's got a lemon, I can't stand that horn much longer." And so on all through the performance. It fared no better with "The House Upside Down," and "Darkness and Dawn." And then just as things were warming up, the Midway closed for the night, before the "Indian Village," "A Trip to the Moon," or any other of the manifold attractions could be given a select entertainment.

How many beds that night held two or three Cornell students, will go down as a mystery into the future, but certain it is that in many rooms where only one person was registered, by some miracle two or three appeared in the morning. That didn't seem to disturb their rest however, for bright and early Saturday throngs of Cornell men bent on sightseeing appeared on every hand. One could go into scarcely a building without running into some little knot of them. As the morning wore on, and the time for the game approached, the crowd thickened and a sprinkling of Cornell flags began to appear here and there. By two o'clock, one saw numbers of the fellows who had been in the celebration the night before, but this time they had ladies, decked out in Cornell colors, at their side.

About this time a general move toward the Stadium was started. The officials there had only one small gate to admit the crowd, one at a time. As the game was to begin at half past two, and as there were twenty thousand people who wanted to see the game, it is not hard to imagine the haste necessary to get through in that half hour. The crowd grew thicker and thicker and extended farther and farther back. Then the ones behind began to push for they

made no perceptible progress forward. Finally all the space in front of the Stadium was one mass of pushing, struggling people. Men and women alike were crowded till they could hardly breathe. As the time for the game drew nearer the people grew frantic, and pushed with such force that they burst the railing around the gate. Then they poured in and scrambled for seats.

This unfortunately spoiled all chance for the Cornell students to get together for cheering. They managed to get almost all in the same section, but it was hard to do any good yelling with the men separated into twos and threes, with other people between. But every man did his best and the cheering was at least fair. It was rather discouraging, as the game progressed, to find that fifteen and sixteen thousand people were waiting a chance to rise in their seats, and join in one wild cheer at every good play of the Indians, while at the most one thousand was all who had any enthusiasm for Cornell. But the one thousand kept steadily at work, and if they could not equal the rest in volume, they certainly showed that they could yell whether their team was losing or winning.

Everyone knows the story of the game, how Cornell left the field victors by a score of seventeen to nothing. What a satisfaction it was to think that in spite of the crowd against them they had played the game and won it fairly on its merits! But it would never have done to have allowed that satisfaction to be "hidden under a bushel." Every student started for the Midway, which was already crowded; there were one hundred sixty-two thousand people on the grounds that day. "Cornell this way" was the cry and in a few minutes five hundred from Cornell had gathered at the entrance to the Midway.

Six abreast, with arms locked over each other's shoulders, down the stretch and into the crowd they marched. Probably Buffalo had never seen such a sight. Crowds to the left of them, crowds to right of them, crowds in front of them parted and sundered. People scurried out of their

road or were pushed out of the way, as the solid phalanx marched on singing:

" We met the Indians,
We ran around their ends,
We smashed their tackles back,
Taught them football,
Cornell can never fail,
We turned their faces pale,
We are from old Cornell—I yell yell yell, Cornell ! "

Cornell yells, long and short, ripped out with surprising force. Then the column stopped and with bared heads the fellows sang "Alma Mater" with all their hearts and voices. On again ! Cornell colors met them everywhere, and cheers greeted them from all sides. How many friends had Cornell suddenly acquired ! A particularly loud brass band had to be drowned with yells and songs as they passed. Up and down through the surging crowd they went, singing now one now another Cornell song, until everyone was weary. Then they sang the "Evening Song," and with three sharp short yells, dispersed for a while.

That night the Midway was certainly a mad way. Everyone was out for a good time, and all were full of jolly good feeling. Some one started to throw confetti. In ten minutes the air was full of it. Crowds of fellows went tearing up and down the street throwing handfuls of the paper at every pretty girl they saw. One could hardly open his mouth before it was filled with confetti. Rushing, dancing about, blowing horns, shrieking, but all in a spirit of good fun the throng surged back and forth. The squeak of bagpipes before "The Beautiful Orient," the blare of the band before "The African Village," the negro singing in front of "The Old Plantation," the clamor of the "megaphone men" in front of every attraction, together with the bright lights on all sides, the bits of colored paper whirling in the air, and the merry sights and sounds in the crowd ; all these make a sight that defies description. It could be felt only.

Till a late hour all this kept up, and when it finally ended, as all things must do sooner or later, it left a vivid impression upon those who saw and felt it.

In the train for Ithaca the next day there was a crowd of Cornell student who felt sorry to leave the good time behind, even to go to such a place as Cornell. It was hard to get down to work again after so much fun, and such a display of Cornell spirit. But the train pulled slowly out, and all was left behind, a delicious dream never to be forgotten.

J. R. P.

IN AUTUMN.

WHY sigh because the summer lies in ruin?
Hath Time not hoard of many sun-lit days?
Fair were the fields the summer flowers grew in,
Yet shall next year make fair those leafless ways.

In that fair season of the spring enchanted,
When May was thine, and all the woods were green,
'Mid all the roses that the summer planted
Was this autumnal morrow unforeseen?

In this dim hour of dreams that hath beset thee
With leafless boughs and with the grieving wind,
Think not the days of passion will forget thee,
And having proven fair will prove unkind.

Ah, child, ere 'tis too late, be wise; remember
Time spills each year but once from his dim urn;
All seasons have this secret, and December
Holds one as fair as May for which we yearn.

Although the bees forsake the withered clover
And one by one the brown leaves slowly fall,
Still is my heart the world's unwearied lover,
Finding the glamour sweet, and sweet the thrall.

E. M. H.



"I don't know," Lucy Thorton began slowly. "It seems to me that the attraction between man and woman is sometimes the most powerful when it has the least foundation. The only man who ever had the slightest influence over me had his power based on his beautiful face and soft voice alone."

The girls were seated in Mary Baird's room in college. Lucy was perched on the top of the radiator, her handsome head with its crown of bright hair sharply outlined against the dull yellow of the kalsomined wall. Mary, from her lounging place on the bed looked at her friend curiously. Sentimentality and Lucy Thorton were so alien to each other. She waited quite eagerly for her to go on.

"He was a captain of a cat-boat down on the Jersey coast," Miss Thorton continued. "He was only twenty-five, beautiful as a Greek god, and sailed one of the fastest boats on the bay. I was twenty then, it was last summer, and rather old for my age. It was the summer that Mr.

Franklin was down there and was so nice to me. I wrote to you about him, didn't I? He took me out sailing every day during the ten days he was there and he liked this captain for his daredeviltry and usually hired him. We sailed with Captain Dick half a dozen times, I suppose. The other times we sailed with Captain Luke Marshall. Beyond noticing his beautiful face and magnificent physique I paid little attention to Captain Dick then. It was after Mr. Franklin had gone home that he began to subdue me. Oh, you needn't look so startled," she laughed suddenly. "It was only for the time being.

"His beauty had a great effect on me. You know how I love physical beauty. I told old Captain Luke how I admired him and Captain Luke told Dick. Of course he was nicer to me then about letting me hold the wheel and manage the sheet. I love a boat. When papa came I got him to hire Dick. The first time we went out with him then he tried to teach me to tie a bow-line knot. I was very awkward about it and suddenly he leaned over, caught my hands in his and made my fingers move as they should. My sleeves were rolled up. I felt a thrill that was not exactly comfortable, when my bare arms touched his, and I drew my hands away, or tried to. He simply held tighter, taught me how to tie the knot and then let go. I felt that the color must show through my tan and looked to see if he noticed it, only to find his blue eyes smiling down into mine. I moved forward, away from the wheel and felt like shaking myself for losing control of my feelings so.

"The next day we sailed with him again. I was sitting with him in the stern, my favorite seat with any captain.

" 'Tie that knot I showed you,' he commanded. I tried and made a dismal failure. My fingers seemed all thumbs.

" 'Pshaw! you're no good at all,' he said contemptuously. Then some demon got hold of me. I glanced up at him.

" 'I like to be taught,' I answered. He leaned toward me, his perfect mouth smiling over his white teeth, his blue eyes shining.

" 'No, I don't,' I said quickly.

" 'Hm! you took it back,' said he disappointedly.

" 'I was afraid not to,' I made reply in an absurdly faltering tone. There was dead silence for a few minutes. Then he said in a voice of the deepest tenderness:

" 'You needn't ever be afraid of me.'

" 'I got up and moved away, my heart going like a trip-hammer, furious with myself and him.

" 'Wouldn't you like to steer, Miss Lucy?' he called to me.

" 'I was determined to show him that I wasn't afraid of him. I went back and sat on the wheel-box with him. He moved away a little and said nothing. The others in the boat were discussing one of the captains.

" 'I don't like him,' I said to Dick, just to break the silence between us. 'He blows too much.'

" 'Which captain do you like best?' he said softly. I started to reply bravely enough.

" 'It would be hard to say,' I began lightly.

" 'Would it?' he almost whispered.

" 'Yes, *very* hard for me,' I said desperately.

" 'Are you afraid again?' he questioned. I was silent.

" 'You needn't be. I wouldn't hurt you. I respect you too much in addition to—other things,' he ended lamely.

" 'I was still silent.

" 'Won't you tell me which of us you like best?' he began again in his deep sweet voice, trembling with excitement or something. 'It makes a lot of difference to me.'

" 'You know which I like best,' I said passionately, but still in an undertone. 'Do you want to make the rest of my stay here miserable?'

" 'Lucy!' he said almost in my ear.

"Just then my sister, Margaret, left the crowd and came toward us.

" 'What on earth are you teaching her, Cap'n?' she cried. 'You both look very solemn over it.'

"My forgotten pride came to my aid.

" 'We were just discussing who is the best captain in the bay,' I answered. 'I think I like Cap'n Luke Marshall best of all—present company excepted, of course,' I added gayly.

"We never sailed with him again. A captain who was an old friend of papa's came back from a trip down south and papa engaged him by the month. Dick came up to the hotel in the evenings and used to look in the window at me as I danced. I controlled myself enough to nod to him carelessly as I passed, but every time he came I always saw his handsome head in the white felt hat towering above the rest and the sad hungry blue eyes following me everywhere.

"He is only a cat-boat captain. His only property is his twenty-eight foot boat. He is illiterate in his speech and has had little education in books. He has the personal magnetism and strength of character of half of the university professors here put together and," she sprang from the radiator, "I hope and *pray* that papa will not send us back there next summer."

She was standing near the door, very white but very erect.

"I can trust myself" she began proudly, and then her voice trembled as she added, "but I hate the pain of temptation."

She turned suddenly and left the room.

A. S. B.

SOME STATISTICS OF STUDENT ACTIVITIES.

IT is often difficult for those interested in colleges, but not well acquainted with college life, to reconcile their idea of the main object of that life, study, with the interests to which the students seem to devote themselves. They read of the many athletic contests and the elaborate preparations for them, of the intercollegiate rivalries in debating and other lines, of dances, banquets, and underclass skirmishes, and they wonder what part study holds on the programme. And so it is no uncommon experience for the college man to be questioned and cross-questioned on the subject by his friends at home. He knows the answers in a general way. He can tell that it is but part of the students who are actively interested in matters outside their books and classes, that athletics is the main though by no means the only such outside interest, and that men may devote much attention to college affairs and still do justice to their studies. In general, however, he cannot make more definite replies.

The purpose of the present paper is to reduce this subject of student activities at Cornell to exact figures. The suggestion was made some months ago that a statistical article giving the number and proportion of undergraduates engaged in each branch of affairs, would be of some interest and considerable value as a matter of record. It was further suggested that for purposes of comparison fraternity and non-fraternity students should be counted separately. These ideas have been acted on, and the further task of noting the trend of interest by considering class figures has been added. The work has finally culminated in the figures which follow.

Considerable explanation is first necessary, however. The tables are based on the year 1900-1901. They deal only with men undergraduates, who spent the year, or the

greater part of it, in Ithaca. The women students are excluded, as their affairs and interests obviously need separate consideration. Medical students in New York and students in Ithaca who retired or were retired early in the year, are also omitted. In drawing class lines second and third year students in three year courses are considered juniors and seniors, and special students and those back in their registration are classified according to the number of years spent at the University.

The activities considered were athletics, debating, music, journalism, dramatics and chess. There are of course interests to which many students devote more or less time which are not included in this list. Society affairs, class politics and work for the Christian association and other organizations may be suggested in this connection. The difficulty of determining who should be credited to these branches of undergraduate affairs, however, necessarily excludes them from the count. To this extent the whole treatment of the subject is incomplete.

In tabulating the number of students to be credited to each branch certain general rules were observed, the object being to count all those and only those who gave time and attention to some branch regularly and consistently for a considerable portion of the year. In athletics the members of all the Varsity teams and crews and the class track and football teams and crews were counted. In addition the unsuccessful candidates for the various teams and crews were included, unless it was evident that their candidacy had terminated promptly. The membership of the various athletic clubs was also added. In debating and chess the membership of the various organizations was used as a basis. In music the members of the clubs and orchestra, and in dramatics the Masque, were counted. In journalism the members of the staffs of the college publications and the persistent competitors were enumerated. The Cornellian lists and those published locally from time to time were used as authority, and in some cases use was made of the official rolls.

The result of all this figuring shows that under the provisions outlined above there were 1728 students to be considered. Of these 556 were members of fraternities, and 1172 were "independents," as the others may most conveniently be called. By classes, there were 615 freshmen, 418 sophomores, 354 juniors, and 341 seniors. The figures and percentages for the various branches, omitting the class lines, are as follows:

	Total	Percent.	Frat.	Percent.	Ind.	Percent.
Athletics.....	412	.238	186	.334	226	.192
Debating.....	132	.076	9	.016	123	.104
Music.....	91	.052	52	.093	39	.033
Journalism.....	62	.035	39	.070	23	.019
Dramatics.....	41	.025	31	.055	10	.008
Chess.....	14	.008	3	.005	11	.009
Any Interest.....	630	.369	264	.469	378	.322

The percentages in each case represent the proportion of fraternity men or of independents who were engaged in the particular branch, not the proportion of those so engaged who were fraternity men. Hence the curious are warned against searching for sets of figures which will sum up to an even hundred. The lowest line of figures gives the number interested in any branch of activity, and is not the total of those above it, for of course there are many connected with two or more branches. Of the 412 athletics alone, 79 were connected with other activities than athletics. It might also here be said in passing that of these 412, 76 were engaged in two or more branches of athletics.

The figures show that the students who may be called active under the definitions already imposed comprise but slightly more than one-third of the entire student body. Of these nearly two-thirds are connected with athletics, debating being the nearest competitor. In general the fraternity men are much more active in proportion to their numbers than the independents. This holds good in each particular case except debating and chess, the former of which is almost wholly a non-fraternity affair.

Following the same order as in the first table, the following figures indicate the number and proportion of each class engaged in the various activities:

Fresh.	Percent.	Soph.	Percent.	Jun.	Percent.	Sen.	Percent.
174	.282	107	.256	79	.223	52	.155
40	.065	32	.076	30	.084	30	.088
33	.053	22	.051	23	.065	13	.038
5	.008	18	.043	24	.067	15	.044
5	.008	9	.021	11	.031	16	.046
5	.008	4	.009	3	.008	2	.006
230	.372	159	.380	138	.389	112	.328

As in the first table the last row of figures indicates the total number in each class interested in any branch of affairs. It will be seen that though the absolute number of active students decreases with each successive year the proportion increases gradually except in the senior year, where there is an abrupt drop. The lack of opportunity for competition in the last year is undoubtedly responsible for this change. The figures for journalism exhibit the same trend, for probably the same reason. Athletics shows throughout the course a decreasing tendency and debating and dramatics the reverse.

Why these things are so is not a question for the compiler to discuss. Which is cause and which effect in the correspondence of fraternity membership and greater activity, why greater attention should be given to some departments with each succeeding year, and less to others, is not to be here considered. The one object in view has been to indicate, by means of figures, how many and what students are engaged in the various undergraduate activities and the relative importance of those activities.

R. W.

TWO pairs of bare legs hung off the porch, swinging backward and forward to a whistled accompaniment.

"Boys !" came a shrill voice, "One of you run out and get a pail of water."

The pairs of legs stopped swinging and their owners looked at each other expectantly. The command came again.

"Let's throw up. What'll you have?"

"Heads."

"Heads 'tis," bending over the deciding penny. The possessor of the coin quickly concealed that valuable in his trousers pocket, and

picked up the water pail near by. At the pump he lingered to kill an annoying wasp, then pattered into the kitchen with his slopping burden. He did not seek the porch again, but turned out of the woodshed door toward the barns and green acres to the rear of the house. The brown legs and



face, browner than the crumpled straw hat surmounting the dark shock of hair, defied the sun; the worn trousers, bulging at the pockets, and the torn flannel shirt laughed at dirt; the boy smiled at the world.

He stopped at the tool-house long enough to bring forth a well equipped shingle boat, square-sailed and tidy. He tucked it under his arm and strode along, wading through the high grass of the orchard. A butterfly flew to one side, and with raised cap the barefoot boy chased in pursuit. The game rose over the corn stalks, coloring its way as it flew, and the hunter dashed into the wavy green forest, shielding his face from the saw-edged leaves with an up-raised arm. Suddenly he emerged into an open space once more, ran forward a step, and stopped abashed. A little way ahead, stretched out on the soft meadow grass, lay a man, a young man, whose wavy brown hair was very near to being stroked by the fluttering hand of a beautiful girl, who leaned over with a sweet smile, looking into the up-turned face.

"Gee whilikins!" exclaimed the boy.

The couple started. The man laughed uneasily, the girl turned scarlet. The two parties gazed at each other in mutual surprise. Bare-feet gained his self-possession first.

"Are you part of the new summer boarders?" he asked complacently.

There was the trace of a smile about the young fellow's lips.

"Yes," he replied, then deferentially, "I suppose you are the son of the house."

The boy seemed puzzled.

"Having a good time?" he essayed, rather irrelevantly, to relieve his embarrassment.

"We *were* having one," laughed the man insinuatingly. Then, repenting, "But we enjoy your company."

The boy appeared doubtful, but turned toward the girl.

"I'm glad you're here, you're prettier than the others."

A ripple of laughter came over to him.

"Thank you," she said, smiling.

The boy looked over the waving pasture, his eyes enviously following a crow winging its way over some far treetops.

"I'm going to the woods," he remarked, apparently to the clouds.

"Are you?" replied the man. He seemed rather more interested.

"Yes, to sail my boat."

"Does it sail well?"

"Pretty good. But you ought to see Dan's. He's got a beauty. All rigged up and everything. He got it at the store. Cost two dollars."

"Why don't you get one?" asked the man lazily.

"Whew!" whistled the boy, "Wish I could!"

He turned toward the further fence. When he was astride of it he looked back.

"Say!" he called.

"Yes?"

"Are you 'fraid of bulls?"

"What kind of bulls?"

"O, a fierce one. He sometimes grazes in this field."

"Is this his grazing day?" demanded the girl; she was sitting straight up, casting around her over the field. The man was laughing at her.

"I guess not," responded the boy, "Leastwise Pa hasn't let him out yet. You can climb the fence if he comes."

He tumbled the rest of the way over the obstruction, wondering at the man's laughter behind him.

Beyond the field were all manner of wondrous objects. At the bottom of a rotten stump gaped a chipmunk's hole, down which the boy poked a long stick. He went through the same manoeuvre when he came to a woodchuck's burrow at the end of the further meadow. Beyond this was the wood, and the prattling stream running through the

shady depths. The boy, planting his footsteps on the cool, mossy hillocks soon stood beside a limpid, shallow pool, fed and emptied by the streamlet. Leaning over the brink the young mariner placed his ship in the dark surface, and with sparkling eyes guided it this way and that, with a long willow wand, cut from a nearby tree.

Who of us have not been pirates on the pond behind the barn, guiding our black-bannered ship from port to port, leaving desolation and ruin in our wake? Who would not be that chubby-faced rover again? Not you or I, certainly. It is not strange, then, that the high sun told of dinner-time and bread and jelly before the boy gathered up his murderous craft, closely pursued by avenging squadrons, and turned back toward the fields.

He climbed up on the fence a distance below the spot from which he had given his warning earlier in the day. The rail made a good seat, so the boy humped himself on it for a minute to steady two very tired legs. But the roving eyes turned over the field, then suddenly growing big, rested on a further corner. Slowly crossing the pasture, now nipping a piece of grass, now brushing a fly from his sides, came the bull. The big beast was gradually making toward the spot where even now the boy, from his high perch, could make out the man and girl, their backs to the unsuspected danger, playing with the tufts of grass about them.

The boy slid quickly from the rail. An agitating idea seemed to have entered his head. Swiftly he ran along the fence-line in the direction of the couple. As he drew near, he looked anxiously over the field. He saw the bull, his nostrils wide, his head high, peering menacingly toward the two lovers. Then the great forehead lowered, the hoofs caught the earth, and with a roar the charge was on.

The boy had forgotten to cry out, but now he called: "Look out for him, he's coming!"

The girl, white-faced, jumped to her feet, the man springing beside her. Gasping, the boy had reached them.

"Get over the fence," he screamed in his shrill voice.

They saw the bull, wild-eyed, his red nostrils distended, and the man seized the girl's slender body in his arms. But the boy did not run. He stood facing the charger, his willow lash raised threateningly.

"Stop, Rex!" he cried, his high, angry tones thrilling over the meadow. The bull came on, staying for no one, not even his young master.

The man, vaulting the fence with the precious burden in his arms, caught a glimpse of shaggy forehead and wicked horns striving toward the boy. There was a turn in the air, a tiny cry, and the little bundle of flesh and bone fell heavily on the safe side of the fence.

When light returned to the boy he was between the sheets of his own bed. His mother bent over him, relieved at the new signs of life; beside her gleamed the pitying, compassionate face of the girl; and the man was leaning on the foot-board. The boy stared at the sheets.

"What's up?" he queried.

"The bull—don't you remember?" murmured the girl gently, leaning forward to smooth the dishevelled hair.

"O, he hit me, didn't he? I thought he'd stop."

The boy tried to sit up, and a little exclamation of pain escaped him. Then he gritted his teeth.

"I didn't mean that," he apologized.

"You little hero!" cried the girl, stooping over to kiss the hot cheek: "Do you know you saved our lives?"

The patient slowly rubbed away the kiss with his free hand,—the other seemed so numb.

"What'd he do to me?" he asked, after a pause.

"Your wrist was broken, and the fall bruised you terribly."

The boy looked down at his useless hand with a little assumption of pride.

"Will Martin broke his wrist once," he commented, "Tripped over a root. Mine's better than that."

"Far better," the girl assured him.

The eyes roved over the room, then turned to the man.

"S'pose the boat was knocked all to plunk?"

"Yes," said the man, then hastened to add, "But I'm going to the city to-day, and I'll bring you back the best sailboat to be found."

The eyes on the pillow kindled.

"As good as Dan's?"

"As good as Dan's!" echoed the man disdainfully, "Why, it'll beat Dan's all hollow."

"Jimminy!" gasped the boy.

"Yes," continued the man enthusiastically, "And I'm going to buy you a steamboat."

"One that runs by itself?" demanded the hero, his eyes big.

"Yes, all by itself."

The boy looked at his broken wrist and touched one or two of the bruises, as if weighing pleasure and pain in the balance.

"Whew," he whistled at length, "I'd 'most as liet let the old bull lift me again."

T. W. Pendennis.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CLASS BOOK.

THE Class Book of today is a storehouse of riches. Certainly there is no publication in existence containing such a mixture of fun, art, and common sense. It is at the same time a compendium of individual and class statistics, a humorous magazine, and a picture-gallery. As a record, its pages reveal every fact that one could possibly care to know from the nickname of a classmate to his religious belief. As a picture gallery, it contains a photograph of each member of the faculty, each member of the class, and snapshots of everything from the "Dutch by Night" to scenes in the Sage gym. As a magazine, it comprises articles ranging from a poetic dedication which begins "Hearken to the unknown future," to the statistics which are introduced by the explanation that "There are lies, other lies, and statistics."

A production demanding such varied talents is wisely left to men who have nearly completed their college training. For the past twelve years the graduating class has published its book in one form or another, until now it is a well established custom, but like everything else it had a small beginning. The first Class Book to appear at Cornell was a very modest publication indeed, as compared with the elaborate productions of the present. '89 was the first class to recognize the need of such a book and established the custom here by issuing a little yellow-covered pamphlet of forty-eight pages, called "'89 Statistics." The attempt was a success, and even today the contents of the "Statistics" are worth perusal. First came the class history which explained in the approved and orthodox manner that beyond a reasonable doubt the class of '89 was the most remarkable the University had yet graduated. The next article was a record of the individual accomplishments of the

members of the class. This, however, was far from ordinary. College honors then were evidently viewed in a light different from that of today, as the following entry shows: "David White, born Augusta, Ga., present address, Poughkeepsie; was prepared at Poughkeepsie High School; Member of C. U. C. A., Presbyterian Union, Mission Band, C. U. Total Abstinence League."

The above is true to fact, with the exception of name and place, and is by no means an exceptional record, for mission bands and blue ribbon societies figure quite prominently in the write-ups of that year. This may explain in part how the class came to prefer water to beer by a vote of nineteen to eight. The tabular statistics, which follow the biographies, bring out many interesting facts as to the age, height, and weight of the different persons. The women of those days were either very modest, extremely forgetful or remarkably deficient in mathematical calculations, for seven out of eighteen neglected to give their age.

The next division of the book is taken up with the names of those who left the class and the reason for their departure. Much unconscious humor appears between the lines of these explanations. It must have been a bad period for malaria and poor health, judging from the number that that left on this account. One honest man left for the "usual reasons," while many, instead of assigning any cause, simply left blanks which speak volumes. One individual makes the impressive statement that he "left on account of a business opportunity," but later reveals the fact that he is "at present engaged in farming." The remainder of the pamphlet is taken up with articles on "Politics and Religion," "Personal Characteristics," and "Our Mustaches."

"'89 Statistics" was only a small leaflet, but it was a step in the right direction and was closely copied in the "Souvenirs" of '92 and '93 and in the "'94 Record."

The Class of '95 made some very important changes in the character of the Class Book by introducing several new

features. In the first place, instead of a pamphlet with paper covers, the class issued a volume neatly bound in stiff card-board. This of course was merely a change in the form; the greatest change was in the substance. For the first time pictures were introduced. Upon the first page was reproduced a group picture of the class in cap and gown standing before the Library entrance. There was also a picture of the Class Day officers and one of the Henley crew. The class by taking pains to make the book attractive in appearance, succeeded in producing the best publication that had yet been issued.

The '96 Class Book was a very close copy of that of '95, but '97 made some decided innovations. There appeared for the first time a photograph of each member of the faculty, one of each member of the class, pictures of the class and Varsity teams, the fraternity houses, the musical clubs and numerous views of things in and around Ithaca. The '97 Class Book committee deserved much credit for making pictures a feature of the book, and succeeding boards have sincerely complimented its discretion by continuing and improving this important department.

The classes of '98, '99, '00, and '01 have each endeavored to leave the Class Book a little better than they have found it. This indeed, has been the endeavor of the committees from the very beginning. Each board of editors has eradicated faults and made new departures until the modest unassuming "'89 Statistics" has grown into the elaborate and artistic "Class Book of 1901."

This evolution, however, has not been brought about by inspiration but by hard work and a carefully planned system which is much the same in every class. Each Senior president appoints the Class Book committee, especially designating the editor-in-chief and the business manager. When the editor-in-chief has in turn made a selection of an artistic editor and a literary editor, he calls a meeting of the committee and further divides the work into departments which are especially assigned to the several members of the board.

One member of the committee is always a woman, and to her is given the duty of looking after all matters pertaining to Sage. Another member is given charge of athletics and has to collect the pictures of the various class and 'Varsity teams and compile their records. A third member takes charge of "Publications," "Societies," and "Stages," and collects "stunt" pictures. This completes the organization of the committee, and actual work now begins. As a matter of self-preservation, the first thing that is undertaken is a thorough canvass of the class to ascertain exactly the demand for the book. Each person who desires to subscribe is required to give a pledge of \$3.50 and a promise to pay the balance of \$3.00 upon delivery. This may seem a high-handed proceeding, but it is necessary to prevent either an under supply which would cause dissatisfaction, or an over supply which would mean bankruptcy.

These preliminary matters once settled, the different editors take up the special work of their departments. They display their ability both by doing the work themselves and also by procuring some one else to assist. Last year's literary committee showed excellent judgment in securing the services of men of recognized literary talent, clever writers like Mr. Gannett and Mr. Dresser. The committee likewise displayed not a little tact and business knowledge in obtaining the biographies of the class members. Prizes were offered for the best write-up, and for the best group of ten. Students were urged to write up their friends, and in some cases one man was persuaded to write up all the Seniors in a fraternity. This method, as a rule, brings out very satisfactory biographies. There are, however, always enough poor ones presented to trouble the committee. Many fail to come within the word limit. Some are either bitter and sarcastic, or contain hints that are likely to be vigorously investigated by fond parents who fail to see the joke. There are always a few that are so soft and "gushy" as to be utterly without form and void. When all have been received, both good and bad, the committee proceeds

to brace up the soft one, cut out dangerous portions, and smooth over cruel cuts until the write-ups may be safely inserted without causing bloodshed or jeopardizing the peace of the home circle.

The collecting of pictures is always a very important branch of the work. Last year's committee made a special effort to have the book abound with pictures. Perhaps the most notable feature of the book is the pleasant manner in which the monotony of printed matter is relieved by the insertion of pictures. An artistic device here and a photograph there relieves the dullest page. The committee spent over \$700 in thus beautifying the book. Besides the photos of all the professors and class members, there are fifty carefully selected views, and a host of snapshots of well-known members of 1901.

By Easter, it becomes necessary for the board to begin the preparation of the great mass of collected material for the press. Each page is carefully looked over and revised by each and every member of the board. By careful calculation, the book is so accurately planned that the editors know upon just what spot on a given page a certain picture will appear, how many pictures and biographies go on each page, and how many pages there will be in the book. As the different parts of the publication are corrected they are sent away in sections of about thirty pages to be printed. Thus by a slow and careful process the book is finally completed.

To an undergraduate the Class Book may not appear to be a valuable publication, but as he draws nearer and nearer to graduation, the book takes on a new character. It is a memento of his college days. As we go about our labor on the hill we often fail to see the poetry of study, or recognize the beauty of our surroundings. Indeed the charm of college life is rarely appreciated till it is passed. When the Senior casts a last lingering look upon the Library tower as it fades away in the distance, he first begins to appreciate the beauty of the familiar surroundings and value the mementos and

recollections of by-gone days. Like a fond lover he begins to treasure every little article that brings back to memory the experiences of the past four years. It is then that his Class Book with its familiar faces and familiar scenes becomes a thing of value. By turning its leaves he can again see the buildings and the campus, the pleasant walks, and shady nooks, and the faces of his comrades. Thus year by year the Class Book becomes to him more and more a treasure.

G. P. W.

THE CHIMES.

SWEET chiming through the star-lit, evening air
There comes a voice, full, perfect, strong in joy,
An utterer of the hope without alloy
That springs, life-taught, in youth when all is fair.

There blended sound the strains of purest faith,
The love of life, of beauty, song and art,
With sweetness of a soul that played her part
And thought of others to her latest breath.

The lesson that the chimes teach is but this :
—A simpler, yet a nobler, few can teach—
To be a man or woman free to think,

To speak, to live, to strive. What though you miss
—If only some *one* higher plane you reach—
The height you aimed at from the earthly brink?

T. J. E.

THE GIRL WHO DID NOT LOVE HER ALMA MATER.

THERE was once a girl whose father resigned himself to her going to college, but insisted that she must go to Cornell. She was homely, and did not shine socially, and so she was more or less lonely—rather more than less. She would have gone to Wellesley or Vassar, after one term at Cornell, if she had not been too proud. She respected her Alma Mater for the information she imbibed, but she detested it for the unhappiness she experienced. So she packed her diploma and took her last look at the hills and the lake without a pang.

She then went and taught. Her friends marveled that she seemed so happy in her work, but she said that having learned how to be reasonably happy at Cornell, she knew how to be entirely happy anywhere else. Her friends who had loved even the Observatory, changed the subject.

After two years, she happened to be visiting her sister in Philadelphia at Thanksgiving, and was escorted to the game. She felt mildly surprised at the thrill that traveled along her spine as she selected a modest knot of carnelian and white at Wanamaker's, and almost caused her sister to faint away by buying a Cornell flag.

She contentedly started to the game with a U. of P. man, and was not annoyed when she found that they were passing the Cornell block and finding their seats in a block filled with the red and blue. The sinking feeling that seized her when Penn made a touchdown after five minutes of play was as startling as it was unpleasant, but it was only the beginning of surprises. Her brother judiciously remarked, "Cornell is outclassed," and she did not speak, for what she thought was unspeakable. A man back of her said cheerfully, "One touchdown every five minutes will

do," and she compelled herself to recollect that it would not be proper to break the stick of her flag on his head. Pennsy cheered a mighty cheer, to which Cornell responded, faintly, as it seemed to her, but when her sister intimated as much, she said, with a forced calm, that two thousand generally were able to make more noise than four hundred. The next day she realized that she had wished that Pennsy's cheers might choke them. At the time she was too far gone to notice that her heart was beating in allegretto time one minute and observing a full rest the next, and she failed to be surprised when she could not cheer a good play because she had no breath to cheer with. It did not seem strange that she should admire the marshalls and fervently hope that they would not take cold and die as a result of their prancing about with their coats off, nor did it strike her as peculiar that she should feel that to have Cornell make one touchdown would be worth anything she owned. By the time the second half was well under way, and Cornell's one touchdown had been declared a mistake, she yearned to be among friends, and vowed within herself that next year she would sit in the Cornell block. Then she thought fiercely how easy it was for Penn's men to cheer as they did, when they were among friends and winning, and consoled herself with the thought that only sportsmen and gentlemen could look certain and overwhelming defeat in the face and play as we were playing, cheer as we were cheering and sing as we were singing. "Alma Mater" sounded like a triumphant processional, and when the game ended and the crowds began to gather about the Cornell block to listen to the singing, a lump came in her throat. As the carnelian and white streamed down to the field for their march after Pennsy had retired, and she was watching them and thinking how game they were, and what a clean looking lot of youngsters they were, the U. of P. man was moved to say enthusiastic things about a spirit such as that. She turned her head so that he might not see the tears in her eyes, and he never knew how near she came to weeping in his collar.

Later, after they had discussed the game, she was privately pronounced to be blindly and offensively partisan. The next day, when a professor at U. of P. ventured to offer condolences, they were proudly spurned, as she drew the astonished professor's attention to the spirit and the courage and the manly conduct generally of the Cornellians, and inquired whether those were not better than many victories. After flaunting her modest colors in the face of all beholders for several days, she went back to her work, and esteemed it a privilege to be permitted to subscribe one hundred dollars to the Alumni Hall.

The moral of this tale is so evident that the author refrains from casting reflections on the intelligence of the reader by stating it.

N. G. S.



THE IDLER.

I had been sketching along the Inlet when about noon I discovered a portly individual in the distance, sitting in the shade, reading and fishing—the picture of noonday self-satisfaction. The lady sneezed as I approached. It sounded ominous. But she went on reading, dangling her line in the muddy waters of the Inlet, and making a picturesque sight with the cock feather in her rakish hat, her pink wrapper, which scarcely sufficed to cover her ample bosom, her black skirt and blue checkered apron tucked about her as she sat there on a railroad tie. I hated to break the spell, but I wanted to get her picture. I wanted it badly, very badly, more even than I wanted my lunch, if such a thing could be imagined, so I spoke to her.

“Now—er—have you any particular objection to my—er—sketching you?” I asked.

“Yes sah, Ah should say Ah had, Ah should say Ah had.”

“I’m sorry, very sorry,” I protested, “because, you know, I’d really like awfully well to do it.”

She looked at me, her white teeth gleaming, her eyeballs rolling. It seemed as if something were going to drop. It was I. “Young man,” said she solemnly, “Am’ yo’ a *Christian*?”

You could have knocked me over with a feather. I was dumbfounded. “W—w—w—what’s the game?” I managed to blurt out.

“Game!” she shouted. “Game! ‘Thar’ ain’ no game. Am’ yo’ a Christian; hab yo’ been bathed in the blood ob de lamb; do yo’ *b’lieve*? Do yo’ b’lieve in Lawd God A’mighty, an’ his on’y begotten son, da’s what Ah wan’ t’ know, da’s what I wan’ t’ know?”

"W—ell," I stammered, "I—I—b'long to the church."

"Yas, yas," she almost leered in her scathing sarcasm, "yas, b'long to de church—why thar's hunerds o' people right yeah' in Ithaca b'long to de church but it ain' gwine to do 'em any good, foh de kingdom ob heben' am at han'. Do yo' b'lieve, das de impohtant question today, do yo' b'lieve?" and she mumbled to herself in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. "Now see yeah," she went on, "it ain' gwine t' do yo' any good to drawr me, an' it ain' gwine t' do me any good to be drawred. 'Ef it was Ah'd let yo' do it."

"Well," said I, having had time to gather my scattered wits in the interval, "It's just like this, see if I'm not right. The Bible says that when one has a talent and doesn't improve it, that that talent shall be taken away; now I'm trying to improve my talent. Come now," I pleaded, "won't you let me sketch you?"

She was nonplussed for an instant, but she came back hard on the rebound. "Yas," she said, "yas, but even ef yo' have a hunerd talents, an' b'lieve not, all shall be taken away. B'lief," she went on, waxing instructive, "b'lief am de one great essential ob life. Heah' Ah am dis mawnin' readin' ob de Kingdom ob Heben, an' jest thinkin' Glory Halleyouyah all de time." Then she shrugged her shoulders and made a deprecating gesture. "Yas," she said, "yoh kin' sketch me ef it'll do yo' all any good."

As I sketched she talked and consequently kept still. She couldn't wiggle and converse at the same time. I finished the sketch and showed it to her. "Huh," she exclaimed. "Huh, that mean' foh me, don' look any moh' like me 'n de man in de moon. Yas," she added in a tone of firm conviction, "young man, fohgit yo' talent, fohgit yo' talent an' be a Christian. It's by fah de bettah plan."

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AGAIN it is necessary to record resignations from the ERA board. Toxaway B. Evermann, '02, artistic editor, withdraws to devote his attention to the *Widow*, and Porter R. Lee, '03, of the staff, to take charge of the *Alumni News* and *Cornellian*. The competition which has been in progress during the past month to select the incumbent of the former vacant position on the staff has been extended to cover this new vacancy as well. The ERA according takes pleasure in welcoming to its board two new members, George P. Winters, '02, and Edwin N. Ferdon, '03. The position of artistic editor, however, still remains to be filled. For that a competition is now opened, to close December 20th. Students with artistic ability, whatever may be its extent, are urged to try for this place. Candidates should apply to the editor for information as to the work necessary.

The trouble with the ever-changing organization of the board seems to be due in a large degree to the conflicting interests with which the editors are associated. It will be noticed that both resignations this month were caused by positions of greater responsibility on other college publications. Competitors with ability or determination find little difficulty in connecting themselves with several of the periodicals or other branches of undergraduate affairs. As in due course they move up to take charge, however, the conflict of duties often becomes pressing and something has to be given up. The remedy is merely a larger body of competitors, a number that will oblige each to confine himself to a smaller field. There are every year many places to be filled on the various publications; the number of seekers for the places is always too small. Failure to appreciate the opportunity, rather than lack of interest, is the main cause.

In this connection it may well be pointed out that the competition for next year's ERA board is now under way, that all the places may be filled by those not now connected with the magazine, and that several must be. Competitors should begin work at once.

Something in the nature of a surprise came to the editors some time ago, when what was evidently a newspaper, queer and unintelligible in appearance, arrived from far-away Russia. The services of a translator were called in, and the paper proved to be a copy of the *St. Peterburgskia Vedomosti*, or *St. Petersburg Messenger*, of which Prince Oukhtomsky, the prime minister, is editor. The cause of its arrival was found to be a lengthy and appreciative review it contained of "China's Foreign Relations since the Japanese War," by S. K. Alfred Sze, '01, published in the last volume of the ERA. The mention of this incident with some little degree of satisfaction may perhaps be pardoned, when it is considered that an article in a college journal seldom attracts the slightest notice so far afield.

THE UNIVERSITY

THE long watched for Princeton game has come and gone and the Tigers have returned victorious by the score of 8 to 6. Every one knows how it was done. About 6,000 people saw it, and it is not the ERA's intention to play the game over again. Cornell lost by a small margin but there is no sting in the defeat. Every man on the team played the best game that he was capable of; no man can do more. It was a hard fought game from start to finish, played in the right spirit, and much honor was gained by either team.

From the spectator's standpoint the game, save only the result, was all that could be desired. It was a game that could not fail to rouse the enthusiasm of every man who saw it, be he Princeton or Cornell, with its open plays, its frequent kicks, and its unexpected scoring. One of the features of the game was the cheering of the Princeton men in the covered stand who cheered and sang so steadily for Princeton. The Cornell yelling was unusually good, especially on the north side of the field when all three stands would combine and send the yell ringing across the gridiron.

It has been said truly that athletics is the great bond which brings all Cornellians together. Probably no former Cornell football team ever had the University so thoroughly behind it. All through the fall every one had been looking forward to the Princeton game, realizing Princeton's strength, but feeling that if there was any way to honorably win, Captain Warner and his men would do it. For the week or two before the game a contagious excitement ran riot through hill and town catching students and town-

people, professors and alumni alike. Never has there been such a rush of old grads to get back to a game. They came on every train and formed a larger body than one sees for class reunions at Commencement time. Those who had played football while in college devoted their time to coaching the team and giving the men the benefit of their experience and advice.

The freshman-sophomore rush took place Hallowe'en under the same general rules which prevailed last year. The custom of substituting a flag rush with definite rules effectively carried out by the upperclassmen bids fair to become permanent. It certainly has a picturesque charm which the indiscriminate cider rush at Forest Home could never claim. The Armory green is surrounded by an enormous ring of students, those in front kneeling that those behind may see. Twenty-five marshals from the two upper classes keep the crowd back on all sides, leaving a large space in the center. Each marshal has several sticks of red fire which light up the scene of the encounter. In the center of the ring are the two teams of fifteen men each fighting for a hold on the canvas flag. The marshals see that there is fair play and an umpire counts the number of hands on the flag at each bout. There is no disorder, no chance for injuries, and absolutely fair play for freshman and sophomore alike.

The call for candidates for the '94 Memorial debate and the Columbia debate team brings to mind our position in inter-collegiate debating. Relations with Pennsylvania were severed when each university had scored three victories. The present series with Columbia is also a tie, each contestant having scored one. Cornell, then, is holding her own. A better record, however, is naturally desired. The joint meeting and sociable of all the debate clubs was a worthy step toward arousing the interest that will bring success in its train.

THE ERA

A VISIT WITH A SULTAN.*

THE negotiations carried on by the United States with the Sultan of the Sulu islands are considered the most satisfactory work the representatives of our government have accomplished in the troublesome Pacific possessions since Admiral Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet in Manila bay. Without firing a gun, waving a flag or blowing a trumpet an agreement was reached which brought peace and happiness to thousands of dusky savages, and undoubtedly saved the United States an enormous sum of money and much bloodshed. It is true that the formal treaty with his majesty was made by General Bates, U. S. A., but the ground work and most difficult part of the proceedings were accomplished by President Schurman of Cornell. While president of the Philippine commission in June, 1899, he visited the Sultan at his home in Maibun, and acting under general instructions from President McKinley, arranged for perpetual peace between the two peoples. The details of the compact were worked out later, but the treaty was really made on this occasion in an hour and a half.

Though the visit to the Sultan's palace was of great importance, it was nevertheless so full of ludicrous and grotesque incidents that the five Americans who took part in it at times could scarcely refrain from laughter. At the same time everything about the scene was so strange and ugly

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that each one of the white-faced participants was deeply impressed with the experience.

I shall not attempt here to give a history of the Sultan's strange people. To the Spaniards they were known as the most warlike of all the people with which they had to deal in the far East. For a hundred years they were the pirates of that part of the world, and a terror to all the neighboring islanders. Before the days of the steam fighting vessels the daring savages sailed even into Manila bay to carry off helpless natives as slaves. The Dons could do nothing with them until they equipped a fleet of small gunboats and closely patrolled the Sulus. In more recent years they lost much of their prowess, but none of their hatred for the Spaniards, and at the time of our coming to the islands it was worth a Don's life to be seen in the Sultan's territory without a heavy guard.

The islands, as most readers of the ERA will know, are the southernmost group of our possessions. The largest of the lot, Jolo (*hō-lō*), is shaped something like the rough outline of a foot and is about twenty-five miles from "toe to heel." On the most northern point is a pretty little walled town, called Jolo, which the Spaniards kept fortified and used as a place of exile for certain criminals. Prisoners were made to work and keep the place free from dirt; and as the streets were wide, well laid out and hemmed with large shade trees, to a visitor it appeared the most beautiful of all the towns of the East. The territory within the walls of this village of Jolo was all that Spain really held in the Sulu group.

Maibun, the capital of the islands, is about ten miles distant from Jolo by land, and about thirty-five miles around by water. There are no roads on the island, and only a path leads through the jungle, over the hills to the Sultan's residence palace.

At the time President Schurman visited Jolo, eight hundred of our soldiers had been occupying the town for several weeks, the place having been surrendered by the

Spaniards after the treaty was signed. As soon as our daring, open-hearted volunteers settled in their barracks they began to stroll outside the fortified walls. They would strike up a pantomime conversation with a native, buy his weapons, give him presents and make him a friend forever. The dusky savages were so deeply impressed with this lack of fear on the part of our men that they soon came to respect them. In this way our relations with the warlike natives who had been so hostile to Spain gradually became friendly. The Sultan, however, held back, for under his treaty with Spain he had been paid a comfortable pension and allowed certain privileges. These he did not want to lose by the change of ownership in the islands, and naturally was becoming a little restless when, after considerable delay, President Schurman came to him with peaceful assurances.

Two long, lonesome weeks had passed for the American soldiers in Jolo without a communication from the outside world, when one beautiful evening in June the U. S. S. Bennington cruised along the peaceful waters of the Southern sea toward the village of Jolo. The water was like a great mirror, without a ripple on its surface, except when now and then a flying fish would skim along over its glassy surface. In every direction lay islands, various in size and fantastic in shape; some like a dead volcano, barren to the cone, and others covered over with tall palm trees and the most luxuriant foliage. Though there was land on all sides of the ship as it glided along, there were few signs of life. Here and there a fisherman might be seen plying along his gracefully shaped canoe, but the scene was unearthly quiet. Under the intense heat of the red tropical sun even the jolly tars, in their clean looking suits of white, grew tired of their games, songs and story telling, and curled up under the awnings for a lazy sleep. On the poop-deck, under the cool stretch of canvas, the officers not on duty dozed away in long steamer chairs or read newspapers a fortnight old. Only the steady, monotonous chug, chug of the steamer's engines, the perodic commands of the

deck officer and the orderly's reply of "aye, aye sir," broke the stillness between the strokes of the time-telling bells.

It was just getting dark when Commander Taussig, the father of the famous football players, signaled the engineer to slow down for an entrance into Jolo harbor. Carefully feeling its way over a poorly chartered course, the Bennington came closer and closer to the shore. The homesick soldiers, wearied of their monotonous and uneventful duties, had seen the approach of the ugly looking vessel from afar and had gathered along the beach as eager apparently for her arrival as were the Pilgrims when the Mayflower came. Then of a sudden the powerful searchlight was turned on, and as its rays darted along the water's edge a mighty shout of joy arose, for the lonely Americans now knew the nature of the visitor.

Scarcely had we landed in this strange land than we were greeted by a number of officers of the army and, true to the saying that a Cornellian can be found in any part of the globe, were introduced to Captain Hagadorn, who, before going to West Point, had put in two years of hard work above Cayuga's waters. Every attention and courtesy was shown President Schurman, and he was soon in possession of all the facts that he wanted to know in regard to his majesty, the ruler of the island.

The next morning bright and early a half-dozen ponies were saddled and with several of the army officers a journey into the interior of the island was begun. Through jungles with grass higher than one's head, down into deep ravines and up steep inclines the plucky little steeds clambered along until the top of the highest mountain was reached, about six miles from Jolo. From this point both sides of the island could be seen. And what a sight to behold! Below, on the right, was pretty little Jolo, guarded, it seemed, by the Bennington, lying like a faithful watchdog tugging on the chains that held it. On the left lay the famous capital of the Sultan's domain, Maibun. Here and there over the island arose columns of smoke from native huts, but

everything about us was as quiet as death. The tropical vegetation in its richness of colors, the massive trees, dense forests and luxuriant growth of grasses made the scene beautiful indeed.

Knowing the practice of the Sultan to keep others waiting on him for hours, President Schurman took the precaution to dispatch a native messenger overland with news of our coming. His majesty immediately made ready for his visitors, but it was several hours later before we were again on board our ship, bound for Maibun.

At three o'clock in the afternoon anchor was dropped about a mile from the beach, and a boat was lowered to take the party ashore over the shallow water. The native town was now in full view. The huts of nipa, built upon stilts over the sea and clustered together, looked like a flock of storks in the water. From one house to another extended bamboo bridges, so arranged that all were in communication. As the warship put in its appearance the natives, like a lot of ants, could be seen hurrying up and down these curious streets, eagerly waiting the arrival of the Americans, of whom they had heard so much. A crowd quickly gathered along the shore, while one of the Sultan's attendants vigorously dipped the flag of the domain, hoisted on a twenty-foot pole. This was the royal salute to the representative of our nation.

Before our boat was within three hundred yards of the landing place we were introduced to as vile and nauseating a zephyr as one cares to meet. The tide was running out and the filth under the native huts was laid bare enough to make its presence known. And as we drew closer, sights as revolting as the odor appeared before us. The two or three hundred natives who surged around the landing place were anything but clean in appearance. Their skin-tight trousers of motley hues, and their glove-fitting, brilliantly colored jackets were begrimed with filth. The tint of the native's skin is naturally dirty, but when out of each corner

of the mouth trickles a stream of blood-red betel-nut juice, the combination becomes revolting.

Every native carries by his side a *burong* or *kris*, savage looking knives, about two feet long, which strike terror to the heart when properly wielded. Inasmuch as the two naval officers and Commander Taussig carried only swords, and President Schurman, the interpreter and myself were entirely unarmed, there was lacking a feeling of security when we saw this warlike display. But for the fact that our interpreter, an intelligent German, named Schock, who had married into the Sultan's family, kept reassuring us that they were peaceful and friendly we would have been quite over-awed by the barbarous looking horde as they crowded up close to us, eager to see what we were like.

One of the five princes, or Datohs, who rule over the provinces, and the secretary to the Sultan bowed low to us as we stepped ashore and, jabbering away in an unknown language that sounded like the explosion of a bunch of fire crackers, beckoned us to follow. We came first to the home of the heir apparent, where out of respect a stop was necessary. Here we were crowded into a small room, five by seven, which was hot and close, and were given chairs. The interpreter in an adjoining room arranged matters while we waited and listened to the chattering mob which pushed around the doorway and even crowded in upon us.

After a senseless wait the journey to the "palace" was resumed. The Sultan does not deign to live in the "city" with his humble subjects, but has an estate about a quarter of a mile out of town. From the beach runs a dilapidated path, the only route to the palace, deep to the knee in places with mud, but sufficiently stony to allow a person to hop from one rock to the other, like crossing a swamp on bogs. But despite the difficulty of the journey our curious followers pressed on at our heels.

Before I sailed for the Orient I had pictured to myself beautiful scenes in the Sultan's realm. I imagined that his was an ideal home, where flowers in profusion budded and

bloomed, where sweet perfume filled the air; fountains played; and attendants, to the strains of fascinating music, waited patiently to attend to every want. I had pictured to my mind, too, how beautiful his many women might be when chosen from all the land, and how gorgeous must be everything about this mighty ruler.

But these visions had long since begun to fade. As we came in sight of the famous palace we found it to be a most ordinary looking building, fit only for the plebeian in any other place. As we drew closer, a wall which enclosed the ruler's estate was pointed out to us. The barricade was less than a foot high and sadly in need of repair. Here and there protruded rusty cannon, about three inches in diameter and a yard long, old enough to be those Magellan took with him to the islands. Surely in formidable fortifications here was a discovery indeed.

Outside the palace door, which, instead of being a golden gate, was more like an entrance to a stable, stood two Indians on one side and a native on the other. These represented the Sultan's army and were equipped with rifles and shot-guns of antique design. As we approached, each according to his own idea "presented arms." No comic opera ever gave a more effective takeoff. As we mounted the crudely constructed stairs, which much resembled those in the ordinary back cellar-way, we had difficulty indeed in looking serious.

The Sultan's house, if anything, is as small as the ordinary two-story dwelling house in this country, and the official chamber on the second floor where the ruler resides was correspondingly short in dimensions. There was just space enough for the imported extension table and the row of chairs around it. Over the table was spread a cloth which had been too frequently soiled, and in the middle of this was a piece of pewter ware, something after the fashion of a candelabrum. One or two jars, so discolored as to conceal the fact as to whether they were silver or lead, completed the table set and made one think of a dining-room. The walls

were almost bare, except for one or two cheap pictures, and was, as usual, dirty.

The Sultan's secretary and the Datoh bowed low for us to enter and we squeezed our way behind the chairs to the different seats. The mob of untidy, betel-besmeared, ugly looking natives, with their warlike equipment, huddled around us, peered in through the cracks or stretched their necks over each others' heads in the doorway to watch our movements.

His majesty had had all the waiting that he cared for and soon walked in to greet us. As we extended our hands, however, it was time for another laugh, for his costume was unique in the extreme. A pair of tight trousers of a brownish hue adorned his limbs. He wore a soft white negligee shirt and over it a cast-off low-cut vest and evening dress coat. He had on no collar nor necktie, but a beautiful pearl, as big as the end of a finger, stuck out prominently on his breast. A red velvet fez was his head gear, while from his shoulders hung a long white gown which, over his odd combination of garments, gave him a mock-majestic appearance.

This Mohammedan ruler is small in stature, wears a mustache and has a decidedly weak expression. Along side of one of our naval officers he looked like a mere child. Behind him, as he entered the room, came two dirty looking servants, each carrying a silver adorned dish. One of these trays, we soon learned, contained betel nut, betel-nut leaves and the necessary condiments, while the other was used for expectoration. As he took his seat the servants stood on either side of him and alternately offered him the dish he needed.

The interpreter was at once set to work, but the Sultan persisted in wandering from the subject and it was a slow task for President Schurman to get him down to the point. His evasive answers were enough to try anyone's patience, but with persistence President Schurman kept on relating in detail his instructions from President McKinley.

In the meantime the servants began to bring in an elaborate assortment of sweet meats such as we had never seen before. The table was piled full of these odd shaped dainties, but their appearance was not appetizing. The Sultan had produced the most extravagant delicacies of his royal kitchen, but his guests did not appreciate them, and a feeling of horror came over us when we were asked to partake of the things spread before us. Reluctantly we nibbled away at one or two of the unknown mixtures, closing our mind as to how they might have been prepared.

The interview after a little progressed more easily, and one point after another was finally disposed of. In the meantime a concoction, which the interpreter said was cocoa, was brought in and distributed in badly worn cups. Though we made a bluff at eating the dainties, we were not to get off so easily with the drinking. The one thing, we were informed, which would offend his majesty was a refusal to sip his choice brand. With our eyes closed to what it might be we bravely toasted our generous host and drank. It was not entirely bad, but had the flavor of roasted peanuts.

The official business took about an hour and a half, and as darkness was not far off a visit to the Sultan's harem was not accorded us. The thirteen wives which are maintained at the expense of the state are, the interpreter told us, kept in separate huts near the "palace," and are not allowed to see each other for fear they may get jealous. On our way out of the Sultan's house, however, I got a glimpse of one of the women sitting on a piece of matting on the floor of an adjacent room. From her appearance I was told that I could get a good idea of the others. Her dress, like that of all the natives, was brilliant in colors, resembling some of the richest calico. Her hair was unkempt and her general appearance squalid. She, too, was addicted to the betel nut habit, and the blood-red juice trickled down the corners of her mouth, as she sat there rolling the leaves between her fingers for another mouthful. As I gazed upon her repulsive form I could not help thinking how different was the real from the imaginary.

The trip back to the beach was hurried and uneventful, but the crowd of natives tagged along as curious as ever. The sailors had the boat in readiness when we reached it and we were soon off on our way to the Bennington. When the odor from the filthy place grew fainter and fainter, and we left Maibun farther and farther behind, there came a deep sigh of relief. In having been the first American civilians to visit his majesty, the Sultan of Jolo, and in having seen such unusual sights, there was much satisfaction; but in the minds of all of us there was also a feeling that one trip of the sort was sufficient.

Frank Ernest Gannett, '98.

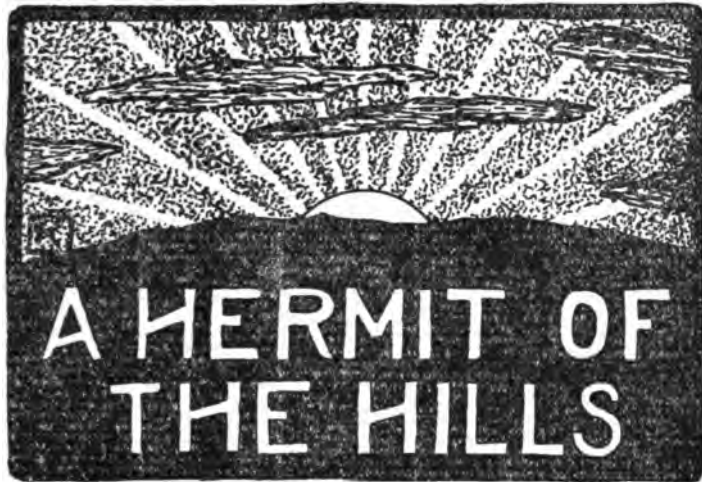
FOOTSTEPS IN DE NIGHT.

When you's walkin' froo de woodlan'
 an' de moon am shinin' pale,
 When stahs peep down lak sperit
 eyes an' mis' floats lak a veil,
 An' yo see queah shadders flittin'
 froo de dim an' ghas'ly lite,
 Ef yo lissen, lissen closely, yo'll
 heah *footsteps* in de night.

Dey rustles froo de dry leaves
 an' dey pattahs on de groun',
 An' yo heah dem follah,
 follah, wif a sof' an' creepy soun'.
 Ef yo stops an' trys to see dem,
 dey stop an' deres nuffin moah,
 Jes de shadders an' de moonlight
 froo de branches as befoah.

Yo steps fastah an' yo das'n't turn
 yo haid, yoah heart beats,—so!
 Yo keep thinkin' of de things yo's dun
 an' wondah ef dey know;
 An' yo longs to see yoah cabin wif
 de fiah a-gleamin' bright,
 An' to shet out all dem awful,
 creepin' footsteps in de night.

E. G. M.



LOOKING over some old diaries the other day, I happened by chance to stumble upon a narrative written by some doughty voyageur towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, a portion of which narrative, from the location of its action, should be peculiarly interesting to us. Some ancient spelling and wording alone I have changed. At the opening of the extract the writer, who travels westward, is coming down a trail toward Lake Cayuga.

Wishing to reach the lake they call Cayuga before night-fall, I hastened my steps along the scant trail. The path, which for the last quarter of a mile had led continually downwards, suddenly opening into a small clearing, permitted me a view—surprising in its beauty—of the valley, lake and hills below and beyond me. To the north, sparkling with the last rays of the setting sun, wound a long, narrow lake, the further end, if end it was, lost in the dim wooded hills rising steeply from the shores. Before me lay a flat valley, low and marshy, its sameness broken here and there by the swollen streams which twisted like ribbons

toward the larger body of water. On the opposite side of the valley again rose darkly wooded hills, up, up, up, their crests enshadowed by the setting sun, which forced clearly upon the eye the jagged outline of the horizon. Then turning to the southwest, I could perceive hill after hill stretching away, until, far off, a golden haze hid all from view.

In my contemplation of the landscape before me I was unexpectedly interrupted by a voice.

"What fortune leads you hither, stranger, where only the savage beast and still more savage man, barring perhaps myself, delight to roam?"

At the sound of the voice I had turned quickly around, my gun half raised to repel some unforeseen attack, but only an old man, standing at the door of a low hut now first perceived by me, met my gaze. The figure of my interlocutor was bent by age or care; his face, though bronzed by summer sun, yet whispered that a personage of white descent stood before me; the beard and long, unkempt locks, of the color of snow, tossed gently in the breeze; and the feet, showing bare beneath a heavy tunic of deer-skin, trembled as the old man stood. In one hand he held a long staff; the other rested lightly on the half-opened door of the cabin. This latter was but a small log affair, chinked with clay.

All these facts I took in at a glance, and then replied to the old man's question:

"Good sir, perhaps I too might inquire for what reason you place yourself so far from home and friends, but I forbear and answer your question. I am directing my steps toward the mighty fort which lies near the falls they call the Great, far to the west."

"So far?" replied the old man. "But tarry here to-night, and in the morning I will see you safely on the way. Come, enter the hut."

"Gladly," answered I, and following my new-found friend I entered the low dwelling. Within I found a cheery room, warm with the heat of the merry fire in the broad

fireplace, and smelling odorously of venison and boiling herbs. An ancient musket stood in one corner, a small bed in another, and on shelves nailed along the wall were some two score antique books, a marvelous collection, indeed, for such a wilderness. A few simple utensils, two stools, and some dried herbs completed the furnishing of the apartment.

"A jolly room you have here, my friend," I cried.

"It suits me well," he returned, and set himself to stirring the boiling vegetables.

While I examined the books upon the shelves my aged host prepared the simple meal, and having completed its preparation called me to sit down and try the wholesome fare. In silence we ate (for we woodsmen always eat while we do eat, and leave talking till later); then, the supper being finished and everything placed in order, stools were drawn up before the crackling fire, and the old man and I were soon talking glibly.

"There is a fall near here, is there not?" I questioned. "I seem to hear the roar of one."

"Aye," answered my companion; "there's one to the right of us as we look over the valley. Your path did not cross the gorge through which the stream passes; nevertheless there is a stream within a few paces of the hut. The falls are slightly below here; the Indians call them 'Minihaha' falls. A pretty name, is it not?"

The conversation now turned on other topics, and gradually I drew from the old man the reason of his living in these far-off wilds. The Indians, he said, believed him mad, and therefore never molested him. Such stories as he told of the persecutions he had suffered because he had preached the doctrine (pernicious, in my belief) of republican government; how he had been outlawed in the Old World; how he had come to the New, and had been driven from town to town because of his teachings; how in his advanced age he had left the so-called civilized world, and found peace far away amid these dark woods. Such in sub-

stance was what he told me, and it left me much to brood over when at last I rolled myself in my blanket, and in the silence of the night attempted to go to sleep.

[The diary now tells of the departure of the traveller on the ensuing day, and describes at length his doings the two months following. We again take up the string of the narrative when, on his return trip the voyageur once more comes in view of the old man's dwelling.]

As I entered the clearing again after so many weeks I half expected to find my old friend before his hut, ready to greet me; but all was silent. A solemn gloom hung over everything, clouding my spirits, as it were. I walked to the door and knocked. There was no response. Pushing slightly, I opened the door and entered the cabin. At first sight everything appeared as I had last seen it; but, turning toward the low bed in the corner, I uttered a half-cry, for stretched out upon it, a calm smile overspreading his face, lay my venerable friend. Advancing, I felt for any signs of life, but none were there. The pulse and heart were still, the body cold.

"He must have died within a day," I thought, "and by the smile he died calmly and peacefully."

I turned to pass away from the dwelling, leaving the old man in a tomb which he himself had built, when some lines, scribbled upon a small piece of paper, caught my eye. This is how they read:

"Stranger, forbear to desecrate this burial spot. Here soon will lie the bones of one who called himself a 'free-thinker' and who believes that all mankind have equal rights.

"Let him lie where he has passed away. Sometime, perhaps, a worthy person may raise above his tomb some fit memorial.

"JOHN CORNELL."

T. W. Pendennis.

THE 1901 CLASS POEM.

Dear friends and classmates, greeting, all.

As one who hears a footstep fall
At dead of night, and tries to guess
What voice, what form or outward dress
The echo owns which meets his ears,
So, after four long college years
We start, as one awaked from sleep,
Half fearful, half in haste to peep
Down the re-echoing corridor
By countless thousands trod before.

How sweet to linger on this hill
And dream amidst the summer still,—
To people over all the past
With images in fancy cast!
On these sweet dreams we dare not dwell.
The time has come to say farewell.

Farewell? 'Tis not the word of ruth
That knells the passing of our youth.
Nay, rather, 'tis the word that tells
The fervent wish that in us wells
That all may work for good to thee,
Our Alma Mater, first to see
With wise discerning eyes the trend
Of countless ages toward one end.

'Tis life in *this* world, now and here,
A wide-eyed faith that knows no fear,
That thou hast taught us day by day
Since when we made the first essay
To climb the ladder's height which leads
Upon the steps of our past deeds,

To where we reach the topmost bound
And see, beneath us, all around,
A living, moving, surging mass,
Where each man strives and strains to pass
His neighbor in the awful strife
To gain the things that they call life.

In home or workshop, church or school,
In cities where the evening cool
Sinks heavy o'er the sun-parched street
Trod daily by unnumbered feet,
In shop or factory, dock or square,
Or in the clover-perfumed air
Where hoe and ploughshare, scythe and rake,
The silence of the summer break,
They call us. Let us gladly go
And mingle with the throng below.

It was not thus in olden times.
The day, 'twixt morn and even chimes,
Was measured out in equal parts,—
One given to the busy arts,
The irksome, necessary toil,
The life of action and turmoil.
The other in some safe retreat
Far from the city's throb and beat,—
The hallowed portion of the day
Was sacred to the Muses' play.

That passed. And then came monk and nun.
"A sinful world ! With it have done,"
They cried, and shut within the fold,
The saved ones looked out in the cold
And saw the doomed awaiting all
Some crumb of comfort that might fall
From pure lips of some holy saint
To cheer their hearts so weak and faint.

That passed as well. Then sounding high,
"Return to Nature !" came the cry.
We turned to Nature, but 'twas found
That everywhere there was a bound,
That life was not life lived alone,
That man was not man, but a drone,
Unless in ever widening spheres
His nature widened with the years.

'Tis the old story of the child
On whom the god's face grave and mild
Beams gently downward, as on high
He holds the ripe bunch to defy
Each fresh attempt to snatch the prize
Fixed by the babe's expectant eyes.

So, as each passing age aims higher,
More high the goal toward which we aspire,
More room for mutual sympathy,
More need for love and unity.

Classmates of Ninteen-one, where'er
We are, in fortune foul or fair,
Still close together, side by side,
May we throughout all time abide,
This one desire within us dwell,—
The welfare of our loved Cornell.

L. M. P.

CONCERNING COMPULSORY DRILL—A REPLY.

THE January ERA of the current year contained an article on compulsory drill. In this article the writer maintained that the enforced drill was an "infliction" on the students; that it was "useless" to the government; that it "disturbed studies and interfered with athletics." If this claim is well founded, then it is high time that compulsory drill come to an end. Manifestly, in studying this problem, there are several points of view. We shall consider it, first of all, from the student's standpoint.

The presence of a student in any college shows that either he or his fathers before him worked hard and to a purpose. Back of his present ease there lies, somewhere, a life of strenuous effort. The student who grasps this view of the situation and realizes that he is a charity student, dependent on another's success, will, if he is worth his salt, determine not to accept this heritage as a gift, but as a loan which he must pay back with interest, not to his ancestors, but to his descendants, upon whom, in turn, will fall the burden of responsibility; for "unto whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." The unexcelled facilities of our University are due largely to the gift of the federal government through the state of New York. Everyone who participates in the benefits of this endowment incurs a part of the debt. If he is honest he will be glad of the opportunity to pay off this debt. Military drill affords this opportunity. Cornell is under a lasting debt to the government. Every student who takes the required two-years drill takes upon himself a portion of this debt and works it out. His uniform is indeed a "badge of servitude," as the former writer called it, but it is something more—it is a mark of loyalty.

Indeed the drill itself is not without its benefits. The wearing of a common uniform helps to do away with social differences. It places all students on a footing of republican equality. Sons of the rich and poor meet here on a common level. It is the only course in the University where whole classes are brought together as classes, thus fostering class spirit. Moreover the student is benefited by the rigidly enforced martial exercise. As from every other institution in the world, so from drill, we get benefit from it in proportion to the effort we put into it.

In the article mentioned above the writer suggested that perhaps many students were kept away from Cornell by reason of this compulsory drill. If so, we are glad of it. Students who object to giving a part of their time to their country are not wanted here. They would not even give their time to athletics for the benefit of the University. They are living for self. Ease, idleness, leisure—these are not what one seeks in going to college. They should not influence anyone in the choice of a college. Military drill is not required of the athletes. They give freely of their time to Cornell—others should not begrudge a part of their time to our larger alma mater.

The writer went on to show that neither the Morrill Land Grant act nor the charter of the University compel the faculty to require compulsory drill. This is true. Yet it contains the strongest argument in its favor. For if the faculty were compelled by law or charter to require military drill of all students, then we might reasonably believe that it was a necessary evil which must be endured to fulfill the requirements of the law. But when the faculty of their own accord make it compulsory we know that they have done it for our good. They have our interests at heart. This same argument disproves the contention that drill "disturbs studies and interferes with athletics," which might be charged, with equal truth, against any form of required exercise. The faculty have studied the results with unbiased judgment. They have carried out the policy of the

founder of the University—not in a small way to carry out the letter, but in a larger way to carry out the spirit of the charter with that largeness which has ever been characteristic of Cornell.

We shall now look at this question from the government's point of view. The root of all discontent with the compulsory drill is just this—the students do not realize that the Cornell cadet corps is a part of the military force of the United States, that it is enrolled as such in the Department of War. They do not realize that it is a serious business. The last Army Register recorded more than one hundred officers in the regular army whose first military instruction had been obtained at institutions similar to ours. Cornell furnished its quota to the volunteers, some of whom attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel. Captain Edward Davis, '96, is a representative of this class of officers.

The article in dispute further claimed that the national guards turned out more efficient men than our cadet corps. It took the ground that the guardsman who drilled once a week during the winter months for four or five years, and went into camp but twice in that time, would make a more competent officer than the average graduate of Cornell University who had drilled here for two years. That is assuming that every such national guardsman is the peer of a Cornell graduate in matters of intelligence and adaptability! Quite contrary to this assumption is the statement of ex-President White:

“ Besides this, it is felt that a service is rendered to the nation in sending out every year a body of educated young men, capable in a crisis of organizing their fellow-citizens, thus tending to keep the power in the hands of the best citizens rather than letting it fall into the hands of the worst.”

Some years ago a distinguished officer of the German army, after witnessing the drill of our cadet corps, made the statement that “ if the German army were composed of such men it could walk over the world.” This is the opinion of

a veteran officer regarding the so-called "tin-soldiering." He realized that while college cadets are not educated officers in the professional sense, they have the intelligence to build on and sufficient knowledge of drill to go ahead.

Recently the *London Standard* published a two-column article to the effect that out of four hundred yeomanry officers who were sent out at one time to South Africa, one hundred were found incompetent and were immediately sent home. The writer of this article strongly urged that the British government establish throughout the kingdom colleges in which young men could get a collegiate education at the least possible cost, one of the conditions being that they should take up military science and learn enough of it to fit themselves as lieutenants and captains of volunteers.

In the Spanish war our government very extensively availed itself of the material supplied from land-grant colleges and other military schools. Hundreds of young men from these institutions received appointments as lieutenants and captains of volunteers.

President Roosevelt in his speech, "Military Preparedness and Unpreparedness," * urges the nation to prepare for unseen dangers. He traces the decisive victories of our navy in the recent war to "the splendid seamanship and gunnery * * * handed down as traditional in the service * * * perfected by the most careful work." He urges a similar preparation of the army which the scanty appropriations of Congress have made impossible heretofore. "The army, at the only point where it was seriously opposed, did its work by sheer dogged courage and hard fighting, in spite of an unpreparedness which almost brought disaster upon it, and would without doubt actually have done so had not the defects and shortcomings of the Spanish administration been greater than our own." He goes on to show the fallacy of the argument "that everything was right and is all right now * * * and that if in the future we get into a war with a more formidable power than Spain, we shall pull

* The Strenuous Life and Other Speeches. [New York, 1900.]

through somehow." "Such a view," he continues, "is unjust to the nation, and particularly unjust to the splendid men * * * who would be sacrificed to it." He concludes his speech by ridiculing "those civilians who think they can command regiments, when they have not a single trait, natural or acquired, to fit them for the task." He argues that these traits can only be acquired by rigid military discipline.

In the Civil war, the Confederates were greatly aided by cadets from the military schools of the South. It was during those months of gloom and shame, when it seemed as if our armies marched only to defeat, that Senator Morrill's bill was passed. The country was suffering from the lack of educated officers with a sufficient knowledge of military tactics to train volunteers for the field. Cornell, daughter of the Civil war, has retained the influence of those strenuous days ever since. It has become a part of her personality. It is woven into her history and traditions. And if, at some time in the future, the unexpected does happen, and we are plunged into a war which we have neither desired nor expected, then will the clergyman lay aside his robe, the scholar forsake his books, the doctor his practice, and the farmer his cattle, and all will don the common uniform of loyalty, for they are all sons of military Cornell.

E. M. Slocombe.

“WITH THE YEARS.”

MAY 4th: I wonder why I have begun now, after all these years, to write down what has grown to me to be the sweetest, saddest story ever interwoven into one's life. Is it because these years have made it any less real to me, or any less my own story? No, not that, my dear. Or is it because I think that by telling of my own folly and my own loss I may save another from losing what I did? That could not be. There could never be a girl like you, Marian, nor another as blind as I. No. It is the springtime that has brought you so near to me that I am living again in the past and telling it all to myself in this way.

Why, it all comes back to me now so distinctly, even to the first day I met you. You forgot that little incident very quickly. I did not. We were away in Venice. I remember the great empty, lonely hotel, all slumbering throughout the day and all gay and bright at night—our bedtime. For the first time I ever saw you you were crying and kicking the marble balustrade and declaring very loudly that you wouldn't go to bed. A plain-faced nurse was declaring just as volubly that she'd tell your father. I listened to all that with a boyish interest in seeing the outcome, which, alas, was ignominious and forcible compulsion. And you shot one hard, angry glance at me as you skulked through the lobby, for you had discovered my barefaced curiosity.

I did not see you again for several days. Then came that dark, sad time when my father lay so very ill. And one day you came and talked to me.

“Poor boy,” you said, and you took my hand. I was smaller than you then, and seemed younger. I was indignant at your pity.

“What's the matter?” I demanded, roughly. And you just looked at me with your eyes full of pity. You had probably heard some older persons talking.

That night father died. I was too young to realize what it meant. I cried until I went to sleep and slept way into the next morning.

Oh, it is all so real to me, even now. Everyone was so kind. The pretty Venetian lady who sang and wore the beautiful rings took me down to breakfast. And while we were sitting there in the empty dining-hall several English people came and spoke to me, always in softened tones. And I heard one lady say to her husband, "What will become of him?" and the husband answered, "They have sent for his uncle who is up in Germany." And she smiled at me and replied, "Isn't it fortunate he has a relative so near?" I know I wondered how the man knew about Uncle Carl. Then the doctor came and said something about eating more and patted my head, and the pretty Venetian lady kept wiping her eyes and saying things in Italian. And then you came.

You were tugging at your father's hand and leading him straight up to me. You seemed to tower over me, and I was absolutely afraid of you. Your father, a great kind-faced man, pulled out a chair and sat down. "My little girl wants you to play with her to-day. Will you take care of her?" And I swelled with importance at the charge and lost my fear of you. Our play was confined to the balcony overhanging the canal and the big hallway, but we were content. Later your nurse took us out in a gondola, and you sat close to me and told me the most wonderful tales that far outshone any of Grimm's, all of your own fabrication. Oh, we were friends for life—for life, Marian.

The next morning Uncle Carl came and I commenced to feel my sorrow. Your nurse, who was a good woman, found us some strange picture-books in a funny little shop, and we were wild with joy and went racing down the narrow allies, hand in hand and singing lustily. When we reached the hotel I started breathlessly in search of father and ran into Uncle Carl.

"I will take you to him," Uncle said. Then I declared

that I would not go without you. You hung back and turned quite pale. I saw you shut your eyes tight. "I'll go," you said at length, bravely.

Uncle Carl took us up the marble stairway and through a long hallway, and stopped without a little parlor in the left wing of the hotel.

"You must be a brave boy," he said almost sternly to me. In one hand I clutched my beautiful picture-book and in the other a long candy cane, all dirty from my very dirty hands. We went in, you and I. We walked bravely up to the long black coffin. We were breathless. Neither of us knew what death meant.

"Papa," I cried joyously, for I had not seen him for three whole days. "Papa," I cried again. You caught my hand. You seemed to comprehend. I was more stupid. "Papa," I repeated and I began to cry. My bravery had fled. I beat the coffin. "Why won't you answer? Can't you talk, papa?" and then it came over me, slowly and surely, that I would never hear that dear voice in answer to my call. And there was my picture-book. Oh, I did not want it. I threw it far in a corner. I flung my arms about my father's neck and screamed. I would not listen to my uncle. Only physical exhaustion made me loosen my grip and sink back.

We, Uncle Carl and I, took father to England. There we laid him away for ever. And a friendship seemed to have sprung up between Uncle Carl and your father, for they arranged to meet in London the coming fall. I missed you sorely all through the summer. I was not happy with Uncle and I wanted a playmate. But with fall you came again, and oh, I remember our joy when Uncle told me that I was to return to America with you, and even more, that I was to be put in a private school near your home, under your father's guardianship, until Uncle returned himself. Perhaps it might have been better if it had not happened quite like that, for we grew like brother and sister, and it was that that blinded me, Marian.

May 19th : What was I going to write when I stopped? Why do I give vent to regrets now, Marion? You are nearer to me this day than you have ever been.

After all, that childhood is more like a happy prologue to our after years. Without it, perhaps, there would have been none of the sorrow and the awakening, and the peace and happiness that is with me now to stay.

You were a splendid playmate, Marian, in those old days. You were even better than a boy. There was always such a fund of originality and life and spirit about you. You never lost it. I used to look forward to those Saturdays I spent at your home, when we would play all the live-long day in the great orchard behind the barn. Or, if it rained, we would sit in the old-fashioned library and take up those fairy folk whose lives we used to weave away in Venice. I think if there had been more of those Saturdays I might have grown into the man you wanted. They ended too soon. How you stormed when you told me that you were going to move to the city. You vowed you would not go, and we planned to run away together. We had three dollars between us. I wish we had gone.

Your father said I must surely come and spend my next vacation with you, but it seemed as if we were parting forever. And when I went down at Christmas time we could not play in the same old romping way, for we both seemed to have suddenly acquired too much dignity. I had grown and put on long trousers, and you would not stand my added height and my airs, so you tried to rival them with ones of your own. We dropped our old fairy friends and entered into lengthy discussions on very worldly topics way beyond our years. Once at the end of my visit, I remember your breaking out in a wild song and dance. And then you grew very wistful and confided in me that you were unutterably homesick and pining for the old place, that you hated your schoolmates and had no one with whom to play and would never be happy again, and would never, never sing again after I was gone, and couldn't run and whistle.

Poor miserable Marian! Oh, little girl, your heart was always too faithful.

Your father was taking you to school—some place on the Hudson. More years lapsed. We changed more. I saw you several times during my college life. You used to come down for the games and dances. I think now you were a little disappointed in me at times then, though you tried to conceal it. You did not like it because I laughed at some of your notions and made fun of some of your friends. You said you would never forgive me.

We grew apart after that. I did not see you once through my Senior year. I was giving way to a restless, roving spirit, and after graduation joined a crowd of fellows who were going off on a trip through northern Canada. Later I enlisted for the Cuban campaign.

It was while I was gone that your father died. I knew nothing of your loss until I came back, two years later. Hard service, a long illness and slow recovery had tended to make me over from the shiftless, lazy fellow, who was my uncle's disgust, into the cynical, indifferent man you knew.

I remember so well the first day I went to see you after my return. I walked into the parlor with the feeling of one perfectly at home, yet what a number of years had elapsed. It was so good to see the same old pictures and the old tables and chairs, and the window seat where we used to squabble together that Christmas vacation, so long ago.

And of a sudden you arose from somewhere and came towards me with that graceful swinging step you never lost from your earliest girlhood days. You held out both hands.

"Well, John," and then you pushed me back and looked at me. I looked at you in surprise. You had changed. I felt the woman. I knew you would not tilt back on a chair and whistle in the old way. I was half sorry. You said something about "thin" and "tanned" and "so glad," and then in some way we were sitting in the old window seat and squabbling again merrily. I noticed,

child, you still wore the little turquoise ring I gave you that first Christmas after we had come back. It must have hurt your finger, Marian, it was so small.

I was surprised to hear that you were living quite alone in the big house, save for the old nurse. You told me that you would not let anyone else come, for unless she were very, very dear to you you could not be happy with her. I detected the wistful ring in your voice that betrayed your loneliness in spite of yourself. I did not understand you then as I do now.

We had one mutual friend, Mrs. Whately. One night she invited me over to dinner. I was tired and out of sorts. I had just finished a long talk with Uncle. I was beginning to consider myself rather useless and a failure, and Uncle rather encouraged the idea. I felt blue and despondent. I had not learned to go to you then.

Mrs. Whately had been a friend of my mother's and I felt very much at home in her house. I walked leisurely into her parlor. Someone was singing. Something in the voice went through and through me, set my nerves a-quivering, as if in response. Why, I might have known it was you. Mrs. Whately held her fingers to her lips and I tiptoed to her side and sank down in a chair.

You sang that song often for me, but there was a power and a sweetness in your tones that night that stirred my very soul. You were singing, "My Love is Like a Red, Red Rose," and I can hear you now.

"'Til a' the seas gang dry, my love—" Your heart was in your voice, Marian. It occurred to me then that you were in love. It flashed over me as an explanation of your sometimes strange conduct and reticence and sadness. It was not all mourning for your father. And I felt something of that same feeling of responsibility which filled my soul that day in Venice when your father put you in my charge.

You had not heard me enter the room, and when you came forward and saw me your face turned scarlet. I said to myself that you felt I had guessed your secret.

That evening was very pleasant, Marian. My despondency quite fled. I felt so glad to discover that your voice had developed to such sweet full tones. I was very proud of you.

June 3rd : I seldom mentioned my father's affairs to Uncle Carl, nor did I even think much of them. I made my home with Uncle in his bachelor hall and managed to get along comfortably on my very slender salary. But in spite of that there were times when I used to long to break out, used to feel a shame at my narrow life and a wild ambition to do more. Those times were always after I had been with you.

It was after that evening at Mrs. Whately's when I began to go to you with my troubles and suffer your severe lecturing, for you were very frank with me and sometimes made me feel very small. One night it was snowing and was desperately cold. You had a big fire burning in your own little library and looked the essence of comfort yourself in a great leather chair. We got to talking of the ship-board days and climbing-tree episodes. I felt suddenly to grow very near to you.

"Marian, you've been disappointed in me, haven't you?" I asked with a sudden impulse that frightened myself. You always told me the truth, Marian; you looked straight at me.

"I was a little, at first. I'm used to you now."

I felt hurt, Marian, but I knew I deserved it. You went on gently, but with emphasis:

"Why don't you do something?"

Then I launched out. Did I bore you? You seemed never to take your eyes from my face, and there was a half-pleading in their depths. You were my mother and I was a most pitiable child, and I poured out all my wretchedness at your feet. Oh, the world would be better if God made more women like you and fewer of the beautiful kind you did not like.

"If I could only get a start, get away in something. Marian, it's the confounded poverty of it all that I hate."

I remember you smiled a little sadly.

"I have more than I need," you began and stopped short. I did not heed your words.

As I bade you good night then I did not know how much would happen before I would see you again.

One day I met you in Uncle's office. He was escorting you to the door. You passed so quickly I scarcely saw your face. I said something of my surprise to Uncle. He laughed. "Oh, Marian and I are great friends." I thought no more of it.

I seemed involuntarily to be thrown more and more with Blanche Caton. Marian, it was as if I was in Fate's hands—a toy. I thought myself madly in love with the girl. She was very beautiful and fascinating. I felt proud of the preference she used to show for me.

"John, come into my office to-day," Uncle said to me one morning, and I obediently went around directly after luncheon. He seemed smiling over something pleasant.

"I have some good news, my boy." He stood behind me so I could not see his face. His voice was quick and nervous. I attributed it to joy.

"You have never asked me much about your father's affairs, which really should have been in your hands for some time, but you left it all to me. There wasn't much to do. Well, I take great pleasure in telling you that—that some money—which was—borrowed from your father—has been—returned, and—"

"How much?" I asked, nonchalantly.

Uncle Carl seemed very much confused.

"Well, it's stock in the Wesleyan mine—a considerable amount—gives an income of about—well, two thousand a year."

"What," I cried, springing up, "and mine?"

"Yes, yours." And then he launched off into a very incoherent explanation of what I would have to do.

"There's been some mixup, John. This—this friend must have thought you were still under age. She has put it in my hands as your guardian. If you want me to transfer it to some—"

I was walking up and down the room like a caged lion. Oh, it was my joy that blinded me to Uncle Carl's very poor acting.

"Oh, do anything. Set me up with yourself, Uncle Carl, and I'll—"

"Bring me home a good wife, John, who will be like a daughter to me," Uncle answered. I wondered how he guessed of my love for Miss Caton.

I was not much of a business man, so I left everything in Uncle's charge.

I had conceived the idea that possibly you cared for Laurence Worth. He was musical and you had much in common. I knew he liked you a great deal and had been with you more than anyone else.

So one night I put the question in blunt fashion.

"Marian, are you in love with Worth?"

I shall never forget your look—amusement, wrath, half-pity.

"Why, John, do you think I'd love a man like that?"

And I had thought Worth a fine fellow, all a man could be.

"What do you want, Marian?" I asked, somewhat indignantly.

"Oh, he's nice. I like him, but—why, he couldn't take care of me for a week, let alone a lifetime. And as to loving anyone else better than himself very long, he couldn't." Then you laughed.

"Have you ever been in love, Marian? You must have been."

"Why?" slowly.

"I know it from your voice when you sing." And you blushed that glorious crimson.

"Is he your ideal?" I went on.

"Ideal? No, John, I never had one. Besides, I shouldn't like an ideal. I wouldn't be good enough for him. Yes, I love a man who is very, very good—and bad, like the child with the curl, and—who doesn't love me—so—"

"Why, Marian!" for her voice sounded joyful.

"Well, why should he? I'm not pretty nor witty nor—oh, John, I'm not unhappy now."

"Not pretty—no, child, but you're the best girl I know." And yet I thought I loved Blanche Caton at the time.

"I have lived out the cruelty of the disappointment long ago. It's most all happiness now, for I have made my love into a something like a companion, to do all the good for it I can. Foolish, I know. And it's only when I'm wicked that the big empty place aches."

"Are you going away, Marian?" I asked suddenly.

You shook your head, "No," and gave no reason.

With the happy contentment I felt for myself there was a great pity for you, Marian. For the next few days you seemed like a sister to me. I longed to comfort you. I wondered who the fellow was and how he could help worshipping your goodness. I thought I knew its extent, and I had yet to know—

Jan. 20th : I had become so much at home in Uncle's office that I wandered around at will, for I had stock in the concern and felt like a senior partner in my bigness. This morning I went into his private office to speak with him, and finding him gone sat down at his desk to await his return. The morning's mail was lying before me, opened and unanswered. I grew impatient and commenced to play with the envelopes. Almost under my hand lay a long document and I caught the name "Wesleyan." That was my mine so I picked it up with interest. But the document was made out in the name of "Miss Marian Hollis."

I felt only interest at first and opened the document. Then I began to grow confused, for it read in strangely

familiar terms, and I discovered, after every letter had danced a wild jig before my eyes, that there was something about "transfer" and my own name.

And then some words of yours came back to me with awful vividness. "I have more money than I need."

How long I sat in that office I do not know—not long. I found you at home. You were surprised to see me at that hour. You were more surprised at my absolute stillness.

"Marian, why did you do it?" I said at last.

You quivered from head to foot and turned deathly pale. My calmness frightened you, little girl. You grasped a chair as if for support. And I remember noticing at that moment the little ring you so faithfully wore.

"Who—who told you?" you murmured.

Marian, I cannot write all that passed between us that morning. God bless you for it, over and over. He has. You were so simple in your greatness. And I realized then as I had never done before why your life was so empty and lonely. It was because your heart was too big.

But I tried to make you understand that it must all be taken back, every cent. You would not see.

"John," and your voice was very low, "your happiness is my first thought. You don't want to make me unhappy, do you? It isn't much—it's just because you are so grown-up and proud. If we were only little again."

I knew by your eyes that I could—I took you in my arms and kissed you, kissed your forehead and your eyes, and lastly your sweet, sweet mouth. Oh, my darling—

Marian, I did not lose you then, did I? You are here beside me now. You are mine. I am not lonely, I am happy. But, oh, my God, if I could only touch you—only touch you once.

One week of you and exquisite joy. Then—

I could not have borne it, no, not with all the courage you inspired in me, I could not have borne it if it had not been for that last night—that last.

I went back to you, for it seemed as if I could never say good night.

You ran to me, laughing. You threw yourself in my arms.

"John," your voice was triumphant, like a happy child's. "John, seas and seas couldn't divide us, could they? 'Tho' lands between us lie.' Why, John, I'd be yours and you'd be mine, and—"

"Hush, dear," I said, and I kissed you again.

"John, I pray for you every night. Did you know it? To make me worthy of you and to make you a good, good man. Oh, I wish we were the little boy and girl again, for God loves children and would listen. Or, if I was an angel, John, why he would take care of you for me and keep you, and—"

It was all nonsense then and I stopped your lips. Oh, child!

The next morning Mrs. Whately sent for me and told me you were very ill. I could not see you; they would not let me. The next day you were unconscious, and after that— Oh, Marian, my darling, I seem to stand close to you now, but oh, only to see you!

They wondered how I stood it. They wondered why I gazed at your still, sad face, so beautiful to me, and smiled back at you. And before they closed you away forever, why, I kissed you. Do you remember? And—oh, but you did not kiss me back. I must wait, I must wait.

I remember the heavy smell of flowers and the voices singing and a great many people around. I took a flower from you. I have it now.

They sang something—we used to know it, Marian.

"And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since and lost—awhile."

A. S. W.

THE IDLER

HE was either a Freshman or a Sibleyite, there was no doubt about that. The way he was manipulating the card catalogue in the library proved it. He would shove a certain box in, out, in, then out again, examining with every appearance of great interest the cards, and meanwhile casting furtive glances about to see how other people were "doing it." Unluckily, no student save a severe female graduate chanced to be near, and the Freshman was too diffident to inquire at the desk. But finally he summoned enough courage to begin, "Please, miss," only to behold her back skirt sweeping away; she had not heard him. Once more in desperation he turned to the catalogue. Lines of thought troubled his brow. For a moment, even, I fancied I had caught a suspicious quivering of his lips.

Then suddenly a bright idea struck him. It is strange it did not knock him down. Carefully, and without a word and in a cheerful mood, he drew out the box, placed it on one of the projecting shelves, removed the rod that connects the cards, abstracted the one bearing the desired book and carried it in triumph to the desk.

After all, he must have been a Freshman.

Robinson and Jones are studying mathematics and are in the same class. The other day they were both sent to the board to do the same problem. Jones had forgotten the method used in the book and thought out a very clever method of his own. Robinson had no idea how to do the

problem, so he copied the whole thing from Jones. Then the instructor came along and looked at Robinson's work. "Ah, Mr. Robinson, a very clever original solution," he said. "In fact, it is even better than the solution given in the book." And Jones? The instructor never looked at his work at all.

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VIOLET.

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In Violet's eyes
Doth Cupid trace
The answering image of his face—
(The wight should make his dwelling place
In Violet's eyes!)

In Violet's laugh
He hears the breeze
That sings through blossoming apple trees
When Springtime birds make melodies—
In Violet's laugh.

In Violet's heart
Could he be guest,
No more would he pursue his quest,
But fold his weary wings and rest
In Violet's heart.

F. W. H. C., '93.

THE ERA

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THERE appears in this number an article on one of the questions of greatest interest to the student body, and one on which there is a widespread difference of opinion. It must not be inferred from this that the ERA indorses the views expressed and recedes from the position taken in an earlier article on the same subject. On the other hand, it should not be thought that the former article was an expression of editorial opinion. The policy of the present editors of the ERA is opposed to aligning the magazine with either side of the University questions of the day. Rather it is desired that both sides should find ample opportunity in its pages for serious, earnest discussion. Such discussion

will at all times be welcomed. Other questions will be treated later, and readers are requested to remember that the writer alone is responsible for his statements. The editors will gladly receive replies from those who disagree.

The class poem read at the Commencement of 1901 last June, appears this month at the request of members of the class—a request granted with pleasure by the ERA. Though many months have elapsed between its reading and this, its first publication, it will not prove the less interesting or appropriate.

A competition for the position of assistant business manager for next year's staff is now opened, to close May 1st. Intending competitors should consult the present incumbent, Winsor F. Woodward. It should also be noticed that the competition for the artistic editorship is still under way, to close immediately before the Christmas holidays.

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THE UNIVERSITY

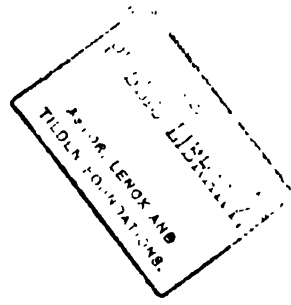
NOW that the football season of 1901 is over, it is interesting to look back at the work of the team and see how it developed and what it has accomplished. The team started the season with only fair chances for success. There was a remarkable dearth of football material in the entering class; there was a lack of heavy line men; there was a hard schedule, and a new system of graduate coaching, entirely different from the system of the year before, was inaugurated. Both coaches and men realized that only by steady conscientious work and unsparing effort could a winning team be turned out. And they acted accordingly. We can safely say that no Cornell football team has made a better record. Of our four big games, three were won by comfortable margins, and the Princeton game with its score of 8 to 6, was so close and evenly played that defeat by so small a margin was no disgrace.

Had the team won no other victory except the one over the University of Pennsylvania, it would go down in Cornell history as a successful team. For nine years Cornell teams have gone to Philadelphia Thanksgiving day, with high hopes and grim determination, and have been overwhelmed by the Red and Blue. They have taken their defeat like men and have tried again the next year. And now at last the trick has been done, and Cornellians who have faithfully journeyed to Philadelphia for so many years, hoping to witness a victory, expecting to see a defeat, feel that their trouble has been amply repaid.

The mass meeting held to consider the question of a system for conducting examinations brought out one fact

very clearly. The sentiment of the student body is overwhelmingly in favor of the honor system. Considerable doubt is felt in certain quarters as to the practicability of the system over any considerable reach of time. Yet nearly all seem to feel that student control of examinations is much to be preferred, if it will work. Another plain indication of the meeting was the feeling that the situation has become very unpleasant, that almost any definite system would be better than the present haphazard one.

It would be well if this town-meeting style of government could be applied to undergraduate affairs more often. This recent meeting helped wonderfully to clear the atmosphere and to locate and define public opinion. The value of the mass meeting as an oratorical drill ground, moreover, is a feature which should not be overlooked.



THE ERA

FOUNDER'S DAY.

IT has been the custom of the University from the beginning to honor the day of its founder's birth. In the early days this was effected by suspending studies during the day and giving a reception at night in the large parlors of Cascadilla Place. This day of rejoicing was the eleventh in January and was called Founder's Day.

The first Founder's Day reception was given in 1869. After the guests had arrived President White took the occasion to present to the successful competitors the prizes awarded in Physiology. Professor Wilder, on behalf of Mrs. E. G. Putnam, wife of the then business manager of the University, presented a birthday cake to Mr. Cornell. This was no ordinary birthday cake but a veritable giant of its species, crowned with sixty-two burning tapers. The traditions of this simple reception tell of a very loving tribute which Ezra Cornell paid to his wife, saying that this gift excelled all gifts he had ever received from ladies, excepting "those that have been presented to me from time to time by the lady at my side, my good and beloved wife." Amidst the honors and rejoicings of the hour the great founder thought first of all of her happiness. Mr. Cornell continued to give these receptions to the students until the year of his death.

The year of his death—what a sad year was that! The whole city and neighboring cities mourned with the University, though the country at large did not realize the bright-

ness of the light that had gone out. On the day of the funeral sorrow was too intense for utterance, hands were clasped in silence, voices were stifled with sobs, silence everywhere—silence and tears. But a few weeks later, on Founder's Day, 1875, Grief found her voice and her lamentations saddened the country. Library Hall was filled with an assemblage of mourning citizens and students. The Rev. Dr. Stebbins was introduced and spoke pathetically of the life and character of Mr. Cornell—the man whose prophetic intelligence and business success amassed a fortune and whose generosity founded Cornell. The platform was occupied by representatives of Ithaca and neighboring cities together with members of the faculty. At the right of the speaker's desk stood the founder's vacant chair, draped in mourning and wreathed with flowers, while above was suspended Mr. Cornell's monogram and his motto, "Firm and True," likewise draped in black and telling more eloquently than the speaker's words that, "henceforth Founder's Day ceases to be a day of salutation and becomes a day of memorial." The exercises were concluded by the singing of Founder's Hymn.

In 1887 Judge Finch delivered his memorable address on the life of Ezra Cornell. He reviewed those dark days of the infant university when the heroic founder staggered under the burden of the almost dramatic contract he had made with the State: "to locate and pay the taxes on nine hundred thousand acres of land, guard the same against trespasses, defend from fires, and in the end sell when values were strengthened, and then pay into the coffers of the State for the use of the University the entire net proceeds from the enterprise!"

In the following year Professor Schurman delivered a characteristic speech on "A People's University." In more recent years Founder's Day has brought to Cornell some of this country's most successful men, among whom were Stewart L. Woodford, Charles A. Dana, Andrew Carnegie, Lyman Abbott, General Butterfield and Judge Friar of the

Hawaiian Supreme Court. In 1900 William Dean Howells was called to Ithaca but ill health prevented his coming. In 1901 William Barclay Parsons addressed the students in the Armory, on which occasion the University orchestra furnished the music. In recent years it has also been customary for delegations from the University officials of administration and instruction and from the different classes to form in line under the direction of the Commandant and march in procession through the Memorial Chapel, past the tomb of Ezra Cornell, and thence to the Armory. As the procession filed through the Chapel wreaths of flowers were handed to the marshals who placed them at the foot of the recumbent figure. Then, as the procession was passing out, the Chapel was filled with the grave music of the Sage organ.

But now a word as to the object of Founder's Day and the practical value of this day as a part of our college life. It is preëminently a day of thanksgiving. Those who are connected in any way with our University, in common with all others who are interested in the cause of education and human progress, are reminded on this day of the debt of gratitude which they owe to Ezra Cornell. In him, though dead, we have a living example. We have a founder of whom we are proud, whose very name stirs our emotions and quickens our pulse—a man of stern virtues, godly character and withal a cultured son of toil. We take the occasion of this appointed day to sing his praises to the listening world. Wherever genius is confined, or knowledge withheld, there will the sweet cadence of that name be welcome. Universal education without limits of age or sex, race or color, and universal religion without limits of theology or creed—all this, and all that is best and noblest in this world is synonymized in the name Cornell.

Aside from all this, and even from a utilitarian standpoint, this setting apart of a day of thanksgiving and reflection is wise. He is indeed a worthless soul who cannot derive some inspiration from the life of Ezra Cornell. The

story is too well known to need repetition here—of those days of gloom when capital shrank away from the young inventor, when mistakes and imperfections lost the confidence of the people, when the heavy pressure of debt brought on the heavier pressure of the law ; days when learned scientists decried the putting of wires on housetops as conducive to fire ; days of sickness when the young man slept on the floor by his batteries and lived on a crust of bread ; days of discouragement yet nevertheless days of persistent effort which were finally crowned with dazzling success.

The unparalleled prosperity of our University has been traced "to the character of its constitutive ideal to that principle of universality and equality which it is the undying fame of Ezra Cornell to have conceived and here first applied to education." Though harder to trace it is none the less true that no small share of this success is due to the inspiration which Cornell students of the past have received from studying the life of our founder and applying his ideal standards to their own lives. Long years after leaving college, when the daily routine of studies has faded into a mass of sub-consciousness, there remains to them, as there will remain to us, the high ideals and noble aspirations inspired by the sympathetic study of the life of our immortal founder.

E. M. S.

ON ACCOUNT OF A CRIB.

MARGARET TISSINGTON was the most talked of girl of the five hundred who were struggling for a higher education at Cornell. That means that she was the most beautiful to the masculine eye, and that more men were "strong" for her than for all the others—the ones who did the talking. She had been "fussed" by more than one fellow who called the women "co-eds" and who passed them on the campus without looking up, or removing their fuming pipes. And many a co-ed wondered why.

The reason was plain to the men. She knew how to dress. She could talk like the girls a chap meets when away on vacations, the ones who think college unnecessary for girls and are satisfied with a finishing school education. Her face was "right," especially when she smiled. In short, as one of the "haters" expressed it: "If all co-eds were like Miss Tissington we wouldn't mind co-education."

After a year of skirmishing two of her admirers pushed far ahead of the crowd. One was Freeman Clemans, instructor in Latin, a Harvard man at his best, for the serious young men of old Cambridge appear nowhere at a better advantage than in a faculty position in some sister institution. The other was careless Gordon Ford, known to all of his brother seniors as the best fellow of them all. He was not as good looking as the instructor, perhaps, but he was always happy, always ready with a story which no one had ever heard before, and about him there was a certain recklessness which held her interest.

It was this recklessness that had caused trouble between them,—one of these silly quarrels about nothing at all in which young hearts delight to sorrow. For two months

Clemans had had it all his own way at Sage, for Ford had been trying to forget her by spending his nights in a Dutch student resort, mingling moodily over foaming breakers with a dozen careless souls like himself.

Clemans ended his call rather abruptly one night and Margaret hastened off to her room.

"Gone so early?" queried her roommate in surprise as the girl opened the door. Then she noticed Margaret's look of distress and hastily added a sympathetic: "Why, dearie, what is the matter?"

Margaret threw herself on the couch without replying and burst into sobs. The other knelt by her side and stroked her hair softly.

"Oh, Gertrude, I'm so unhappy," the sufferer finally moaned. "Freeman Clemans asked me to marry him."

"Is that all you're crying about?" said Gertrude. "I thought that awful Mr. Ford was in some scrape."

Then she thought a moment to an interlude of tears.

"Margaret, you wouldn't marry an instructor, would you?" she asked anxiously.

No answer.

"Think, Margaret, just think of having to live in this old college hole forever, and correct exam. papers and go to faculty receptions, and all on ten hundred a year! Of course you refused him."

"I could never marry him," she answered. "I don't love him—or any other man—well, not very much, anyway."

"Now you are thinking of that terrible Ford," came in tones of deep disgust from the roommate. "I'm ashamed of you, Margaret Tissington. He has gone to the very last edge and unless he takes care the faculty won't graduate him."

"That's just the trouble. I'm to blame for it all. You know that he was being very good until I drove him away from me by a silly something I said about going with girls away below our set."

"He must have been doing it or he would not have paid any attention," was the fuel Gertrude added to the flames.

Margaret sprang from the couch. "What do I care if he was?" she exclaimed. "If he had not loved me he would have tried to deceive me. Gertrude, I love him, love him, understand. But how—how can I let him know it?"

The crying was continued, this time in chorus. Sympathetic Gertrude had plunged into the gulf of sorrow and the girls cried themselves to sleep.

Margaret's eyes were red the next morning when she entered the room in which the Latin examination was being held. She took the aisle seat assigned her without looking at Clemans who was eyeing the student already at work. After glancing over the list of questions she looked about the room for Ford. Although a senior he was taking this underclass course to make up a condition. For weeks he had "cut" the class almost daily, and she knew his degree depended on passing it.

"Has he gone so far that he intends to leave without his degree?" she asked herself. "Oh why didn't I write to him?"

As if in answer to her question Ford strolled in and indifferently took a seat opposite her. He was clad in a red sweater, and the big white "C" across the front gave testimony to his strength on the athletic field. His tangled hair and reddened eyes told of an evening with Bacchus and a troubled sleep.

She saw his face pucker as he read the questions and found them more difficult than he had expected. She would have liked to help him but could think of no way. Ford, however, was prepared to help himself and in a fashion she had never dreamed. She could hardly believe her eyes when she saw him take out a "crib." It was most wonderfully made of a continuous strip of paper which rolled from both ends to enable easy handling. A world of information—half a Latin grammar, in fact—had been transferred to this instrument of cheating.

The girl turned away ; this was too much. She could have forgiven him his recent dissipation, even past carelessness, but present dishonesty, that was even beyond her love. She did not try to reason it out—this shattering of her only idol. That could only be done in the seclusion of her own room and to an accompaniment of tears. Instead she plunged into the examination with desperation, feeling all the while that her heart was broken and that life held very little for her.

She did not look at Ford for half an hour, but when she did the frown of disgust which her face had worn was replaced by a look of fear. The crib had slipped from his knee and lay in the middle of the aisle, partially unrolled, and at the end of the same passage sat Clemans, reading a book. Ford was working away unconscious that the crib was gone.

Margaret, forgetting her former disgust, thought only of saving him. The examination was an honor affair and any evidence of cheating was punishable with dishonorable expulsion. She knew that Ford's being a senior would not save him.

She moved to the edge of the seat and leaned slowly into the aisle. Without a sound she bent further and further toward the floor. She had almost grasped it when the instructor's chair moved and sent her back into her seat shuddering with fright.

Clemans came slowly up the aisle, and, of course, the crib lay where it had fallen. The girl thought that the noise her heart was making must alarm every one in the room. It seemed an endless time before he stooped and picked up the thing. She covered her face with her hands as she heard him say to himself, "I thought so," and then in a louder tone, "To whom does this belong?"

Ford looked up suddenly. His face turned pale, then flushed a deep red. "It's mine, sir," he answered.

The words had hardly left his lips when the girl raised her head and said in a harsh whisper, "The thing belongs to me."

Ford started in surprise, but was quick to deny in low, firm tones: "I certainly brought it into the room and no one else has used it."

"Don't believe him," whispered Margaret. "He is trying to save me at his own expense. Won't you give it to me?" She looked at him in mute appeal—in a way that man could hardly resist.

Clemans was human. He looked about the room and found everyone at work. The startling questions and answers had been too low to attract attention. It never entered his head that the girl might be doing the saving.

"Can I do less than Ford?" he asked himself, and in answer handed over the incriminating roll. She grasped it eagerly and thrust it into her shirt waist. The examination dragged slowly on, but two students did little work. They were thinking, but not of Latin.

The instructor called early that evening and was not entirely unexpected. His face was drawn as if by pain, and she noticed that he did not look her in the eye when he took her hand.

"How can I thank you for saving me to-day?" she said, blushing. "I could never have lived through the disgrace. How could I have been so dishonest? Oh, it is terrible!"

"In saving you I've damned myself," was Clemans' clumsy answer. He said it in despair rather than regret. "I wrote out my resignation this afternoon." The Harvard sense of honor had been at work.

The girl seemed dazed for a moment. "Was—was that necessary?" she finally gasped. "Was what you did so terribly wrong?"

"I trampled my honor under foot in handing you back that paper, perjured myself by turning in your mark, and lost all my self-respect besides." The words came slowly from lips parched as by fever.

"Oh, what did you do it for?" she exclaimed. "You

had no right, just because I asked you. I didn't know it meant so much."

"I did it because I love you, Margaret," he said. "Love you more than I do my honor."

"But I cannot accept such a sacrifice from you," she replied. "I am not worthy of it. I cannot return your love, nor can I tell you why. You must undo this dreadful thing. I will get the evidence and you shall report me. It's not too late, and I'll not mind so very much."

"No," he said firmly. "It's done now and I would not change it. Can I let young Ford do more than I? He does not love you more."

The instructor may have hoped for some answering emotion, but the girl was silent. She knew both men loved her. One must suffer. It was selfish, but it was not to be the one she loved.

Clemans had hardly staggered out when Ford came. His face was more serious than she had ever seen it before, but underneath happiness smiled.

"Margaret," he said, as he reached the secluded corner which she occupied. He had never called her Margaret before and it had a strange, pleasing sound. He looked for a moment into the eyes which first attracted him, then continued :

"They say that nothing but evil can grow out of deception, but there are exceptions. To think that a crib of all things, was to be the means of letting me know !"

"Know what?" she asked without looking up.

"Know that you love me, dearest, for you do. Nothing but love would have made you do what you did for me to-day."

"How could you do such a thing, Gordon?" she asked after a delightful silence.

"Are you sorry that I did?" was his answer as he pressed her closer to him.

Her negative reply was slow in coming, but it came in

the end. "Poor Clemans ! Poor Clemans !" she had been thinking in the interval.

Afterwards as she caressed the ring that he left with her, she thought : "Strange that happiness never comes to us but over the graves of others' sorrows. Poor Clemans !"

James French Dorrance.

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QUATRAINS.

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LETHE.

Time, the kind lover and all-powerful,
By weeping Sorrow faithful vigil kept,
And kissed her eyelids long and tenderly,
Until forgetful of her grief, she slept.

ILLUSION.

Youth with the gleaming wine-glass at his lips
Defies old age and sorrow.
Unmindful that satiety he sips,
He gaily toasts "To-morrow."

ETERNITY.

When Father Time set an hour-glass up
To measure the world's short day,
Insatiate Love broke the reckoning glass
And scattered the sands away.

E. H. H.

EVELYN ABBOTT—A LIFE HANDICAPPED.

The Michaelmas term has opened, and nearly four thousand undergraduates are thronging the streets of Oxford. But Evelyn Abbott is dead, and one figure has disappeared which has been a familiar, pathetic and inspiring sight here for nearly thirty years,—many generations of student life.

In 1866 among those who passed their final examinations was Evelyn Abbott, a Balliol scholar, who had also been distinguished in his earlier examinations. Handsome in face and form, tall and well built, he looked like a youth whom ill health could never touch and for whom a brilliant future was in store. He was equally strong in mind and body, thinking nothing of playing cricket a whole day and then working ten or eleven hours on the following day to make up lost time. He was poor, only enabled to enjoy university privileges through his scholarship, but he managed to take part in all the amusements and was greatly liked and trusted by all, though the finer qualities of his intellect were still undeveloped.

In the Easter vacation of 1866 he had a fall from a hurdle but paid no attention to a pain that settled in his back. He continued to play cricket and bat, though he had to have some one run for him owing to a lameness which he thought was rheumatic. At the end of the summer after he had won his first class in Greats, he grew worse and it became evident that his spinal cord was injured and that his lower limbs were hopelessly paralyzed. Luckily the disease never progressed to the upper body; his brain was perfect and he had complete control of his arms. But the active, buoyant life of the youthful, muscular student was thus cruelly

ended at twenty-three. He was a prisoner in a wheeled chair, forced to make a living and, still more difficult, to make life *worth* living thus suddenly bereft of all its charms and most of its possibilities.

His warm friend Dr. Jowett encouraged him to begin a teaching career at once. After some years of private tutoring and of teaching in a boys' school at Clifton, he became fellow and classical student at Balliol college, Oxford, where Dr. Jowett was then master and at Balliol he taught, besides coaching privately, for twenty-seven years, surrounded by a warm circle of friends. He faced the situation at the outset and, with wonderful courage, determined that the terrible handicap should not ruin his life.

Many people in Oxford knew him only as they passed his wheeled chair in the street and marked the charm of the fine, large featured, calm, dignified face into which a marvellous beauty had grown in these years of forced renunciation of all that makes existence sweet even to those less devoted to outdoor life in all its phases than was Evelyn Abbott at twenty-three. In addition to six or seven hours of teaching and lecturing a day during term time—twenty-four weeks in the year—Mr. Abbott was a diligent writer on classical subjects. He edited Sophocles in single plays, prepared Sophocles, too, for the use of schools besides compiling many other Greek text books, and making a subject index to Plato's dialogues. His "Hellenica" is a charming volume of essays on Greek poetry, philosophy, history and religion to which a distinguished group of scholars contributed. He made German translations and wrote introductions to various classic works and editions—the Iliad, Lucian and Livy. He edited the popular biographies known as the Hero Series, himself writing "Pericles" and he wrote a "Greek History" which has gradually expanded into three volumes.

Friendship played a great part in his life and one of his closest intimates was Dr. Jowett, so it is not wonderful that the most personal touch of himself which he has left is in

his "Life of Jowett" which he wrote in collaboration with Lewis Campbell.

But it was in his personal relations with his pupils that his great strength lay. One of them says, "His influence was one of those silent penetrating influences which many of us felt and about which we felt more than we said." Even strangers had an opportunity of feeling his charm.

Oxford is essentially a hospitable place and entertaining is made easy to the fellows of a college owing to the fact that common rooms and college cooks are at their disposal. As a host at luncheon in Balliol Common Room, Mr. Abbott was delightful. His long chair was placed at the end of the wide table so that he was near to his right hand neighbor and conversation was easy. It was pretty to see the care bestowed on him by the college servants, and one could see how he was an honored part of the college. When some other Fellow was host at Balliol Mr. Abbott had the other end of the table. Social life was thus not shut off from him and evidently was a pleasure. Delightful too, was it to have afternoon tea with him quietly in his own study, a function which is a prominent feature of Oxford life and indeed the very pleasantest.

Oxford is a long way from Cornell but universities should be sufficiently akin to make the personalities of one interesting to the other. This particular personality should be known in other centres of study because its story shows what a university can be to a crippled scholar and how much that same scholar can give in his turn when he is of the metal that was Evelyn Abbott.

Ruth Putnam, '76.

WHEN WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

AT the moment Merriton, '03, swung to behind him the door of the Library lecture hall, he was one glow of enthusiasm. The room he had just left had been a hotbed of it; speech upon speech had been aimed at one goal—the warding off of a re-establishment of the proctor system at Cornell. During the past weeks debate on this matter had raged in the college daily and had shaken the student mind; finally it had risen so high that a mass-meeting to consider it had been called. Cornell's honor was threatened. Cribbing, whatever its cause, had spread so widely that it must be checked—by the honor system if the undergraduates would support it, by faculty surveillance if they would not.

Throughout all the speeches Merriton had sat silent. It was not that he did not feel deeply; it was only because others were saying better what he would have said. True, some of the speaking had been rather turgid; of that he had not approved. Yet, as he told himself, one finds fanatics everywhere. And all the speeches had been honest.

The final blow had been struck on white-hot iron. A single pro-proctor advocate who had pointed out the hidden rocks of the honor system he himself had heard with disapprobation; others had openly flouted the speaker. As for a faint essay made by some one to clear his own conscience and yet keep true to his friends, an attempt embodied in a motion that would have absolved the opponent of the honor system from reporting cases of cribbing fallen under their notice—he had helped to hiss it down. When the closing vote had been taken, he had been one of nine hundred ayes against ninety noes.

As Merriton hurried on down the Campus, dodging this group and that, he looked about. The beauty of the day betokened well; the lake, the woods, and the heights beyond, stood out clear in the distance, while the white sails of a skiff below backed by a favoring wind, seemed to him an emblem of the new system. On the ground the last green of the turf had not faded away; though lacking the freshness of spring, it accorded well with the changing dress of the trees. Behind him lay the Library and the long row of gray-stone buildings; above rang out the Chimes. More jubilantly than usual, he fancied, they sent out their glad message. Perhaps—who knows?—Merriton was right.

After the assembly some weeks elapsed without further action. Meanwhile the committee on student conduct, encouraged by due search into undergraduate sentiment, reported the matter favorably to the faculty. The honor system—right for right's sake—passed into effect. Naturally Merriton was pleased; the subject had been settled as he earnestly desired it settled.

At first, for a few days, Merriton and his friends, like other students, speculated on the outcome. Then, little by little, the affair was buried out of mind, not to be dug up until just before the January semi-finals. At that time, however, argument again waxed warm. Some students maintained that, in spite of promise and pledge, enacted by committee or faculty, they would not "peach" on friends; others declared such a stand rank treason to their Alma Mater. Merriton himself took small part in their logic games, and once only, when somewhat hard pressed, he disclosed his position. It was lofty—something like the pedestals children build of snow. He need not report on his friends, because "my friends will not cheat."

It is not to be argued from this that Merriton was a prig. He was not; he was merely the ordinary, popular, rather careless fellow, in for anything not dishonorable. There were scores of his kind on the Campus.

Day by day, as time crept on in lecture hall, laboratory

and shop the January semi-finals drew near ; the first four examinations went by. Here and there Merriton caught snatches of "talks on morality" delivered a little too publicly by well-meaning, but self-appointed and tactless inquisitors. Now and then, too, he heard stories of cribbing or ponying ; and along with these went one or two notorious cases of "reporting." Like all his chums, Merriton was divided in mind. Might not an offender be given a second chance ? In fact, ought he not ? Still as yet Merriton paid no attention to the more subtle question men were silently fighting with : "Might not an offender be given unwarned a second chance?" For his own lot had not yet fallen.

On the Thursday of examination week, Merriton took his only semi-final. It was in Browning's "Ring and the Book ;" and anyone who has elected Browning knows what the omniscient young instructor, to whom the professor sublets his right in the torturing, asks. If anyone does not, let him inquire of a previous victim.

As Merriton slammed down the arm of his seat, a tiny doubt troubled his mind. But he resolutely dismissed it. No one of his friends would crib—and there was no sense in worrying over it. He turned to the blackboard.

Verily the "Omniscient" surpassed himself that day, His list was in fourteen questions, each divided, as they taught us to say in High School, into infinitesimal portions. In Merriton's idiom, one might have, by the aid of the list, written a prose "Ring and the Book," so thoroughly had the spiritual absolute been reduced to fact-dust. However, he was not dismayed. In English 50, 85 is the unvarying coefficient of a student's ability—provided he can fill his blue-book. Merriton thought he could.

For some time he wrote steadily ; he did not once wonder how others were getting along. At length, though, he came to a query that bothered him ; the "Omniscient" craved to know the content of *μετανοεῖται*—a word famous in the Corsonian circle. In the way of a worried student, Merriton glanced about. In the first moment he saw noth-

ing except bended heads (others, no question, had devoutly appreciated *μετανοεῖτα*) and then—well, Merriton is not an emotional co-ed, yet he felt something tighten in his throat. Hawley, his best friend, the one man whom for three years he had looked up to as a "fine fellow,"—whatever his scholarly attainments—was deliberately cribbing.

Through half a minute—one of those half-minutes during which on a dark, cold night one wakes and wonders if *all* the world is dead—Merriton stared at his friend. Then the affair was over. Hawley crushed in his hand a fragment of paper, stole a half-anxious look at his neighbors, and went on writing. The only sign of his act was a faint red on his cheeks.

Merriton, too, again bent over his blue-book, but his pen traveled automatically. In a dull sort of way he construed *μετανοεῖτα*, wondering what the phrase meant to Hawley. Did it mean anything, he mused with a slight contempt. Doubtless Hawley was writing fluently enough, "Change of heart;" perhaps, even, he had got it from the slip of paper now clinched so tightly in his left hand. Well—and Merriton stopped to brush from before his eyes the perplexing mist—he had, above all, to finish his own paper. Then—

At last Merriton closed his blue-book and handed it in. As he passed out up the aisle, Hawley raised his eyes. Merriton avoided the look. He wanted to be alone—to think.

Once outside, unheeding the shouts of one or two classmates, he almost ran, past Morrill, across the green, by by Lincoln and Sibley, until he reached Fall Creek bridge. He must not stop; he could not discuss his companions' trivial affairs; he could not even abuse the "Omniscient." Anywhere, anywhere, off the Campus. The gray-stone buildings about pressed down on him, reminders of what had happened. The very air, in spite of January's chilliness, was strangely choking.

By the time Merriton reached the Forest Home walk, he

was calmer, and as he turned down the pine-bordered, snow-carpeted path, the mist began to clear away and the air grew less choking. He saw the beauty of the land. Far below on his left, glimpsed between white-burdened boughs, stretched Beebe lake, a glistening desert, its frozen surface lined with the skate tracks of students. Beyond rose lofty files of cedar and pine until the last shaded into the horizon, while on the north vista spread the greyish uniced mouth of the upper gorge. To the right across the smoothness of the road, the meadow-hills shone cold and pure, undisturbed by sight or sound, and broken only here and there by the green or brown of some woodland patch. Ahead wound the walk.

Curiously enough, the view recalled vividly to Merriton another day—a day in late October when Cayuga with a single sail white in the sunshine glanced blue against a dark-raised background, and the grass on the Campus had not yet withered—a day when he himself had elatedly hurried from a student mass-meeting. Now—and once again the tightening in his throat came, and the mist blurred white with brown.

Slowly, carefully, at every step, Merriton pondered the question. Beyond a cavil, Hawley, whether or not forced by circumstance, had deliberately cribbed. Worst of all, he himself had been *the* one to observe the action; in that direction was no loop hole of escape. Was Hawley's offense to be extenuated, however? Leaving out for the nonce the fact that Hawley was his friend, could he condone the fault? Would Hawley have cribbed except under the strongest pressure? Would he—Merriton—be likely to inform on an acquaintance or stranger?

To the last question Honor answered "Yes." The others were for the moment swept aside. He stood bound by a pledge to take "stringent measures to prevent cribbing;" he had been enthusiastic in denouncing "cheats." In no case, he admitted, would he have liked to report; yet he could not but agree with Honor. On a mere stranger he

would inform. Halfway measures, a device at which he partly grasped, he knew he did not believe in. This point settled, straightway its companion came up. "Do I not owe more to a friend than to a stranger?" Yes, undoubtedly. He would have cheerfully aided a friend in straits for money or sympathy; a stranger had no such claims. But—here? No. Honor held him fast. For better or worse, he had pledged himself? Finally, in utter despair, Merriton, wearied by the ceaseless cross-combat between ever-revivified friendship and college loyalty, allowed himself to drift into reminiscences. He called up how he had first met Hawley. Before his mind shaped themselves the dreary benches of White 1. On a seat at the far left he himself was twisting—a bored, irritated freshman. He was day-dreaming, and faintly through his vision he heard the bashful young instructor asking something—he had quite forgotten what—and calling on Mr. Hawley to answer. Next Mr. Hawley was answering something—this too he had quite forgotten—and he was carelessly glancing that way. He had never understood just what had attracted him; perhaps it was Hawley's sweater. He remembered, a half smile on his lips, how inordinately fond Hawley had been of that sweater. It was hanging in his closet even yet.

Yet? And here he—Merriton, Hawley's particular chum—was Hawley's judge. He alone was to decide for or against his friend's disgrace.

One by one other scenes floated before his imagination, the time that Hawley and he had together slid down Ithaca Falls and he had stuck half-way, able neither to go up nor down, the time they had quarreled and been miserable for three whole days, the time they had confided to each other their plans for the future, the time they had loitered through the Midway at Buffalo, the time, very recent, they had from the grandstand yelled themselves hoarse against the Tigers. All these pictured not Hawley the cribber, but Hawley the friend, whom he had grown to care for more and more—in the way only college men can.

With something of a start Merriton came back from his memory-gallery. Absorbed in it, he had forgotten hour and place ; in the distance the bells were chiming one, and he was far out on the Forest Home road. For the first time too he felt that he was cold. The snow had soaked his gaiters and the wind had stung his ears. Still, in the second he swung around, he knew he would not inform. Right or wrong, he was very glad.

On the way back, however, the old question urged itself on him. "You are pledged, why do you not stand true?" The words buzzed insistently in his ears ; again he was thoroughly miserable.

With a child's vague fear he dreaded the time when he would be on the Campus. How should he meet Hawley? How would Hawley meet him? Then, suddenly, like two great illumining lights, across his gloomy revery spread rapidly two things—one the ancient story of the Greek who, for love of a friend, gave shelter to a murderer who called himself the latter's son, the other the tale of a man who slew his life-long companion that a kingdom might be saved. A little while the two shifted and crossed ; then one sank back into shadow.

And if, as Merriton watched the noon-day sun gild the Library spire, the lines of "Alma Mater" run through his head, who can blame him? And if, on the other hand, a pressure as of Hawley's warm hand-grasp made his heart beat faster, what of it? Does the balance incline alike for all men?

R. F.

THE BURIAL OF TRIG.

IT was a cold, dreary, stormy night, and the wind laden with flakes of snow swept wildly through the streets of Ithaca ; it was the sort of evening that one wishes to spend indoors, before a glowing fire ; a fit night for the grown-up work of the Sophomore class of Cornell. The University was but two years old, and the people of the city regarded the students with suspicious eyes. On this occasion, Dame Rumor had been busy among the citizens, rousing their suspicions and curiosity, and despite the unpleasantness of the night, the streets and public buildings were at an early hour thronged with eager, expectant, half frightened men and women, fearing, wondering and asking one another what was about to happen.

The larger part of the crowd was gathered near the Cornell Library building on the corner of Seneca and Tioga streets. From this building strange noises had sounded, moans, groans, weird shrieks and uncanny laughter ; strange figures could be seen moving about in the basement. An ominous silence possessed the onlookers ; they became tense with excitement ; their curiosity became greater and greater as the moments wore on. At last the low muffled roll of a drum was heard ; the excited crowd pushed and crowded forward, their curiosity almost overcoming their vague fears ; several sky-rockets lighted for brief instants the inky darkness, rendering the after gloom still more black ; and then there issued from the basement of the building with slow and stately tread a solemn procession, each man clad in shroud and cowl. Near the head of the procession was a huge coffin, mounted on a sledge ; on either side walked somber, shrouded beings bearing torches whose dim light rendered ghastly all objects on which it chanced to fall ; directly after these stalked one whose long

black gown, sanctimonious and dignified mien and stately tread identified him as the priest; following him were a hundred or more ghostly figures.

Proceeding slowly along Seneca, Geneva, Mill and Cayuga streets, the line reached State street, and as it passed up this great business thoroughfare, the crowd gathered on either side betrayed extreme fear. Men and women clung to each other and to the lamp and awning posts for support, their gaze was riveted on the appalling figures, their eyes dilated, their hair rose—the superstitious shrieked and moaned. The band of “Frights” wended its way up the hill, past Cascadilla, where the members of the Faculty, gathered there that night in solemn conclave, rushed to the windows to watch the procession pass, and wondered what next the sons of Ezra would think of; on to the Campus, where near an old hickory tree it came to a halt and an impressive ceremony took place. The remains of old “Angular Trig” were carefully and solemnly placed on a funeral pile, already prepared; the match was applied and the flames soared skyward. By the light of the flames the last sad rites were performed, and above the whistling of the wintry blast and the fierce crackling of the fire, could be heard the music of a dirge, as it swelled on the midnight air.

“O let the head in awe be bent
And all in mourning bow,
Let hair be torn and clothes be rent,
For Trig defunct is now.

“The grave so cold shall now receive
That form of old so stern;
The worms shall gnaw his smouldering leaves
And all his problems burn.

“He never more shall make us pale
By pointing out the sines,
And from now hence we ne’er shall quail
But laugh at secant lines.

"His form was angular and spare,
His supplement was woe,
His complements were very rare,
His altitude was low.

"Departure from the truth he shunned,
But latitude did give,
And in the straight, well plotted walks
Of rectitude did live.

"O may we hope that when the call
Of death to him was given,
That he fled from earth and winged his way
On a tangent line to heaven."

After this stately and touching hymn, which had brought tears to the eyes of more than one shrouded Sophomore, the priest with hollow and solemn and sepulchral voice delivered a most impressive sermon from the text found in Loomis' *Trigonometry*, eleventh chapter, ninety-seventh verse, which reads:—"And it shall come to pass that on a certain time a Professor shall call upon Smith to demonstrate the following axiom:—"If the sine of the departure be greater than the radius vector and the asymptotes, being prolonged two feet, become the tangent at an infinite distance, then will half the sine of the external angle be the reciprocal of the sine of the Professor's departure.'" The remarks brought forth by this very appropriate text caused the mourners to weep and groan, the climax of their grief being reached when the priest closed his sermon with the well known words,—"'Requiescat in pace,' which being interpreted is, let him burn to ashes."

Emotion choked the voices of the sorrowing ones as they joined in another hymn. As the last notes died away on the chill evening breeze, the priest pronounced the following benediction:—"Et de te quoque O Trig nunc dictum est. Pallida Mors equa pulsat pede pauperum tabernas Tregumque turres. O terque quaterque beati quibus non happenit a manibus Sophomorum burnari et quorum cineres non sunt

desecrata ab impiis. Gratia Professorum communionem
Freshmanorum et desecrationes Seventy-two-orum cum eo
nunc et eternum estote. Quod erat demonstrandum."

Thus was old Trig's soul sent after the manner of classic days, through fire and smoke to meet its judge. The mourners gazed at the ashes of the departed, then reverently gathered them up and sadly deposited them beneath the shade of a nearby pine, and as the frozen clods rattled over the remains of the deceased, they watered his final resting place with tears. After one more mournful hymn, one more heartrending howl, the band of shrouded mourners withdrew sadly, rather reluctantly from the spot which must ever after be hallowed in the memory of those present on that eventful night.

Thus on the evening of December the 21st in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine, did the members of the class of Seventy-two, then the Sophomores in Cornell, institute the custom of burying that friend and enemy Trigonometry. The place of his burial is even now known to us. He rests beneath the old pine just northeast of Boardman Hall, the well known tree under which the Goldwin Smith seat has been placed heretofore. That part of the campus, in the days of which this is written, was but a drear and desert place, but in all the changes made during the last thirty years, the old pine which marks Trig's final resting place, has been allowed to stand. To keep his memory fresh, a headstone in the form of a triangle was erected, and it bore the following inscription:—

"Sacred
to
The Memory of
Trig O. Nometry
who departed
on
a tangent
from this circle of woes
Dec. 21, 1869."

and on the reverse :—

"Cursed be he who dares to dig
The ashes of our buried Trig."

Take due notice and warning and act accordingly ;
attempt not to prove this story by digging up the remains
of Trig, for the curses of the mourners will be upon those
who desecrate his final resting place.

J. E. M.

VENEZIA.

The faded roses of the sky
Are dying in the Grand Canal ;
The spirit of the Carnival
Breathes over Venice like a sigh.

Curtained for Love's confessional
The gondolas go rippling by ;
The waters echo fitfully
With girlish laughter musical.

The moon is rising from the sea ;
Upon the trellised balcony
Milady plays her mandolin.

And leaning from the palace eaves,
A gargoyle grins a carven grin
Behind the oleander leaves.

L. E. Piaget Shanks.

THEN AND NOW.

(*Verbatim Extracts from the ERA, 1868-1869.*)

A TASTEFUL and economical military uniform, with appropriate devices, has been adopted and will soon be ready. This will not be obligatory during the current academic year, but will hereafter be made the habitual University costume for all students.

Among the many ideas embraced within Cornell's plan, President White presented the following as "Foundation ideas :"

I. "Foremost," said he, "stands the corner stone embedded in the foundation of the original charter from Congress—the close union of liberal and practical education."

II. The second fundamental idea was expressed in the comprehensive words of Mr. Cornell: "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study."

III. "Into these foundation principles was wrought another, at which every earnest man should rejoice—the principle of unsectarian education."

IV. "Another elementary idea was that of a living union between the University, and the whole school system of the State."

V. A fifth was that of concentration of persons, for advice and education.

The student who put his boots into the hall at night to have them blacked, and found them full of water in the morning, don't like the fare at Cascadilla Hotel.

Ithaca has 9,000 inhabitants. Two-thirds of these are girls and all of them are pretty. So the *Tribune* says. How is that boys?

GENERAL ORDER, NO. 2.

(*Presumably applying to all students.*)

SECTION II.—At reveille (the signal for rising), which will be given by the ringing of the University bells at 5.00 A. M. during the months of April, May, June, July, August and September; at half-past 5.00 A. M. during the months of March and October; and at 6.00 A. M. during the remainder of the year, all cadets will rise, dress, arrange their furniture, beds, etc., and sweep their rooms.

We are officially informed that at the Thanksgiving dinner in Cascadilla Hotel, there were consumed, in the space of an hour, two hundred and three pounds of turkey, one hundred mince pies, and fifteen gallon kegs of oysters, to say nothing about the condiments!

Ithaca is a very sober town. Her citizens, from "the oldest inhabitants" down to the youngest ladies who attend our lectures, all possess the same characteristic sobriety.

Examinations are still in progress, The gloomy, downcast faces we see everywhere, incline us to the belief, that we are not to meet again next term "an unbroken band."

"Mr. Cornell, what do you say will be the result of the University twenty years hence?"

"Five thousand students."

The entire cost of the new military uniform, including the cap, but exclusive of the various appurtenances of rank, is less than \$40.

The reception suppers and Thanksgiving dinners at Cascadilla Hotel prove that Mr. Bailey is an accomplished steward, but with all due deference to Mr. Bailey and the *Ithaca Journal*, the daily meals prove no such thing. It is absolute folly, too, to say that a boarding-house for two hundred persons, in a country town like Ithaca, cannot be conducted for \$5.81 a week per person, without loss.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

I wish you to lay before your readers some arguments against that foulest blot upon, and greatest bane of, college life—Secret Societies. . . . Let us see what is the Word of God regarding these obligations. . . . Surely none can be so rashly wicked as to lend their aid to any system not expressly provided for in the Bible. . . . A sixth objection is that these societies bring Christians into contact with impenitent men. . . .

Sesame.

Cornell has now but two secret societies, Zeta Psi and Chi Phi. It is rumored, however, that quite a number of others are in process of organization.

In view of the probable (?) immediate admission of young ladies here, a uniform has, we understand, been adopted for them. We are told it is like this : Zouave cap, blue silk, trimmed with gold cord ; bloomer dress, yellow, trimmed with black ; bifurcated habiliments, red and flowing ; patent-leather, high-lacing boots ; general appearance, nobby.

We are informed there is to be a match game of baseball between the University and Forest City nines, on the ground of the latter, next Friday afternoon.

It is with especial pride that we announce the fact that Prof. Evans has commenced a class in Homographics or Quaternions. We doubt if any attempt has been made before to introduce this latest and most beautiful branch of the mathematical science into any of our American colleges.

GOOD-BYE.

Kiss me on the lips, dear ;
Let me go.
Some day we will say 'twas
Better so.
If our love knew only
What was sweet,
It would be less perfect,
Less complete.

Kiss me on the lips, dear,
We are strong,
For we love each other ;
Not for long,
Please God, we are parting ;
It may be,
Soon again your face will
Turn toward me.

Kiss me on the lips, dear ;
'Tis good-bye,
But there's naught can part us ;
You and I
Are for aye united,
This the sign :
Those dear lips turned upward,
Meeting mine.

THE MAN IN THE BARBER'S CHAIR.

IT has long seemed to the author that the true way of telling a story (at least if it be founded on fact), was neither to interweave the links of an ingenious puzzle for the mere pleasure of loosening them by a dexterous twist, nor to recite with due monotony incident after incident as one shoves beads along a cord, but rather to present to the reader the original documents (if such could be obtained) and leave him to unite them as he chooses. Consequently, I here present the nuclei of a story—namely (A) a portion of a private letter written by Charles Eversham, (B) a telegram by a member of the Russian secret police, (C) an extract from the diary of Edith Vasten, (D) a clipping from the *New York Sun* for March 12, 1879, (E) a leaf from Eversham's journal. In addition, I may explain that I am the adopted son of Charles Eversham, late deceased.

A.

NEW YORK, N. Y.,

DECEMBER 5, 1878.

DEAR ELLIS :

As a reporter, you know I am always on the look-out for strange and unusual occurrences. They fill columns—and reporters, no more than beggars, can be choosers. Then, too, there's Edith. But, as ordinarily, I'm rambling.

To return to the subject, the other day I went to the barber-shop to be shaved—the one under the Plaza, you remember. While waiting my turn, I picked up an old copy of the *Herald* to see if I could amuse myself and, incidentally, to judge why their circulation exceeds ours. The chief's been raking us lately for that. I had hit upon a fairly entertaining account of circus life when the barber's

"Next" attracted my attention, and, glancing up to calculate my chance, my reporting eye was caught by the appearance of "Next." If you had been there, doubtless you would have said "Filthy old Russian !" Yes, he was filthy, and a Russian, and a Jew besides. His well-worn black coat looked quite out-of-place in Herr Wust's bemirrored and upholstered "tonsorial parlors;" while the bad effect was augmented by a dirty-looking skull cap, soiled collar, frayed necktie, and uncreased trousers flapping over disreputable gaiters. By his side, the neat young attendants seemed perfect beaux. His face, too, was worthy of notice; the hooked nose, blotched cheeks, and small, shifty gray eyes suggested a rather unsavory past—one not unacquainted with the Rogues' Gallery.

Well—in accordance with the reporting instinct—I see I have kept to the last the crucial test of uncommonness. If no other traits than those last-mentioned had marked him, I might have subsided again into my newspaper; I might have stowed him away in some back-chamber of my mind as possible copy. But he could hardly have been more uncommon than in his next action. He insisted, almost pleadingly, on wearing his cap in the barber's chair; I believe he would have held it on by main force if some one had tried to wrest it away.

Now why should he do that? In vain I conjectured and puzzled over the fact. It was contrary to all custom for any sane man to do such a thing, I repeated again and again. He must have some reason.

Finally a bright idea flitted across my brain. The man might be bald and be ashamed of it! I had heard of such things. Or—and the fancies came thick and fast—he might have been scalped, he might be hiding a hideous deformity, he might be paying a bet. Was it, my dear Ellis, any more absurd than dragging another man behind you down Broadway in a cart?

At present my mind is one tangle of imagination, for the theories I have advanced were but the sanest of the lot.

Even Edith has been forgotten for one or two hours at a time.

However, I suppose you are wondering at my interest in the Russian's eccentricity ; perhaps you are even calling me a fool. Still, Ellis, you're not a reporter ; you don't know the excitement of a mystery "scoop." *That* would open before me golden-hued prospects of advancement. And so I forgive you.

To speak of other things now, Edith.

Very truly yours,

EVERSHAM.

B.

DECEMBER 7, 1878.

STANIALOWSKI,

St. Petersburg :

Am on track. Ibrizst wears cap.

VAROFF.

C.

MARCH 4, 1879.

Oh ! oh ! I am *so* glad. I feel—oh, I can't tell how I feel ! Charlie is going to be rich—at least in comparison—and we are to be married. It's true he says it's doubtful, but I'm sure everything will turn out right.

He told me the whole story after I wrote him the note about his conduct in leaving me at the theatre door Monday night. I thought it was really disgraceful ; even mamma, who ordinarily calls Charlie a paragon and says *such* nice things about him—even mamma was vexed and frowned at me in the carriage. As if I'd done anything !

It seems the man Charlie saw in Wust's barber-shop is a Nihilist—that's something dreadful over in Russia. Mamma says nihil means nothing and a Nihilist is a—a—Oh dear ! Nothingist doesn't sound right. Anyhow, this Nihilist—Ibrizst is his unpronounceable name—tried to kill the Czar by throwing a bomb at him as he went up the pal-

ace steps. They sent him—Ibrizst—to Siberia, but he got away again. Then they recaptured him and branded him—just like they do cattle in Texas. Poor things! how it must hurt them!

It hurt Ibrizst, too, I suppose. Think of having K. M. branded on the top of your head! But he got well and escaped to America. Now he always wears a skull cap, even at his meals, to hide the letters. And' that would be frightful—so like the skeletons the old Egyptians passed around at feasts.

But isn't it strange that Charlie got mixed up in it? I believe Providence brought it about. Charlie mentioned seeing the man in a letter to Fred Ellis—the man I flirted with at Saratoga last Summer, (Charlie doesn't know that; I shan't tell him till we're married.) Then Charlie lost the letter, and Varoff, the Russian "gen d'arme" who's after Ibrizst, found it. He hunted up Charlie and offered him—oh, ever so much—to help him catch Ibrizst. I can't help pitying the poor fellow, but I *do* hope Charlie can get him.

The first thing Charlie and Varoff did was to hunt up the barber. He didn't know anything, though; that once was the only time the Russian had been there, and he couldn't say why the man "always wore his cap." He supposed—but there! this is my diary, not the barber's.

Since that day they've been everywhere—to the Tenderloin and all those places. I'm glad I didn't know about it, or I'd have frozen with terror thinking of Charlie among thieves and robbers and dog-catchers and murderers. Charlie says a Tenderloiner would just as soon knife one as not—sooner, maybe! Still, it wasn't till the night we went to Hamlet that Charlie saw the man again. Then, just as we left the theatre he caught a glimpse of the elusive Ibrizst, as he calls him, and traced him home. I've forgiven Charlie for deserting mamma and me. But he begged my pardon just the same.

And now I'll be frivolous again. My new silk

D.

STRANGE CONSPIRACY UNEARTHED.

RUSSIAN NIHILIST FOMENTING AN AGITATION.

PLOT TO KILL THE PRESIDENT.

Yesterday morning information was lodged at the police headquarters that Ibrizst, a noted criminal wanted by Russia for repeated homicidal attempts upon the Czar, was in New York plotting against our government. When taken, as he undoubtedly has been this afternoon, he will in all probability be handed over to Varoff, a Russian detective who has followed him here. It was through the latter's agency and that of Eversham, a *Sun* reporter, that the whereabouts of Ibrizst has become known.

Fuller details will be given in to-morrow's *Sun*.

E.

MARCH 14, 1884.

Since I first saw the man with the skull-cap, things have turned out strangely enough. I am exceedingly glad that half of my ten thousand from Varoff was cash down, for as yet the other half is visionary.

In accordance with the agreement, on the morning of the 12th Varoff, the New York officers and I drove to Ibrizst's home. Everything seemed favorable. The structure, an old-fashioned white brick building fronting on Nassau street appeared deserted. As we anticipated some trouble, we placed policemen at the only entrances—an alley door and the front gate. Walking up the steps, I rung the bell.

A motherly-looking, middle-aged woman came to the door.

"Is Mr. Ibrizst at home?" I inquired.

The woman stared in astonishment. "Bless you, no!" she finally answered. "Mr. Ibrizst is gone to be married."

To cut a long story short, he had. We searched the house in vain. Then, leaving a cordon and pondering on this new development, we drove to the church.

Just as our cab reached the pavement, the wedding party were going up the aisle. The strains of Lohengrin floated out to us in mockery, and the scent of flowers hung about the door. A throng of fashionables of the third estate hindered our entrance.

Gradually we pushed our way to the altar, while the people stared, some in wrath at our prodding elbows, others in meek astonishment. I shall never forget the scene.

The clergyman, in surplice and gown, was intoning the bride's question. A solemn hush followed, succeeded by a faint "I do." Then, in the very moment of the end, we reached the bridegroom.

Varoff placed his hand on Ibrizst's shoulders. "In the name of the Czar, I arrest you."

Bright, the New York officer, stood on Ibrizst's other side. Flashing out his badge, he began, "You, Abraham Ibrizst, are my prisoner."

Varoff's face was flushed. For him it was the hour of triumph. I, too, felt glad. Edith seemed very near.

And yet I pitied the bride, a beautiful dark-haired, dark-eyed girl. Uttering a faint scream, she swayed and fell.

The whole church was gazing. Ibrizst was silent. His hand slipped to his back pocket.

"None of that, my man!" Bright roughly warned. He seemed to think Ibrizst a Western cowboy.

Slowly Ibrizst drew forth a handkerchief and mopped his face. "Is it because—" he commenced brokenly.

For answer Varoff snatched off the hat which for once had replaced the skull-cap. "See—" he began. Then his jaw dropped. His face became pale.

For there was not the slightest mark on Ibrizst's head. He was bald—and that was all. Ashamed of the fact, he shrank from baring his head.

As for the real criminal, Abraham Ibrizst, Isaac's twin brother, he is still at large. Varoff is cursing mad.

But Edith and I are happy. Five thousand is a fair nest-egg.

T. J. E.

LOVE'S LOGIC.

If Love be blind,
How can it be
That in each beauteous thing I see—
In every flower, from every tree,
My loved one's face smiles back at me—
If Love be blind?

If Love is blind,
Whence comes my sight
That in the dark and still of night
Beholds her vision pure and bright,
Whose presence fills my soul with light—
If Love is blind?

If Love be blind,
How came it so
That her image sweet with beauty's glow,
Hath dwelt in my heart since long ago
Ere first we met,—how could I know—
If Love be blind?

F. W. H. C., '93.

THE IDLER

A form of introduction is gone through with. The circle consisting of two girls to eight men, if a Barnes Hall reception, or, nine girls to one man if a Sage reception,—bows as if moved by one string, and everyone bracing up, draws a long breath. A dreadful silence ensues. Finally, with a jerk, one of the girls asks the instructor or student, as the case may be, what line of work he has ; and the rest smile idiotically, thinking how bright she is. Or perhaps two unluckily have started to break the silence at the same instant, then they both stop abruptly, apologize profusely, and have much the same feeling as the two persons who, in stooping to pick up the same book, bump their heads together. Then a happy thought will strike one,—he smiles, looks very pleased with himself. The rest grow expectant, and before long the whole collection are engaged in animated discussion of the weather, of course ; how cold it was to-day, how pleasant the day before, and what they hope it will be to-morrow. That subject exhausted, they grow uneasy, nervous, silent, and one by one they guiltily sneak off with a great presence of unconcern, only to be hauled into some other crowd and to go over the same ground again, with the horrible consciousness all the time, that they are idiots, and yet are unable to help themselves.

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THE recent anti-cribbing agitation has had many objectionable features,—publishing to the world our internal troubles, through the college press, is always intensely disagreeable,—but it has at last brought the question fairly and squarely before the students, to be settled definitely one way or the other. The *Sun* has been flooded with communications and editorials, the *Widow* has touched lightly on the evil and its possible cures, and the students have discussed the matter in mass meeting. Unquestionably the present system is about as bad as it can be, and some rad-

ical change is needed. There are two possible solutions and the faculty have very wisely left it to the students to decide whether they wish to return to the proctor system of examinations, or whether they wish to have an honor system in fact as well as in name. Ballots with which to answer these questions have been sent to every student, and the faculty will act in accordance with the wishes of the majority. The strongest argument for the proctor system seems to be the difficulty of enforcing the other system. Many men who believe heartily in the honor system as far as it relates to their own work, are unwilling to inform on a fellow student whom they may see cribbing. In some colleges where the honor system has been strictly in force for some time, the cribber loses caste and no compunctions are felt against informing on him. But such conditions do not to-day prevail at Cornell.

The question recently came before the Junior and Sophomore classes, whether or not the Sophomore Cotillion should be held in the Armory, instead of in the Lyceum, as has been the custom. The question aroused a great deal of interest, and it was decided after much discussion to hold the dance in the Lyceum. The decision was probably wisely made. The Cotillion if moved up the hill would lose one of its most distinctive features, and the Junior Prom., instead of being the grand climax of the week, might possibly be eclipsed. Yet on the other hand a dance in the Armory would, all other things being equal, be a much more enjoyable affair, and the money which will be expended in decorating the Lyceum might perhaps be profitably turned into the athletic fund.

THE ERA

THE TURBULENCE OF THE CLASS OF '90.

THE class of '90 was the first large class that entered the University. We came three hundred and thirty-three strong. For some reason best known to themselves the faculty decided we were too large. At the beginning of the second term we numbered only three hundred. The missing thirty-three had gone the way of the "busted." We were not only a large class but many of our members happened to be possessed of more than the usual quota of animal spirits and we quailed not before the determined efforts of the sophomores to reduce us to the humble position which up to that time a freshman class was by all traditions expected to occupy.

Indeed the class of '90 was rather the aggressor in the war between sophomores and freshmen during our first year and it was during this warfare that our boys fell into the habit of capturing prominent officials of the opposing class. I remember one night, just before '89's banquet in the winter of 1887, a party of half a dozen of us invaded a well-known fraternity headed by a prominent member and captured three of the sophomore banquet officials. The particular sophomore whom I helped to capture and carry down stairs on this occasion is now a successful business man in New York and I meet him frequently.

We had carriages in waiting to convey the captured sophomores to a place of safety far from the distractions of their banquet hall, and undoubtedly they would have been so disposed of had not one of their number whom we over-

looked slid down an ash chute and given the alarm to the police. Of course our prisoners were rescued by the blue-coats, much to our disappointment. Another incident happened on the same evening which was of especial importance to myself and I shall therefore let it pass.

But to hasten to the capture of the president of '91 by the class of '90 in January, 1888. We had been pretty rough on the freshmen and they had for some time peaceably occupied the position of subjection to which they had promptly been reduced upon their arrival at Cornell, but when they proposed to hold a class banquet under our very noses in Ithaca, it seemed to some of us more than we could bear.

Ways and means of putting down this latest manifestation of rebellion were discussed by the '90 men and the movements of the freshmen were carefully watched and reported to '90 headquarters.

I was president of the sophomore class. Harry C. Davis, now practicing law in Denver, Colorado, who came from my native town of Medina, Orleans county, N. Y., and had been a schoolmate of mine at the Medina Free Academy, was president of the freshman class. I naturally was kept advised of everything that was going on among the freshmen. They had endeavored to keep the day of their banquet secret, but in vain. The day before the banquet the sophomores determined that something must be done.

The freshman president roomed on the hill at the head of State street. He boarded over on Huestis street, quite a long distance from his room. The intervening territory and the neighborhood consisted mainly of vacant lots at that time. Davis we knew crossed from his rooms to his boarding place every morning shortly after seven because he had an "eight o'clock" on the hill.

The night before the proposed freshman banquet word was passed around among about twenty of the leading spirits of our class to meet down town at the house of one of our prominent members who was a University scholarship

man and recognized as one of the very best students in our class. We met according to appointment and immediately took up the discussion of what was to be done. Some were in favor of waiting until morning and capturing Davis while on his way to breakfast through the uninhabited neighborhood I have mentioned. Others favored going up immediately to Davis' room and getting him while we knew he was within reach, for we knew that he was at that moment in his room.

The advocates of the latter plan argued that the freshmen who were fearful of Davis' safety would probably send him into hiding until the time of the banquet and they might do so that very night, so that the plan for the morning capture would fail. I had taken very little part in the discussion but when the boys could come to no agreement among themselves they decided to ask for my opinion as to which plan was the better one and to abide by my decision. It was a delicate position for me to be placed in, but as president of the class I could not see my way clear to refuse to give an opinion under the circumstances. I therefore said that the time to capture Davis was when we could get him. We could get him then, we might not get him in the morning, and, if success was what we were looking for, the thing to do was to go after him immediately. All agreed without a murmur.

A carriage was in waiting, the men were told off, each for his own part in the enterprise, some to ride in the carriage, others to precede it as scouts, others to accompany the carriage on the sidewalk, still others to act as rear guard. I went home and went to bed. Within ten minutes after I reached my rooms word was brought to me that Davis was securely lodged in the very room in which our late conference had been held.

The details of the capture I only know from hearsay. The carriage drove up to within a few doors of Davis' house, the scouts in the meantime having reassured the boys that he was still in his room. A party of four or five marched boldly into the house, up to Davis' room and knocked. He

was rooming with a law student named Coe, also from Medina. To the summons, "Come in," the stalwart party of '90 men came in at once, and without waiting for an invitation to sit down, made a rush for Davis and had him overpowered, in the twinkling of an eye. They also took care to secure Coe that he might not give the alarm. Davis resisted manfully but his struggles were of no avail. He was quickly gagged and hustled into the carriage and the carriage driven down to the house which was his destined prison. It was not more than gun shot's distance from his own rooms.

The plan of capture was carried through without a hitch. Not a soul outside of Coe and the '90 men engaged in it had the faintest intimation of what had taken place. A suitable single guard was left with Coe until all trace of the carriage and captors was lost. Then he was locked securely in his room and his guard disappeared.

It was early in the evening, not later than ten o'clock, and Coe by shouting from the window attracted the attention of some students and threw his keys out of the window to them. They liberated him and a general alarm was immediately sent out. It is needless to say that within half an hour the entire freshman class was on the streets. They were the most alarmed and distracted men ever seen. They scoured the town and the country in every direction before morning, but no trace of the missing president could be found. So faithfully had those in the enterprise kept their oaths of secrecy, that not even the sophomores, except those actually engaged in the capture, really knew whether the freshman president had been captured or not.

In order to make things still more exciting for the freshmen, the sophomores saw to it that rumors of closed carriages driven madly in this direction and that, to and from all points of the compass, reached the ears of the freshmen. The result was that all the next day bodies of them might be seen scouring the country for miles around in search of their missing president. Not a trace of him could be found.

In the meantime Davis was placed in a comfortable room guarded by four stalwart sophomores. He was inclined to be rebellious at first, but finding that of no avail he promised to be good. The gag was removed and he was permitted the liberties of the room. He received every attention at the hands of his magnanimous captors. He was supplied with eatables, drinkables and smokables galore. The boys played cards with him and made life as pleasant as possible.

This condition continued throughout the night of his capture and all the next day. He was in a room on the second story. One of the windows of his room was covered by two shades which were pulled down and over them were lace curtains. About six o'clock in the evening upon which the freshman banquet was to commence, the next day after his capture, Davis was pacing back and forth across his prison under the eyes of his vigilant captors. In passing the window he suddenly rushed toward it, leaped through it feet first and fortunately landed in a snow bank on the walk below. He was in his shirt sleeves and hatless. He sprang to his feet and rushed madly down the street yelling as though a band of Indians were after him. Of course recapture was out of the question. He went immediately to the banquet hall which was but a few blocks away and was received with loud acclaim by the freshmen already gathering for their banquet. The only injury he received was a slight cut on the wrist.

I never saw four more crestfallen men than his four captors when they reported to me ten minutes afterward that Davis had escaped. However, we made the best of it but our troubles were not over. That night about midnight the assistant registrar circulated about town looking for about twenty sophomores whose names he had on a list notifying each one in turn as he found him that President Adams would like to see him in Morrill hall immediately. I was notified to attend.

Shortly after midnight we assembled with humble mien before the president of the University. At his right hand

sat a stenographer. When all were gathered together, President Adams commenced to question each man in turn as to what part he had taken in the capture of the freshman president and what he knew about it. Out of the twenty men he found only six besides myself who had taken any part in the affair. The stenographer took down the statements of each man and these were afterwards submitted to the faculty with the result that the six were indefinitely suspended. I was directed to appear before the faculty to receive a reprimand for my failure to exert my influence as president of the class to prevent the proposed capture when I knew in advance that it was contemplated.

The suspended students were ordered to leave town forthwith. Two went to Forest Home, two went to Cortland, one lived in the city and of course could not be expected to leave. I do not recall the sojourn of the sixth. My recollection is that they were out of the University about a week or ten days when, by passing resolutions satisfactory to the president and faculty pledging ourselves to refrain from such "turbulent" conduct in the future, the boys were reinstated in the University. As a matter of fact it was the last affair of that kind in which we engaged during the year.

This is the story as I recall it and if it is of any interest to the students of the University in these days when class spirit, at least as manifested in such "turbulent" fashion as I have described, seems to be on the wane, I am glad to present the bit of class history for their perusal.

I never could see how such affairs injured the reputation of the University. The main objection to them in my opinion is their distraction of the minds of the students from their work. Yet it is a notable fact that the men who were directly connected with the capture of the freshman president were the most prominent and highly esteemed students in our class. I have been able to learn something of them since they left the University and I find them all without exception pursuing notably successful careers.

John Ford, '90.

LOVER AND FRIEND.

“AND when you tell him, he'll fix it up all right.”
“But I am not going to tell him.”

The first speaker let fall the folded newspaper with which he had been punctuating his remarks, and gazed at the young man opposite with dropped chin. “Not going to—say, mate, would you mind saying that again—and kinder slow? I'm afeard I didn't quite sense it.”

“I say I don't intend to tell him.”

Joe Harkness dropped his elbows on the arms of the chair, and his big knotted fingers sprawled helplessly in the air. “An' might I be so bold as to ask why?”

“What good would it do?”

“What good would it do? What good? When a man thinks he's got proofs that you're a liar and a thief?”—Dick's fingers tightened their grasp on the table edge till the knuckles were white—“and workin' on them is goin' to destroy your reputation the quickest way his low-lived sneakin' soul—”

“Drop it!” Dick's face was flushed, and he savagely gripped the older man's arm. “You're speaking of my friend.”

“Your friend, eh? I'm thankful mine aren't that kind. Oh, you needn't scowl. I'll keep my tongue off his name, and I'd thank you to grant the same sort of a favor to my arm.” He ostentatiously rubbed the injured member, and carefully avoided Dick's look of eager penitence. “It's you we're discussin' anyhow, an' I'd like to know your reasons.”

“If he is capable of entertaining such suspicions of me he may. I shall not interfere.”

"Man, you're talking like a child. Any man believes what he sees in black and white, with a signature tacked on."

"Most men, I hope, believe in their friends."

"That depends on the man, I guess. Likewise on the friend. F'r instance, if that white-livered—Oh, I ain't sayin' anything. Only when I think of him my dander jest rises. Can't help it. Say, how'd you first freeze onto him, anyhow?"

The tall fellow opposite the burly lumberman picked himself up and began to pace the floor of the shanty. The older man watched with a sort of wistful tenderness the broad shouldered, boyish figure as it went to and fro, its shadow now huge and grotesque along wall and ceiling, then the firelight shining on the face and showing its firm chin, its mouth where sweetness struggled with strength, and its brown eyes troubled with the thoughts that drew a sharp line between the level brows.

"If you could tell a fellow, mate," Joe broke the silence, speaking awkwardly and with diffidence, "it might ease off the load a bit, you know."

The boy checked his stride, and laid a hand that trembled a little on the shoulder in the blue checked jumper.

"Joe, you're a good fellow and a friend worth having. I'd just as soon tell you anything. But talking never does any good, really."

He resumed his walk, and after a little began throwing the words over his shoulder at his auditor, who sat meditatively chewing the end of a little stick. "You see, we were boys together; went swimming and birdsnesting and that sort of thing. So it was natural we should chum it at college. He saved me from a cracked skull on the gridiron once, and I hauled him out of the swimming hole when a cramp had him and he thought he was gone. We had a set of rooms together, and we shared our books and our thoughts, and borrowed each other's neckties—we were chums, that is. After we'd been handed our sheepskins we

knocked about Europe together for a year. Then he began to read law and my M.E. got me my job with the Company. This sort of life suits me, you know : out of doors, and among all sorts of men—men with the bark on—men like you, Joe ; they don't make 'em better anywhere."

An unaccustomed flush rushed up to the roots of the lumberman's hair, and he moved his feet uncomfortably.

"Tom liked town life better : he always did. He never was much good at roughing it, even in the old days when we went cruising together. I don't believe he would have taken the berth of lawyer for the Company, if he had known it meant coming up to this town in the middle of the woods for half the year."

"I suppose it was you recommended him."

"Of course. He doesn't know it though. I hadn't seen him for three years. Jove, how my heart came to my throat when he jumped off the train and came down the platform with his hands out—"

The boy's voice was decidedly husky, and Joe thoughtfully got up and made a great commotion putting more wood on the already blazing fire. He was still standing poker in hand when Dick came over to him and laid a hand on his arm, almost appealingly.

"Joe, he's known me all my life. How could he—how *could* he write me a letter like this?" He walked to the table, picked up an envelope, drew out the enclosure slowly, carefully unfolded it and read it in a voice that became a drawl as he went on :

" 'Mr. Richard Redfield :

DEAR SIR,—The books of the Company show a deficit for which there can be but one explanation. Lawrence's integrity is undoubted, and the funds pass through no hands other than his and yours. My report, the tenor of which I deeply regret, goes in to the directors to-day.

Yours very truly,

THOMAS HARDING.' "

The fingers that held the letter shook. "You know how things are, Joe. I told you of that arrangement the President made with me before he went abroad about the investment of the surplus funds. Of course I thought it was put down properly in the books. It was some of Lawrence's carelessness, I suppose. Naturally I never thought of mentioning it to Tom. But how could he write that letter? If he had come to me ten words would have set things right. But that he should suspect me—that he should think for a moment that I—" Dick's hands went uncertainly to his throat, then he resumed his tiger-like pacing of the room. "What did he think? What did he think?"

"Reckon he thought your chances were a little too good with the President's daughter. You know he's sweet on her himself."

"Joe! Take that back!" It was a half-strangled cry, and Dick came down the room with clenched fists. But suddenly they dropped senseless and he gazed at the lumberman with a dazed expression. Mechanically he felt for a chair, and sat down heavily, turning his gaze to the fire. Its glow had faded, and the grey dawn was peering in at the windows before he moved.

As the last charred log crashed down among the coals, Dick came back to himself with a start. He looked at Joe with hopeless, haggard eyes, then rose like a man dreaming, stumbled to the bunk in the corner and flung himself face downward upon it. The lumberman sat motionless till the long, sobbing breaths grew even and regular, proclaiming that the claims of the body were having their way at last. Then he rose stiffly, stretched himself and began tip-toeing clumsily about. He set the table, fried eggs and made coffee, swearing all the while, but carefully under his breath. He made flapjacks with zealous care, tossing them as if his thoughts were bent on nothing else, and all the time muttering oaths both picturesque and varied.

When all was ready he went and stood by the sleeper,

looking down at him with softened eyes. He reached out his hand and awkwardly touched the brown locks, then straightened up as if they burned him, and looked quietly around. After a few moments of silent contemplation he strode to the door, threw it open and shot out into the morning air a stream of profanity that should have made the quiet forest people prick up their ears in horror. Then turning about with a perfectly placid face he proceeded to slap the sleeping lad heartily on the shoulder.

"Wake up, Dick. Sun's up. Expect to sleep all day? How long do you s'pose flapjacks kin wait, anyhow?"

Dick got up, shook himself silently, and went wearily out of doors. When he returned, his cheeks ruddy and drops of water in his hair, his face wore an expression of studied cheerfulness.

Breakfast was a strenuously cheerful meal. Jokes were cracked that must have been marvels of wit to deserve the extravagant outbursts of laughter that greeted them.

It was in the midst of one of these outbursts of hilarious mirth that the doorway was darkened, and the two arose somewhat sheepishly to greet the young woman who stood on the threshold. She held a riding cap in one gloved hand, and with the other pointed mockingly toward them.

"Lazy fellows! I've had a gallop to Scraggle Top and back, and here you are just eating breakfast. I shall report you both to papa in my next letter."

"I don't believe you've had any breakfast, and that's how you got your start."

"Yes, I have. A big helping of mountain air and enough pine scents to make me dizzy, all washed down with a cup of spring water. No, thank you," as Joe looked deprecatingly at the table and then helplessly at Dick, "I couldn't stop, possibly, even if you two big hungry things had left anything to eat. There's a houseful of tiresome people up there, who perhaps by this time have begun to think that maybe at some remote period they may get up. Poor things, to miss the best part of the day. Auntie in-

sists on my taking breakfast with them, so I must be off to my martyrdom. I just stopped, Mr. Redfield, to see if you would join our party to Glen Falls to-day. All you will have to do is to agree with the girls when they say 'How lovely !' and 'Don't you just *love* scenery ?' "

"I'm sorry, Miss Lambert, but I cannot. I leave to-day."

"Leave? Not for long, I hope."

"For always, I am afraid. I am giving up my position."

"Giving up your position? Mr. Harkness, he doesn't mean what he is saying, does he?"

"As far as I have ever been able to judge, Miss Lambert, he most ginrally always does mean what he says," Joe responded hopelessly.

"But what will happen to things here?"

"I wouldn't dream of going, Miss Lambert, if I did not think I could be spared. Of course, I shall cable your father at once. Foster has a thorough knowledge of the mechanical part of the plant, Harkness here always manages the men as he chooses, anyhow, and for any business details Lawrence cannot attend to he has always—" he paused almost imperceptibly at the name—"Mr. Harding."

Miss Lambert gazed keenly from Dick, who stood before her perfectly erect, his face expressionless and his eyes fixed and dull, to his companion who was breaking a stick into little bits with hands that were not quite steady. Then she spoke as if all was settled.

"I suppose you will be coming up to the house for your things. Why not come along with me now?"

The lumberman looked at her with a dumb reproach, but she avoided his gaze, and went down the path toward her horse.

Dick strode to his side. "Joe, it's good-bye."

"Of course, you know you're acting like a fool."

"I'm doing the only thing I can. And look here, Joe, you must promise me right here that you won't do a thing

in this matter ; that you won't go to Tom or to—anyone else."

The other shook his head doggedly. "I ain't makin' any promises."

"But you must. You can't refuse me the last thing I may ever ask of you, Joe." He put his hands on the other's shoulders. "Joe, for my sake."

Joe shook him off and went to work prodding the fire furiously. "Have it your own way, then. Only now we're a pair of fools instead of one."

Dick laughed uncertainly. "I'll—I'll stop in on my way to the station, old man."

"It'll be out of your way," Joe called roughly after his retreating figure.

"I'd go further than that out of my way to see you again, old fellow."

Miss Lambert refused to mount, so Dick slipped the reins of her chestnut mare over his arm, and they walked side by side down the woodland road.

Joe, watching them from the doorway, muttered, "Blame fool !" and then, "But if they was more of the same kind of fools, this would be a damn sight better place to live in."

For a time the two walked on in silence. Suddenly Miss Lambert said :

"I know why you are leaving, Mr. Redfield."

Dick jumped as if he had been stung, but made no reply.

"At least, I suppose it is in connection with something Mr. Harding said last night. Do you know, Mr. Harding seemed to have a good many things on his mind last night. For instance, some little time before he began talking about you, he did me the honor of asking me to marry him."

"You will have a good husband and a fortunate one, Miss Lambert."

"Will I? You seem very positive. I thought that was one of the things the future had to settle. For my part, I am sure of only one thing. The good and—granted for the

sake of argument—fortunate individual will not be Mrs. Harding.”

“You refused him?”

“I did. And I would not be mentioning this to you at all, only—I had always understood that you and Mr. Harding were friends?”

Dick bowed. “Our friendship began when we were boys.”

“And yet he told me—and I am sure he believes—that you are guilty of an act which I, who have known you only six months, would no more dream of suspecting you of than—”

“You do not believe it, then?” Dick’s eagerness got the better of his manners.

She smiled at him as if he were a child. “Even if your lips would lie, your eyes couldn’t.”

They walked on a while longer in silence, and then Miss Lambert said in quite a new tone: “And isn’t it a funny thing! I got into quite an argument with Mr. Harding last night, and told him a number of things. I was very frank, indeed. And do you know he has decided, quite suddenly, that he made a mistake in accepting this position, and I believe if you go on that afternoon train that you will have his company back to the city.”

Dick stopped short and regarded her, and his eyes were still troubled. She was laughing at him, but her face grew quickly serious, and she laid her hand gently on his arm.

“Dick,” neither of them noticed that she had used his first name—“there is nothing in the world better than love, and the pity is that all who have it lavished upon them are not worthy of it. Sometimes those whom Fortune has smiled on least are not the least worthy. Joe will be very lonely if you go away. Shall we not go back and tell him that you are going to stay with him?”

With a sudden impulse he held out his hand, and together they walked back like children along the sun-flecked road.

B.

THE COLLEGE LIFE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

IN the fall of the Centennial year a pale faced, slender figured young man of eighteen presented himself for entrance to Harvard university. He had come from a New York family of fashion and refinement which had the wealth and power to furnish him with almost any and every earthly thing which he might desire. This youth was Theodore Roosevelt, a future President of the United States.

That able scholar and eminent orator, Wendell Phillips, was once asked why there was so much learning at Harvard. He is reported to have replied that he didn't know, unless it was that nobody ever took any away.

The life and work of Theodore Roosevelt seem to be a glaring exception to the reason assigned by the great Abolitionist, for the President's career since leaving the university at Cambridge has amply demonstrated that he did carry some learning away and a good deal, too. Furthermore, he has put it to good advantage and has converted it into the power which all men seek and so few attain. He now occupies the highest office in the country and is the first graduate of Harvard to become President since the election of John Quincy Adams to that office, over three-quarters of a century ago.

The young New Yorker began his college life in a very democratic way. During the entire four years that he was in Cambridge he occupied a suite of rooms in a private house on the extreme edge of the college community and within a stone's throw of the Charles river. The suite consisted of a large study and a small bedroom. Compared with the quarters now generally used by Harvard students, since the building of handsome, private dormitories, the abode was indeed simple and unpretentious.

The long summers before he entered the university were spent on his uncle's farm, near the Metropolis, and already he had begun to take an intense interest in nature studies. Throughout his course he was an active member of the Natural History society and when he graduated he was one of the few in his class to take honors, his thesis being on a subject connected with natural history.

His rifle and hunting suit, trophies and skins of the chase, were conspicuous adornments of his rooms as were the skins of numerous wild animals, all of which were mounted by himself. There were live animals and insects always about his study. One who lived in the house at the time tells of the excitement caused by a particularly large turtle, sent him by a friend in Southern seas, which escaped from its quarters one night and started for the bath-room in quest of water.

Another incident of his college days is also told. He was awakened one night by the impatient pawing of a horse which was kept in a near-by stable. It was quickly evident to the young student that unless promptly curbed the animal might do considerable damage. Without stopping to change his apparel he jumped from his window, two stories from the ground, and had the horse quieted before his less impetuous neighbors knew of the threatened trouble.

While in Harvard the future President was active, but not prominent, in all branches of college sports. He was especially fond of boxing and wrestling. He was an earnest champion of rowing, baseball, and football, though seldom an active participant in these sports. The proficiency in boxing which he attained in the college gymnasium stood him in good stead when a few years later a fellow-member of the New York legislature sought to bulldoze him into the support of a certain measure by a display of physical force. Boxing was a regular feature of the winter contests of the Harvard athletic association and "Teddy," as he was universally called, won many a lively match.

He says of himself previous to his arrival in Cambridge : "I was a slender, sickly boy. I had made my health what it was. I determined to be strong and well, and did everything to make myself so." Of his college days we have this declaration, "By the time I entered Harvard I was able to take my part in whatever sports I liked. I wrestled and sparred, and ran a great deal during my four years in Cambridge, and though I never came out first I got more out of it than those who did, because I immensely enjoyed it and never injured myself. I was very fond of wrestling and boxing. I think I was a good deal of a wrestler, and though I never won a championship, yet more than once I won my trial heats and got into the final round."

He kept a horse and drove frequently in the afternoons. Seated on one of the high carts which were then generally used, he was a well known and oft-met figure on the highways in and about the Harvard campus.

Mr. Roosevelt held membership in several clubs of a social nature. In his Sophomore year he was one of the 40 who belonged to the Institute of 1770. While a Senior he became a member of the Porcelain club, Alpha Delta Phi, and that most exclusive of all Harvard societies, the Hasty Pudding club. Of this he was secretary.

He was a familiar figure in the society of aristocratic Boston, his picturesque, animated ways making him a welcome guest wherever he went. But he was far too sensible, even as a young man, to allow his time and attention to be much occupied by the frivolous pursuits of society and social organizations and he looked upon them merely as occasional diversions from active work in sterner channels.

His membership in clubs of a less social nature shows what kind of a college man he was. During his course he belonged to the Art club, the Natural History society, the Harvard athletic association, of which he was steward, the Finance club, the Harvard rifle corps, and the O. K. society, of which he was treasurer. He was also an associate member of the Glee club.

He had his share in college journalism. In his Senior year he was elected to the board of editors of the *Advocate*. Albert Bushnell Hart, then as now professor of history in the institution, was its editor-in-chief. It is not plain just what he wrote for the paper. He either seemed satisfied with the routine editorial duties or else thought too little of his writings to sign them. In the bound volume for that year there is but one signed article and that with an unpretentious "R." It is entitled "Football in Colleges" and has little of that picturesque, forcible style which characterizes his later writings. The one Roosevelt touch is in the closing paragraph where he says of the great autumn game, "What is most necessary is that every man should realize the necessity of faithful and honest work, every afternoon." This utterance is characteristic of the man and points out that he had thus early in life realized the necessity for thoughtful, earnest work to which, in a large measure, he owes his success.

It is not to be presumed, however, from an enumeration of the varied pursuits which claimed a share of his attention that he did not keep abreast of his studies. He was a hard student, he studied steadily and diligently, but he was far from a "grind." He did not allow his university work to occupy his entire attention to the exclusion of those other activities which form so desirable and important a feature of college life. He stood well in all his classes and when he appeared to take his degree a Phi Beta Kappa key was dangling from his watch-chain.

While in Harvard he led "the strenuous life" of which in recent years he has said so much. He was constantly busy in his waking hours about something of importance and to his credit it is to be said that he left a record of enviable accomplishment. He seems to have attained all-around activity and high excellence from participation in the varied paths of development which are open to all collegians. He took high rank in all his classes but was far too human not to have his share in the social and political

life of the institution. He cultivated his morals and did not neglect the physical side of his nature, as he himself has testified. It may be said with accuracy and truthfulness that he was active in all things without being especially prominent in any one. That, we are told, is the ideal college life.

He says that he was not so much given to dreams of achievement as the average youth. When a famous war correspondent asked him, "What did you expect to be or dream of being when you were a boy?" his prompt reply was, "I do not recollect that I dreamed at all or planned at all. I simply obeyed the injunction, 'Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do that with all thy might,' and so I took up what came along as it came. Since then I have gone on Lincoln's motto, 'Do the best; if not, then the best possible.' "

Theodore Roosevelt graduated from Harvard in 1880. He was one of the few in his class to take honors, receiving honorary mention for his thesis in natural history. He was then twenty-three years old, a robust, broad shouldered, square jawed young man—a born fighter, anxious for the conflict of life to begin. A picture of him taken about this time shows him with rather becoming side whiskers. It is highly prized by his classmates and depicts a young man of mature thought and sober judgment.

On the threshold of his career many avenues of pursuit were open to him. He had no need of work, for his income was ample. He might have spent his summers in the busy whirl at Newport and his winters in travel on the Continent. Had he done so, no one would have blamed him or thought anything about it. He might have won fame as an amateur athlete and could easily have been a leader in the most brilliant New York society. To one less ambitious or determined than he, the life of ease and comfort offered would have appealed strongest and would quickly have assigned the devotee to oblivion. But it had no attractions for him.

He craved a life of stir and conflict and went steadfastly and determinedly to the work which he had set for himself.

The lesson which his college life teaches all in colleges or all about to enter college is obvious. The high excellence in all-around endeavor which he attained, and the strenuous life of work and achievement which he led, should furnish the strongest of incentives to the many thousands of young Americans to whom is given the opportunity of emulating his example.

Howard C. Lake.

A FRESHMAN'S COMPLAINT.

I CANNOT praise my lady's hair,
How it curls softly through my hand,
And to my lips is honey-sweet
Nor how each long and lovely strand
Of texture delicate and rare
Falls down upon her slender feet ;
Yet this I know ; 'tis good to see
How it is dressed so curiously,
All in a fashion new and neat,
While o'er a page of prosody
A Porson drones sonorously,
And all we slumber peacefully.
O Cupid, why should these things be ?

I cannot praise my lady's eyes,
How they gaze sweetly into mine
With a bewitching tenderness ;
Nor have I knowledge to define
How every glance demurely tries
In vain my ardour to repress ;
Yet though there lurks no fraility

Within their learned ecstasy,
They ravish me no whit the less.
Alas ! they are more fair to see
Because they never look at me,
But gaze ahead so earnestly.
O Cupid, why should these things be ?

I cannot praise my lady's voice,
How it sings sweetly in my ear
Some old yet well beloved strain ;
Nor have I had the luck to hear
The little sentence that destroys
All memory of ancient pain ;
But it interprets cunningly
The mysteries of Latinity ;
Alas ! for this is little gain,
Because it never speaks to me,
But only scanneth faultlessly
The lines of an antistrophe.
O Cupid, why should these things be ?

Between tall sheaves of yellow corn
A maiden standing all alone
Is in good sooth a comely sight ;
Likewise a queen upon a throne
By gracious words and words of scorn
Doth greatly magnify her might ;
But when fair maids I wish to see,
I hie me to the Library
(Methinks I choose the place aright,)
Alas ! they all work faithfully,
So I go forth and bury me
In Schopenhauer's Philosophy.
O Cupid, why should these things be ?

S. A. S.

THE FULL MEASURE OF REVENGE.

IS HELEN angry at me? Well, I should think she was! Mad as a hornet's nest that's been knocked open by a well directed stone. She hasn't spoken to me since the thing happened, and an icy bow is all I can ever get from her in the street. I guess things are all up with me in that direction; but I'll let you judge for yourself. This is the way it happened.

Our family was spending the summer houseboating among the ten thousand islands of Georgian bay. There were my mother, sister, a couple of aunts, two girl friends of my sister, one of whom I had insisted upon, and two boy friends of mine, one of whom my sister had insisted upon. The extra boy and girl were picked out especially on account of their fitness to form another pair. Helen happened to be the young lady intended as my partner.

Things went delightfully for a couple of weeks. We fellows had everything our own way. I don't know who was supposed to chaperone, but the truth is, whoever was, failed utterly, for the older folks invariably were abed by ten o'clock, while the rest of us spent the later hours alone on the roof, thrumming banjos and attempting sentimental ditties.

But one unlucky day who should happen along but the Bakers and their houseboat. They were overloaded with a crowd of young people, and of course they anchored near us and proposed that the two craft keep together the rest of the summer. We could have such good times dancing and picnicking. We all agreed that would be delightful, for "the more the merrier," you know. The next day, however, I found that Fred Baker's girl had been unexpectedly called home, leaving Fred unprovided. Well, you

know Fred. One of those fellows who have got to be able to devote a certain part of their time to the charms of petticoats. No sooner had I heard of his predicament than I hurried to advise our party to move on, alleging as my reason that we came out to escape society, not to foster it, but the girls wouldn't hear of such a step. I did my best, but it was all no use, so we stayed.

Well, not more than a week had elapsed before I saw the truth of my suspicion. Fred began by taking Helen canoeing and incidentally staying out till twelve o'clock. That annoyed me, but worse followed. I attempted to fill up all of Helen's time, but she had had three weeks of me, and ran after this new game delightedly. I kept hearing what a nice fellow Fred was, how well he could paddle, and other such talk.

Two weeks later you would have imagined that my girl was the one who had had a sudden recall. Fred practically dominated Helen. She had known me all her life, so it was natural that she preferred novelty, but it made me furious. However, I waited hopefully for a chance to get even.

In the meantime I gave myself up to the pursuit of pleasure on my own account. I would go off for a couple of days at a time on little fishing or hunting excursions. In fact, I soon found that I enjoyed myself a lot more in this way than I had when encumbered by a girl. My mind wasn't always having to decide what next to say, and the fish I caught didn't object the slightest to my smoking. From principle, however, I waited for my chance. At last it came.

Our vacation had all but drawn to a close, three days only remaining. We had planned to celebrate a last good send-off the night before we "upped anchor and away." It was to come off in the Baker's houseboat and there were to be all kinds of larks.

I had decided that if my desired vengeance was to come off at all it had to hurry ; so on this third night from

our departure I had climbed over the stern of our boat, and making myself comfortable in a canoe drawn close under it, I began to cogitate on ways and means. Now it so happened that Fred had come over that evening to see Helen, and furthermore that the night was very dark, so that everything was favorable for what followed.

I hadn't been seated long and had lit my pipe, well under the shelter of the stern, when I heard steps coming over the deck, then somebody sat down almost above me.

"Helen, doesn't it seem strange that in three days we're going to part, maybe never to see each other again? I go off to the East Indies in five days and who knows what may happen after that."

I must say I was growing uncomfortable. The tone of his voice and the enviable position of an arm along the railing boded something ominous. But I was afraid to interrupt, for I might make a fool of myself; so I stayed. The conversation went on drearily and rather sentimentally till at last he said:

"Can't I come over early for you the night of the dance? We can canoe around for a last time, you know. Besides I have something important to say to you."

I could almost feel Helen blush, and the arm went round three inches further. Evidently Fred wasn't going to bring about any anti-climax by proposing then. For my part I was rather relieved to find he wasn't going to pop the question right before me. Soon after this he took his leave, and after ascertaining that the coast was clear I crept from my lounging place and went into the cabin.

On the afternoon of the last day I asked Helen if she wouldn't like to go canoeing. She consented, Fred not being near, and we started off for a trip among the islands.

Well, if ever I twisted things around I did that day. In and out, in and out, among islands by the score, till at last I was brought to a standstill by Helen's demanding that we turn back. It was already five o'clock and she must be back by six. So we turned around, starting home-

wards. When six o'clock came and we appeared no nearer to the boats my companion began to get nervous, imploring me to hurry. By half past six she was desperate; by seven (the time, I imagine, when Fred was to call for her) she was on the verge of tears. As for me, I candidly told her I thought we were lost among the islands, that there was no danger, we would find the boats sooner or later, but that it would take time. Upon this announcement the fountains began to flow, and my intention was almost broken by these tears, but with a great effort I remained firm.

The night came down pitch black, and it was wonderful how I managed to pilot the canoe so well among the capes and through the straits. Yet Helen seemed innocently ignorant. As hour after hour passed she seemed to become more resigned, finally falling completely asleep. Then it struck me that the game had gone far enough. It was almost half-past ten and a hard day's work to-morrow. Silently I turned our course, and in half an hour, rounding a point, the brilliant houseboats appeared before us. Then I woke Helen.

Soon we were alongside our boat. There we found agitation rampant and we were welcomed with open arms.

"O, we were so frightened," cried my mother, "and the night so dark we couldn't do anything. Where *did* you go?"

"We got lost," said Helen, her eyes travelling round for some one they couldn't find, "and we've been groping about all night."

"It's just too bad," declared my aunt, "for Fred went to town to-day and found that he had to leave here at ten in order to catch the train that would bring him to San Francisco in time for the Eastern bound steamer."

I glanced at Helen. She had turned very pale.

"And the worst of it is," piped up one of the girls, "he was so mad at you, because he believed you cut the canoeing with him on purpose."

I admit that at that moment I felt as little as I really

was, but I couldn't have foreseen what would happen. I had only intended a little joke.

"How'd you get lost, anyway?" cried one of the boys, "Jack knows every island for miles around."

At that I saw Helen turn towards me with her eyes snapping.

"Jack Eldridge," she demanded, "tell me on your honor, were we really lost?"

Accusation flew to my face in the shape of a deep blush.

"It was all a joke," I faltered, "I didn't know —," but with a stamp of her foot and a toss of her head Helen had vanished precipitately into the cabin.

Yes, that's all there is to it. You can imagine that the less Helen saw of me the better she was satisfied. As for me, after attempting one apology, I gave up in despair. Now we hardly know one another.

Fred? O, Fred's in town. He's about to be married. It seems, come to find out, that he and Helen were engaged before I took her canoeing. I'm afraid the joke's on me.

R. L. G.

.....

PHYLIS LOVES TREES.

PHYLIS loves trees; I would I were a tree
That she might turn on me those dark, clear eyes
That hold no thought of man; for, botany-wise,
Phyllis loves trees.

Phyllis loves birds; why was I not born free,
A lark that soars through cloudless morning skies,
Or robin trilling forth in ecstasy?

Alas, no! since I am but man, not tree
Nor bird, I may not hope the heavenly prize,
The glance that angels seek; for, botany-wise,
Phyllis loves trees.

O. T. C.

THE CORNELL MASQUE.

ON the twenty-first of October, 1890, first came into existence the Cornell Masque. It has flourished in a lesser or greater degree from that time to the present. But to have a proper understanding of the Masque, it might be well to give a short summary of previous attempts at dramatics in Cornell.

Briefly then, the Cornell Minstrels, the first dramatic club at Cornell, was formed in the year 1872, for the purpose of giving an entertainment for the benefit of the crew. The enterprise met with such success, that in the next fifteen or sixteen years a number of dramatic clubs were formed for the same purpose. All of these clubs were formed practically on the spur of the moment and for the benefit of the crew at the particular time when needed. They were none of them permanent organizations. Some of them gave minstrel shows, some farces, some gymnasium entertainments and some good plays like "She Stoops to Conquer." In all up to 1890 there were twelve performances, and in nearly all of these women appeared.

But when the present Masque was formed in 1890, with a membership of fifteen, a new era of Cornell dramatics had begun. From that time dramatics in our University have continued to develop with a good deal of rapidity. The first play of the new organization, which was given on November 24th of that year, was called "Instructor Pratt." It was given as a football benefit. The play, a local comedy, written by one of the students, was full of interest of a stirring kind. A cane rush, a recitation, and a Kneipe at Zinck's were among its features, and many of our instructors and professors were cleverly imitated. The cast

was altogether male with the exception of one woman who took the part of a co-ed. The presentation met with great success.

Then it was decided to make the Masque one of the regular features of Junior week, but owing to a conflict in dates, "David Garrick" which was to have been presented in Senior week of the next year, had to be given up. The next year, however, the Masque gave two performances, one in Junior week and one in Senior week. "A Pink Mask, or Mixed Pickles" was a comic play that certainly was a mix, and as comic as could be desired. In Senior week, "A Full Hand," was a creditable performance that showed a marked improvement over previous attempts.

Then the necessity for a regular coach became apparent, if the Masque wished to give any plays really creditable, so the services of Mrs. W. Nowland Amory were secured. Under her efficient coaching, "Nita's First," given at Junior week, met with great success. Its decided improvement over former plays caused the Masque to determine that it should have a regular coach in the future. The advance was kept up in Senior week, and "A Tragedy" brought forth much admiration. Upham, Gundaker, Parker and Wallace were heartily applauded for their work.

After each performance the publications credit the Masque with marked improvement over its previous efforts. It seems to be a case of "each more beautiful than the other" as in the old fairy tales. In Junior week of 1896, the Masque aimed at something higher than its former attempts, and decided to give two plays in one evening. The first, "A Bit of Acting," written by J. G. Sanderson, '97, was a piece full of local color, in which Sanderson and Parker carried the chief parts with much credit. Following that came "The Good Natured Man." The ERA at the time said that though a trifle slow, it showed that much pains had been taken and that it was a step in the right direction.

After this play Mrs. Amory retired and Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Dixie undertook the training of the cast. Their first play, "His Wife's Mother," made "a great hit" and again was an advance. Gabay and Hequembourg are credited with the best work in this performance of Senior week.

An innovation occurred next year in the shape of a trip in the Christmas vacation. Performances were given at Waverly and at Binghamton. The play used was "The Prince and the Showman," which the Dixies adapted from an opera. One of its best features was the ballet dancing of Goodman, which met with a most enthusiastic reception. Rathbun's "magic" also proved an interesting specialty. On the whole the performance seems to have been by far the best yet given. The venture turned out to be a successful one both financially and socially.

Indeed, so great was the success of "The Prince and the Showman" that it was repeated in both the Junior and Senior weeks of that year, 1897. On the last occasion a change of cast was made to allow other members to show their talent. Goodman again carried off the honors, but Gabay and Hequembourg were also excellent.

In 1898 Goodman again proved a success in the Junior week performance of "Princess Forget," adapted from "Princess Toto." He did not do all the dancing, however, for a ballet of about twenty members was introduced. The attempt, though a trifle awkward, was a great source of amusement to the spectators. The plot of the piece was rather poor, but the company did well. A performance was given at Syracuse about a month later, and shortly after that three were given in Buffalo. Both enterprises had only fair success, in point of spectators and of finance, but expenses were more than covered.

For Senior week of that year "The Widow O'Brien" was chosen. It proved not as good as some of the former productions, but in spite of haltings and slowness it was fairly entertaining. Its costuming surpassed all previous attempts in that line.

The Masque next decided to do better than ever before, so "A Fresh Start" was taken for 1899. This was written wholly by students, F. A. Cleveland, '99, A. N. Drake, '99, and J. M. Parker, a graduate student, having the honor. The experiment proved a success in most ways, but the play was perhaps a trifle weak. A chorus of nine good singers helped to enliven it to a considerable extent. Lyon and Parker took the leading parts.

In Senior week the trial was again made of putting women in the cast. This was the first time since 1890 that women had appeared in the play. "The Guv'nor," according to the ERA, was the best play ever given by the students. It was a farce comedy in which the women played an important part. They played it, according to the reports at the time, better than did the men.

"Hamlet and Company" was given during the Junior week of 1900, under the direction of Mr. Henry Gains Hawn of New York. Jesse Wilson's clever prologue, which he wrote and recited himself, proved a good introduction. The cast, which contained no women, was strengthened by a chorus from the Glee club representing Shakespeare's characters. The costuming was fine and the specialties were most interesting. The performance as a whole was most successful.

In June, 1900, two plays were presented, "The Man of Destiny" and "Mr. Bob." The next winter "The Private Secretary" was given, and proved most amusing and successful. An elaborate presentation of "The Taming of the Shrew" was a feature of the festivities attending the Commencement of the class of 1901. The recent and excellent "Our Regiment" completes the list for the present. These productions are well known, however, to the majority of the student body. They do not require detailed description in this brief account of one of Cornell's most interesting and successful organizations, the Masque.

J. R. P.

THE IDLER

AN art much cultivated within our classic shades is that of pulling off of gloves. Its best exponent is a certain much-beloved and highly respected professor of middle age and portly figure. He throws open the cape of his broadspreading coat and with an easy flourish grasps the tips of the gloves of either hand with the fingers of the other. After many easy pinches and soft pulls at the fingers, the gloves come loose and the upper flap of each is carefully turned down over the thumb ; the forearms meanwhile being kept on a line parallel to the waistband. All being loosened and ready for the grand coup, the professor, though he is of middle age (as I have observed), and has an asterisk before his name in the register, casts a most languishing glance to the side of the room occupied by his co-eds. At the same time, with a most graceful sweep, the arms are raised and extended before the chin, thus forming a rampart for the protection of the glance. There follows a quick grasp and twitch at the gloves by the conjurer and the fingers are freed. Those from each hand starting from dangerously near the lips describe a fairy-like circle, at the termination of which the eyes are withdrawn from the co-ed section, the gloves thrown on the table and the lesson is ended.

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THE ERA takes pleasure in announcing the election of Parker F. Scripture, '02, to the position of artistic editor, as the result of the recent competition.

It should be observed that this place on the staff, as well as at least four of the literary editorships, will be vacant at the close of the year. Those ambitious of becoming members of next year's board are advised to enter the competition immediately.

THE UNIVERSITY

ONCE more we have passed through the ordeal of examination week, which is a terrible thing under this two-term system. The month of January has become a month of strenuous activity, when we try to recover in three weeks the ground we have lost in three months. In former days January, coming at the beginning of the winter term, was a time of easy loafing, of much skating and skeeing. Many were the sociable gatherings on the hill and off. Now we must perforce pass our examinations if we would enjoy Junior week, and examinations come so thick and fast that most of us have but little time for anything else. Of course there are a few men, principally in Arts, who pick their courses with such care that they have nothing to worry them in examination week. For these there is a tidy little holiday, none the less enjoyed because it partakes of the nature of stolen sweets. Unfortunately these men are few.

But examination week finally passed by and after a day or two of rest, Junior week came. Junior week has been celebrated at Cornell now for over twenty years, and has become one of our oldest and most cherished institutions. Of course every Junior week is better than its predecessors, consequently this year it was pretty fine. There was an unusually large number of Junior week girls in town and they all seemed to be having, and giving, a jolly good time.

Junior week makes a very pleasant break in the long dreary stretch of University work, and gives the fellows a capital chance to entertain their friends. It widens the circle of the friends of Cornell and plays an important part in showing the world at large what a really fine place Cornell university is. And the change from examination week directly to Junior week is very pleasant.

A great deal of credit is due to Mr. Parson and his associates, through whose efforts the good skating on Beebe lake is furnished to the University. Any afternoon when the ice is good, you can see a large crowd skating there. Fellows make their two o'clocks with their skates under their arms, and after their work is over, take a great deal of pleasure in skating till supper time. It is so handy and well kept, that we wonder how we ever got along without it.

The crew, the base ball team, and the track team, as well as the basket-ball and hockey teams, are all doing their regular winter work now, and any man with athletic yearning can surely find some branch of sport to his liking. Let him come out and try for one of the teams. He may not make the team the first year, he probably will not, but he will have the benefit of the exercise and training, he will be thrown into close contact with a fine lot of men, and the next year he will stand just so much more chance of finally making the team. The privilege of wearing a Cornell "C" is worth working several years for.

THE ERA

THE GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC IN ITS EDUCATIONAL ASPECT.

THE interest which attaches to the junior republic as a unique social experiment, has induced many of the writers upon the subject to treat it so exclusively in its dramatic aspects as to obscure in a large measure its true educational significance. Far from being an ideal state, as many of its enthusiastic admirers have supposed, the republic is indeed a most matter of fact community. Including, as it does, human character of every variety, it has constantly to deal with perplexing problems which demand the keenest intelligence and the most indomitable perseverance for their solution. It is a product of years of experimental observation. The methods by which its principles are applied have been gradually evolved from an attempt to deal intelligently and rationally with the phenomena of youthful human nature.

During the years of the fresh air work, which was carried on before the republic was established, it was found necessary, for the proper regulation of the camp and for the protection of the orchards of neighboring farmers, to adopt a code of fixed rules, and to punish rigidly their violation. The problem of discipline soon became a serious burden. Some of the boys, however, showed a remarkable appreciation of the problem and, at various times, suggested how

the code could be profitably amended. In the summer of 1894, Mr. George determined to give the members of the camp a responsible share in its administration. Accordingly, a jury was summoned before which persons charged with the violation of any law must appear for trial. Mr. George reserved to himself the right of pronouncing sentence, and provided likewise for its execution. From this beginning, the governmental functions of the boys were rapidly increased, and so judiciously and capably did they discharge their responsibilities, that before the end of the season, they were not only interpreting laws but likewise enacting and executing them. The apparent successful operation of experiments in self-government far more radical than he had previously considered possible suggested to Mr. George the practicability of establishing a community with much of the political and industrial machinery of a modern state. The idea was introduced in the organization of the Industrial Camp of 1895. The work was soon extended to the winter months and the name of the camp changed to the George Junior Republic.

Several of the articles which have been written about the republic, by describing as a part of its working machinery, institutions which have been merely suggested, or which having been established as experiments and found impracticable, have been abandoned, give to the republic's organization an appearance of complexity far greater than it really possesses. At present, the governmental features are comparatively simple. The executive branch consists of a president and vice-president, a cabinet and a police force. In the police force there are usually two officers for boys and one for girls. The cabinet officers are a secretary of state and a secretary of the treasury. The judicial power, except for special cases, over which one of the girls presides, is vested in a single judge, with the executive committee of the George Junior Republic Association acting as a supreme court of appeal. The legislative power rests with the whole body of voting citizens, assembled in town-meeting, the suf-

frage being withheld only from minors, (under twelve years of age) and from persons who have been duly convicted of felonies by the republic courts. The cabinet constitutes likewise a board of police commissioners and when sitting in that capacity they are accompanied by the judge of the court.

There are united in the government, institutions of nation, state, town, and municipality. It has been recognized that the conditions of the republic find no close parallel in governmental fields outside and, efficiency being the sole aim, the attempt to follow closely any particular model has been abandoned. Thus far, except on occasions when a strong leader has been able to appropriate the greater part of the political power, the organization has always been essentially democratic. If some of the features are anomalous, we may be sure that they represent an attempt, at least, to deal with a problem which the conditions of the republic have brought to the front. In the earlier days the effort to reproduce more closely the institutions of our national government resulted in a cumbrous, ill regulated machine, quite unadapted to the comparatively simple conditions of the community. The most striking example of this was found in the representative legislature, which required a wholly unnecessary mass of detail, a useless body of officers, and gave opportunity for much annoying delay in the performance of legislative functions. By the inauguration of the town meeting system, all this was simplified, and the government at once acquired renewed life and vigor.

It will be observed that at present, the suffrage is unrestricted as to sex. This question has given rise to no end of discussion and has been the issue which has determined the result of several elections. When the first constitution was adopted, it was the intention of the framers to follow in this regard the constitution of New York State, but in defining the limits of the suffrage, the word "male" was inadvertently omitted. When the omission was discovered, the opponents of female suffrage declared that the intention ,

to adopt the regulations in force in the United States, and in New York State was clearly expressed ; that the special clause upon the suffrage was only for the purpose of adapting the age limits to the conditions at the republic, and would therefore in no way effect the sex restrictions. At that time there was no supreme court to interpret the clause, and the girls, having little hope of successfully opposing the almost unanimous interpretation of the boys, and thinking it unwise to be too aggressive, accepted for a time, under mild protest, the assertions of their opponents. Before the second presidential election, however, the number of girls had considerably increased, and having decided with the aid of the best legal advice which they could obtain, that the position of the boys was wholly untenable, they declared their intention of voting at the coming election. The division of parties was close and it seemed probable that the vote of the girls, if counted, would decide the election. Considering this situation, and the validity of the argument upon which the girls asserted their right, one of the parties adopted a platform in favor of female suffrage. Before the election, however, with some of the girls, personal preferences had become more influential than political considerations, and a division in their vote led to the victory of the party opposed to the extension of the suffrage. This party being largely in the control of one political leader, through the judicious restoration of civil rights to ex-convicts, was able to rush through a new constitution in which the limits of the franchise were fixed with no uncertainty. The measure however did not prove as popular as had been expected. The girls, having effected a better organization, were soon able through their influence with some of the leading citizens to bring about a new division of parties, which resulted in a compromise, and the adoption of another constitution under which they were given the right of suffrage but were restrained from holding office. This restriction has been gradually removed until at present, the dignified position

of Vice-President of the Republic is held by one of its female citizens.

Such an equality in the political life of the citizens, naturally implies a practical freedom of association in their industrial and social relations. Many students of the problems with which the republic is concerned are seriously debating whether such a freedom can be maintained with impunity. Especially important does the question become when one considers the ages and the previous training of children with whom the republic has to deal. That the question is a serious one, it would be absurd to deny. It has been the boast of the republic, not that a method has been discovered by which all danger is dispelled, but rather, that its system, while frankly acknowledging the danger, is able successfully to meet it. The justification for this boast is found in the fact that it is nearly seven years since the republic was established, and in the five years of the fresh air work which preceded it, there have occurred less than a half dozen cases of serious irregularity, and in every one of these, the offenders had entered the republic at an age when habits of conduct were already largely formed.

More encouraging than this, has been the attitude of the leading citizens toward this problem. When first the need of careful protection for the moral standards of the community was made apparent, one of the citizens, following his own suggestion, introduced a law making all acts of dubious morality felonious offenses before the courts of the junior republic. That such a law was unanimously passed by the town meeting and enforced with a vigor and severity almost puritanical, by no means indicates that it was favored by every citizen. Many who would naturally have opposed the measure were at the time in prison, while others who reluctantly supported it, feared the condemnation and careful scrutiny to which they would have been subjected by a negative vote. The fact that those citizens who are the greatest menace to the community are usually in prison, or having served a term on the prison "gang"

are still unpardoned, and thus prevented from participating in the administration of the government is in itself an important safeguard; but perhaps equally important is that prompt and penetrating public opinion which a comparatively few citizens standing for cleanness of life and thought are able to create and by which, the less healthful sentiments of the community can be effectively restrained.

But public opinion is sometimes spasmodic. The outbursts which bring about the passage of righteous laws may lack the persistence to ensure their continued rigid enforcement. The laws themselves may at times be so radical as to make their equipment impracticable, hence arises the necessity for adult supervision and advice. While the republic is in the largest possible measure self governing, still, the foundation upon which its government rests, and the condition upon which it assumes responsibility to the public, is the supreme and absolute authority of the superintendent. On account of this responsibility, it becomes the duty of the superintendent to exercise, through his helpers and assistants, the most careful surveillance over all the relations of citizens.

While this authority is essential to the success of the republic that success is greatest when the authority is most sparingly exercised. Except at times when a great preponderance of new citizens makes impossible the existence of a full body of trained and experienced officers, the direct participation of Mr. George in matters of government is comparatively slight. It is his object to use his position, not for the purpose of control, but to assist the steady development of a healthful public opinion, and to encourage, on the part of the citizens, an attitude of personal responsibility for honest and efficient administration. In attaining this end, it is often necessary to leave an offense for a time unpunished, or to permit the operation of an undesirable law, but the sentiment which is aroused in opposition to such a measure is usually sufficient, without the necessity for actual interference to bring about the needed reform.

Enough has perhaps been said to indicate, from its political side, the spirit in which the republic operates. Not less important in educational value is the industrial side. The motto of the republic is "Nothing Without Labor." Excepting minors, for whom guardians are appointed by the republic courts, and convicts who are housed and fed by the state, every citizen must provide for his own support. If in addition to his regular employment, he can secure a remunerative government position, or if he is able to increase his capital by successful trading, his dependence upon manual labor will be correspondingly diminished. Citizens who possess especial capabilities are not usually satisfied to earn enough merely for present support, but after providing themselves with the best accommodation which the republic affords, prefer to accumulate for future emergencies. The great mass of the citizens being unable to secure government positions must seek employment either upon the farm or in one of the several trades. For the girls, in addition to the necessary work of kitchen, restaurants and hotels, there is the more professional work of sewing class and laundry. The degree of comfort in which a citizen is able to support himself is determined naturally, both by the ability and the industry with which he performs his work. The George Junior Republic Association has undertaken to redeem in United States money at the ratio of one to five, the republic money of all citizens who leave the republic with a full recommendation from the superintendent. Thus far, however, the savings which they have been called upon to redeem have been comparatively small.

The attempts to extend the self-regulative principle to prices of labor and commodities have not been particularly successful. The system of contracts under which at various times citizens have undertaken to operate the store, hotels and other enterprises, has produced inequality in the distribution of wealth to an extent wholly undesirable. The disturbance caused thereby in the economic relations of citizens, far from extending the successful operation of the

self-government principle, has usually retarded its systematic development. Under the present system, both the price of labor and the cost of living are determined arbitrarily. By holding them practically at par with the rates prevailing outside, it is possible to train the citizens by actual experience to meet the problem of self-support as it will confront them when they leave the republic. A further advantage of the system lies in the relation which it establishes between the citizens and the adult helpers. As proprietors of the various enterprises operating within the republic, these helpers, with only the authority incident to their position as employers, meet the citizens in a democratic relation of mutual obligation which is of immense educational value. Since the unusual conditions make impossible the successful unrestrained operation of the law of supply and demand, such an arrangement is probably the best which could be devised.

If this essentially patriarchal economic system appears opposed to the idea upon which the republic is founded, it must be remembered that the problem of the republic is not to establish as correct the theoretical principle of absolute self-government, but to provide conditions under which its citizens may be trained to become honest industrious self-respecting members of society. In order that the spirit of independence may be constantly fostered, and that individual character may be given the greatest possible opportunity for normal and healthful development, the principle of self-control is given its widest possible application. In determining the manner in which this principle can be best applied and in defining its relation to adult leadership and direction, it has of course been necessary to resort to numerous experiments, but however great the dramatic interest in these experiments, the success of the republic depends, and always must depend, upon its permanent educational value; it can only be attained the recognition and rational application of correct pedagogical principle.

Not until the citizens have been given a longer opportunity to prove the thoroughness of their training, can the

measure of the republic's success be determined with certainty, but the fact that at present a large proportion of former citizens are filling satisfactory positions of responsibility, is at least encouraging. Most gratifying have been the results with those citizens who have entered at an early age and remained during a considerable number of years. This result would seem to indicate that the republic will find its most appropriate field when decided restrictions are placed upon the age at which citizens may be received. Especially desirable do such restrictions appear, when one considers the greater assurance of success with which the co-educational feature could then be conducted. However much the principles of the republic may apply to the citizens of more advanced years, the tremendous force of habit which has to be combatted, demands an expense of effort which the results, compared with those attained with the younger citizens, scarcely justify.

It is the aim of the founder to establish a work which will continue after his own direct personal influence is removed. Only by the training of capable and educated assistants can this result be accomplished. When the character of the work assumes greater stability, as its various departments become permanently and systematically coordinated, and the position of its adult workers becomes more definitely determined and better understood, it is to be hoped that a considerable number of refined and educated people will find in the republic an attractive field of occupation. That the men under whose direction the policy of the republic is determined recognize the need of better internal organization, gives promise that a system may gradually be established. It is to be regretted that a somewhat sudden expansion has prevented the work from proceeding more rapidly and consecutively. Systematically organized, the principles of the republic are worthy to exert a potent and lasting influence upon the methods employed in an important field of American philanthropy.

*Willard E. Hotchkiss, '97,
Formerly Assistant Superintendent of the Republic.*

A BALLAD OF THE ROSE.

I WANDERED away when the clouds had made a shroud
for the dying rain
To cure the smart of my aching heart by a sharper, sweeter
pain,
In a lonely nook of the garden-close where the thorns and
the roses be,
Where my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-
rose tree.

And I asked a question of the rose that hangs above her
head,
"On what heart's pain and heart's delight is love's flower
nourished?
The days and ways of the flower of love, Oh! dear rose,
tell to me,
For her sake that lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
tree.

"Oh! say, does it grow on the windy hills that look upon
the sky?
Or does it sleep in the jungle deep where the tangled
tendrils lie?
Or does it stand on the sloping sand that sinks to the bitter
sea?
But my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
tree.

"Does it hide in the shade of the upas-tree or in the shade
of the pine?
Is it grafted low on the laurel bough? Does it cling to the
clinging vine?

Does it stand on the crown of the cypress cone for all the
world to see ?

But my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
tree.

“Does the grave-worm crawl in the fertile soil where its
roots are planted deep ?

Is it sparrows or doves that shake its leaves with the wind
of their passing sweep ?

Does the gay butterfly or the gray moth light on its petals
silently ?

But my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
tree.

“Was its seed once hid in a lone woodland or a garden of
blossoms rare ?

Did it fall from the wing of a dying wind, or a bill of the
bird of the air ?

Was it watered, pray, with the noonday rain or the spray of
the sobbing sea ?

But my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
tree.

“Does it burst in bloom when the winter winds with the
newborn springchild talk ?

When the melting ice from the rosebush drops on the gravel
garden-walk ?

Does it bud and flower in a summer hour ? Will it live
when the leaves get free ?

But my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
tree.

“Is it like the tigerlily tall or the poppy of scarlet hue ?

Or violet deep in the maiden grass, or daisy, or harebell
blue ?

Or tulip, or tiny forgetmenot ? Oh ! rose, is it like to thee ?
For my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
tree.”

But the rose makes answer none at all, but swings in the
 swaying breeze,
 And I take my way from the garden-close to sail across the
 seas,
 And answer to my questionings there is none to tell to me,
 For my darling lies beneath the rose, beneath the red-rose
 tree.

S. A. S.

THE FETE OF ST. CHARLEMAGNE.

KING ALFRED lay in his grave a thousand years before England made formal and ceremonial recognition of his memory, either as founder of national education or of national greatness. At his millenary, homage was offered but with rather a sparing hand and a visible desire to avoid the allurements of tradition. All the speakers endeavored to confine their eulogies strictly to achievements upon which history has set its seal. The *Oxford Magazine* said, with an air of pride at its own critical animus, that only one Oxonian in the year of grace 1901, referred to Alfred as founder of the English university, and that was Goldwin Smith. His eulogists loved Alfred of course, but they loved their own little sense of accuracy much better.

Something quite different is the attitude towards Charlemagne here in France or at least in Paris. Not only the Sorbonne but all the Lycées or secondary schools claim him as the founder of their educational ideals and they did not wait for his millenary to begin to thank him for benefits received. Since early in the sixteenth century the first of February has been dedicated to St. Charlemagne. The Lycée scholars bless his memory as they enjoy a luncheon with a traditional *menu* of *pieds trufflés*, chicken, dates, oranges and cake of Savoy. They drink champagne of

M. l'économe—whatever that may be—and juvenile poets of fifteen vie with each other in verses more or less connected with the patron saint of school boys. Some of them are really not half bad.

The school fête was yesterday. To-day in the Church of the Sorbonne Charlemagne's relations to the university were honored by the celebration of Gounod's mass of St. Cecilia sung by a hundred voices accompanied by a full orchestra, a magnificent performance, in the midst of which an Abbé preached or rather delivered an address on the emperor whom no one would ever have guessed had ever been known elsewhere as Karl der Grosse.

Nominally this was to the beneficiaries of education but really the large audience was composed of everyone rather than scholars and students. The preacher took a very different tone from the Alfred memorialists. "The truth of history," said he, "is nothing in comparison with the value of the idea as crystallized in the name of Charlemagne, the first to unite science and religion." "Cling to the tradition. Therein lies the deep truth."

And the most deeply interested scholars were two little lads in my neighborhood whose elegantly dressed mother was to take up the collection in behalf of poor scholars, one of the oldest bits of the ceremonial. It was an odd feature to see that her name was printed on the programme.

Ruth Putnam, '78.

Paris, Feb. 2.

A SHORT CUT TO GLORY WHICH FAILED.

THEY walked slowly, side by side, talking earnestly. Many hurrying people passed and noticed them, but they noticed not the people. All were going to the same place—the big, green armory in which the Senior Oratorical, the crowning collegiate event of the course, was to be held.

The man was Charles Hollis, one of the seven prize speakers, and many thought he would win the contest. Many more hoped so, for he had worked his way through the long and expensive college course with a spirit that won unqualified admiration.

The woman was Charlotte Roswell, at first only his classmate, then friend ; now his sweetheart and the woman he hoped to make his own for life. She was a little creature, with eyes that occasionally flashed fire out of their depths. Like her eyes, every other factor of her beauty was tinged with dark hues which told of Southern ancestry. She was a pretty girl, truly, and the kind that inspires a growing love.

"You must win to-night, Charles," she said with decision, breaking the silence which had ruled since they left her dormitory a block further up the campus. They were passing through a tree-cast shadow, and she pressed his hand lightly, the very lightness making his blood fairly jump.

"Yes, I must win," he answered. "There is more at stake now than ever. Professor Osmond told me to-day that the appointment to the instructorship in oratory would probably be decided by the result of this contest."

"You cannot lose," she asserted with a lover's confidence.

"I'm afraid of Schaffner, Charie."

"Don't say that," she began eagerly. "He may have better delivery, but it is the substance of the speech that will count. He cannot write an oration like yours. Remember how he used to get you to help him."

They took a few steps in silence. Then she spoke again with just a trace of protest in her voice.

"Why is he always in our way, Charles? He is rich, can have most anything he wants, and what does he want? The honor of winning this contest, the glory of a faculty position—the things which mean life and everything to you?"

"Well, there's this consolation: he wanted you, too, Charie, but he could not get you, and he never can. No, not even if I never win a contest."

"But you must win," she insisted as they hesitated before parting at the armory door.

"My best, dear," he answered as he turned away.

She entered the big bare room in which their combined fortunes were to be worked out within the hour. Already it was filled with a throng of town and gown. She found a seat and slipped into it, hardly noticing the smiles of friends who knew and hoped with her.

"He must win! He must win!" she repeated over and over again!

Then came a hush as the old president arose and announced the first speaker. He struggled through a speech that was far beyond his powers, and she sighed with the perfunctory applause which followed his conclusion. He was not to be feared.

The second speaker had no mission; his oratory was the only genuine thing about him, and that was not good enough to win. She had not feared him except as one who makes wagers at the race track fears the dark horse with an unknown record. Nevertheless she felt better to have him out of the way.

As the president arose for the third time she almost

stopped breathing. "William Charles Schaffner," he announced in slow and dignified tones, "will speak to us on 'Wendell Phillips, the Agitator.' " His turn, the turn she feared, had come at last.

As she was admitting to herself that he was really the only speaker she feared, he came forward with perfect carriage, his tall figure well balanced, a smile on his handsome face, his hands swinging easily at his sides. His black hair lay back over his head, away from a neat side parting and showed a height of brow.

His first sentence sent a chill through her. Every syllable was distinct. Every word had its proper accent. Each gesture was timed to a second. It was oratory and no mistake. The audience listened closely, and even she had to admit that Charles Hollis could not do as well.

"Oh, if they will only count what he says and not how he says it," she exclaimed under her breath.

Then a sentence claimed her attention :

"We must look upon him as the loneliest man on the continent," the young orator was saying. "He had discarded the state and had left the church, not on account of any disagreement with the philosophy of government, or of any quarrel with Christianity, but as a protest against the prostitution of state and church to wicked ends and unholy uses."

There was something familiar about it and she tried to think where she had heard it before. She dismissed the thought as mere fancy when the orator continued the development of his theme.

"He desired and was fitted to influence the world for good, but along what lines should he exert himself?" asked Schaffner, and the question aroused her. She wondered how he would answer it.

"Surrounded by mountainous opposition, how should he level it? Face to face with triumphant majorities on the wrong side, how could he swing them over to the right side?"

She thought of the opposition against her Charles, and the majority of the judges who would probably be against him. How could she swing them over to his side. A dozen wild projects ran through her mind. She might start a fire panic, attempt to bribe the judges with tears and prayers from bended knee, and a dozen other things equally impracticable.

The orator's answer did not escape her :

"Agitation was his only way, and he promptly became the first great American agitator. His platform was outside of the state, outside of the church, untrammelled by any limitations save those which were in human nature. He had no political, and no ecclesiastical creed to guard ; his platform was devoted to the freest, broadest and most critical discussion of questions and issues."

"Surely I have heard or read that somewhere before," she thought. "It does not sound like him, but—no, he would never dare do that."

Schaffner was approaching the end. He was letting himself out, and his words went home to everyone. The audience was feeling a personal interest in the strong, sturdy, platform fighter—the Phillips whom the youth was describing.

"On the platform Phillips acted as a witness who is put under oath to testify," continued the speaker. "He used a plainness of speech which appalled because it was unusual. He was the one outspoken man in a nation of euphemizers. He called a spade a spade, and not an 'agricultural implement.' He insisted that debts were debts, not 'pecuniary obligations.' He said that slavery was slavery, not 'a form of economic subordination.' And the wisdom of all this is clear when we remember how a name softens a sin, and how a hard name reveals and brands a sin and sometimes alarms and convicts the sinner. He opened a school whose influence was continental while he was at its head. Whether it will last as he supposed it would is for the future to decide."

As he closed with a few pointed sentences there was a spontaneous burst of applause. And with the first hand-clap a light came into Charlotte Roswell's eyes, a smile brought out a dimple on her cheek and a tinge of red showed through. Under cover of the applause she hurried to the door and went out into the night.

Hollis saw her vanish as he came forward, and for a full minute he stood facing the audience without speaking a word. He ran his hand nervously through his thick reddish hair and moistened his lips with his tongue. He was not handsome like Schaffner, but he was stronger in face and body. While standing there he was not thinking of his speech, but of her desertion.

"She has no hope after hearing Schaffner," he thought. "Yet it is not like her to desert me." Then he remembered what was expected of him, clenched his hands and started in to do his best, alone.

He began his oration with spirit, for he felt his subject. It was an appeal in behalf of the Jews, a demand for justice and fair play for them and their religion, not as a race, but as fellow men. The speech in the hands of a natural orator like his rival would have brought his audience to tears. He could only hold their interest, win their admiration with his pointed diction, but to reach their inner feelings was beyond his power.

Besides he was not entirely himself. His voice bothered him. He threw his accents in the wrong place sometimes, and many of his gestures were illtimed and hasty. He had not noticed Charlotte's return, although she had tried to catch his eye and smile encouragement. As he got further into his subject his delivery improved, and he did his best with the conclusion. He had spoken well, but not as well as Schaffner, and he knew it. She knew it too, and set her teeth hard to wait for the judges' decision.

The president with a happy speech entertained the audience while the judges deliberated. She did not even try to listen. Instead she hunted rapidly through a book

which she had brought back with her. Here and there she turned down a page.

An expectant hush passed over the audience while the judges deliberated. She waited breathlessly. After the usual introductory remarks about their difficulty in reaching a decision in view of the excellent work done by all the contestants, the dignified chairman said :

"We award the prize to William Carlson Schaffner for his oration 'Wendell Phillips the Agitator,' and honorable mention to Charles Hollis—"

The girl heard no more. From the moment the chairman had commenced speaking she had been struggling to overcome her fear, to get to her feet, to reach the platform with her proof. Then she found herself in the aisle, having overcome every sort of timidity. It was justice and right that she was fighting for, and if all the world laughed she did not care. Besides, she loved him.

As she rushed toward the platform she did not notice how the people stared and arose in their seats with surprise. She did not even see them before her when she mounted the few steps and stood before the judge and the president.

"You must not give him the prize," she cried with a steadiness of voice that surprised her.

The president stepped toward her, but she waived him off and continued :

"His speech ! He did not write it ! It is here !" she exclaimed holding out the book. "He stole it out of this book, almost word for word. It is not right that he should win."

If the audience was surprised at her rushing forward it was dumbfounded now. A flush of red flitted across Schaffner's face and was gone. His lip curled and he set his teeth hard. Hollis sat motionless, with his eyes fixed upon her.

"Don't, Charie, don't !" he murmured, but it was only a whisper.

The president took the book.

"Wendell Phillips, the Agitator, by Martyn," he read half aloud.

The book opened where she had turned back a page, and he read :

"Agitation was his only way, and he promptly became the first great American agitator. His platform was outside of the state, outside of the church, untrammled by any limitations save those which were in human nature."

Again the tell-tale flush came over Schaffner's face. All remembered the words which they had heard so lately from his lips. Before the president had time to read further he rose to his feet.

"Do you think I'd steal my oration," he said. "She is just a foolish girl. She is jealous." Then he took his hat and left the room.

The president announced that the judges would give out their final decision on the morrow. And with that the audience was dismissed.

"We will want you in the faculty, young man," he said turning to Hollis. "I hope you will bring Miss Roswell along with you ; she was brave in her fight for right and you owe your success as much to her courage as to your own manliness."

"How could you do it, Charie?" he asked when at last they had escaped their friends.

"Love, Charles," she whispered. "Love of right and love of you."

James French Dorrance.

THE UNIVERSITY ORCHESTRA.

IN the winter of 1900 the musical enthusiasm of a few Cornell students broke bounds and they organized themselves into a "University Orchestra," with the double object of enjoyment and study. Natural gravitation led them to request the Conservatory director, Mr. W. Grant Egbert, to accept the post of conductor, and he having enthusiastically endorsed the plan, work was begun at once. H. S. Olin, '00, was appointed concert-master and Frederick Will, Jr., '01, undertook the financial end.

Now the initiated are aware that a concert orchestra must include more than a collection of the usual dance orchestra instruments. A couple of violins, a viola, a cello, a bass, a clarinet, a cornet, a trombone, a flute, a snare and bass drum, do not constitute a symphony orchestra. To play the music composed for concert playing it is necessary to have not only twenty or thirty violins, half a dozen violas, four or five cellos, three or four basses, two clarinets, two cornets, two flutes, and two or three trombones, but also such difficult and uncommon instruments as the oboe, bassoon, French horn, kettle-drums, harp and piccolo. Even the most thoughtless lover of music must vaguely realize that students who play these instruments are not commonly found growing on the shrubbery on the campus.

Since all orchestral music, however, does not require the use of all the most difficult instruments, the organizers of the orchestra decided that by judiciously selecting the music to be played, by carefully training those instruments which they had, by occasionally calling on the assistance of musicians from neighboring cities, and above all by being constantly on the alert to develop and bring to the Univer-

sity new material to fill the vacancies, a beginning could be hazarded.

Whether they were justified in their conclusion may safely be left to anyone who has heard one of the concerts. It may not be amiss to say a few words about these concerts, by way of a review.

The first concert was given in Barnes hall on the 3rd of May, 1900. At the very start the organization achieved a brilliant success. The audience, consisting chiefly of students and members of the University faculty and their wives, was unwilling to leave the hall at the end of the program, and congratulations were showered upon the concert-master and the conductor. The second concert, held in the same hall on Wednesday, November 21st, was accorded the following praise in the *Ithaca Journal*:

"It is difficult to speak in moderate terms of the work of the University Orchestra as displayed last evening. It was a revelation. It revealed what can be done by an able musical conductor with what at first might seem to be unpromising material. To get together some fifty amateur musicians of all grades of ability, to inspire them with the enthusiasm that shall keep them up to the drudgery of continued practice, to mould them into a homogeneous and really able orchestra, capable of interpreting the best music in a musicianly manner, is proof of ability of no low order."

The third concert took place on May 3, 1901, and was no less a success than the others.

This year the orchestra has deserted the scene of its infant triumphs and has blossomed out in the Lyceum. The one concert which has been given thus far had the dire misfortune of being placed on December 14th, the night of the disastrous storm and washout. Marvelous to relate, however, there was a fair sized audience, and owing to the subscription system which has been inaugurated this year it was nearly able to clear expenses.

The music played by the orchestra has always been admirable in character. The programs, while not neglect-

ing the sensitive palate of the connoisseur, have been carefully constructed to satisfy the demands of the amateurs. While one program offers the Fourth Piano Concerto of Beethoven it also includes the "Pizzicati" by Delibes; another, while presenting the Seventh Haydn Symphony also provides the Intermezzo from "Cavalleri Rusticana;" and a third, while giving the "Danse Machabre" by Saint-Saens, is lightened by Gillet's "In the Mill."

A number of excellent, if not celebrated, soloists have also contributed to the interest of the concerts. Among them are Professor and Mrs. A. B. Trowbridge, Mr. and Mrs. W. Grant Egbert, Mr. Julian Walker of New York, Miss Kathrine Halliday of Buffalo, and Miss Lucy Marsh of Syracuse.

Few of us fully realize the value of this orchestra at Cornell. Our University is predominantly technical. From beginning to end of every day most of its students are occupied with the soulless problems of mathematics, physics, chemistry and the like. In this work there is no attempt to train the emotional and more purely aesthetic faculties of the men. This is the place for music to step in. Music is the language of the feelings, and its province is to relax the mind and purify the emotions of those who have addled their brains by too much poring over figures and problems.

A man may be made a model of exact science, a paragon of mathematics, and a colossus of technical skill; but if he is not made to appreciate the beauties of art,—to respond to the subtle gradations of artistic feeling and fancy,—if his imagination is suppressed and he has no sympathy for the life around him, it were much better for him if he had lived in the woods, where he would at least have heard the song of the birds and the sighing of the wind in the trees, than to have come to a great university to study.

Frederick Will, Jr., '01.

IN THE LAND OF KARMA.

I AM a Theosophist. It is not that its doctrines are the most pleasant, but that I have had cognizance of crimes that Karma and Karma alone can adequately punish. I am now an old man, yet I shall never forget the tragedy of the end of which I know so much, and of the beginning, alas, so little.

In the spring of 188— I found myself in Calcutta on business, desperately weary of everything in general. At no time is India of especial interest to me, since I was born and raised there, leaving the country for America when fourteen years old ; but in 188— it was a source of particular ennui. The natives were raising some kind of disturbance and all foreigners were forbidden to go down among the bazaars—in fact, were almost limited to their hotels. The already stifling heat, the miserable hotel accommodations—for Calcutta is in hostelries typically English,—and the lack of congenial society threw me entirely upon myself for amusement. Solitaire, whist—with extra poor partners—and tales of tiger-hunting all grew doubly, then trebly wearisome. Consequently I welcomed with eagerness the arrival of Lord and Lady Galton—to be strictly accurate, the arrival of Lord Galton, for during some weeks I did not see his wife.

Lord Galton was one of the most interesting persons I have ever met. Tall, blonde, distinguished in appearance, and withal a clever and travelled conversationalist, he was an ideal companion. After his arrival there were no more days of dreary idleness ; I found in him all I desired. Little by little, too, I picked up his life-history, and thus a new and piquant element entered into my liking—a curiosity as

to his purpose in visiting India. I soon learned that he was the son of an English peer, a graduate of Oxford, and a famous scientific savant. His discoveries in the more debatable regions of psychology—in the telepathic realm, for instance—were spoken of throughout Europe with respect, if not with approbation.

Still it was only on the day memorable for a second event—my meeting with Lady Galton—that I accidentally discovered what I thought his real intention in coming to India. If events proved my mistake—well, I can only say Fate willed it so. We had been sitting for hours on the verandah one moonlight night, silently smoking and lazily enjoying the breeze made by the punkas above us when Lord Galton suddenly broke upon my reverie with “Do you know we are in the land of Karma?”

“No, indeed!” I animatedly replied. The word was new to me. “What is Karma?”

Lord Galton took a long puff at his cigar before answering. In the perfect tropical moonlight I saw a quizzical smile curve his lips. “Karma,” he began, and then stopped short. A lady in white was approaching us.

“Is it you, Gerald?” came a sweet, musical voice. Evidently—

“Allow me to introduce my friend, Mr. Alden,” murmured Lord Galton, rising. As he did so, a look of inexpressible tenderness rested in his eyes.

Lady Galton inclined her head graciously. “I have heard of you, Mr. Alden. My husband admires you, and”—with just a touch of hauteur, “Gerald’s admiration is hard to win.”

“But,” she continued, “to change the subject, what was that strange word you used, Gerald? Karma, was it not? Pray what is Karma?”

Lord Galton started slightly. “Karma,” he began a second time, but only to break off: “I thought you were uninterested in my researches, Mina.”

“I am,” Lady Galton laughingly answered, “when we

are in London. But here—well, one thinks strange things. The life is so different. These fakirs and Brahmins set one thinking. Besides you were about to tell Mr. Alden something of Karma."

The pleased smile again spread over her husband's face. "Well, I will tell you," he promised.

While we were settling ourselves in more comfortable positions, I examined Lady Galton. I was curious to study this lady who had remained so secluded up to this time, and whom Lord Galton certainly adored. She was pretty—undeniably so. A slight, girlish creature, with dark locks and fair complexion, I could not deny she was charming. As Miss Rivers, the belle of last London season she had a right to be. Yet about her there was something I did not like, a vague suggestion of something evil. The music of her words sometimes had in it a peculiar ring, hard, metallic, sinister. And then—her eyes. I thought at the time it was the effect of the moonlight, but later I learned better. They were of no ascertainable shade. If one moment I thought them blue, in the next I would have sworn they were grey. A little later a greenish tinge would enter them, or they would contain a hint of brown. The result was not altogether pleasant.

I might have glanced furtively at Lady Galton much longer, had not her husband begun to speak. I shall not retail the conversation. Most of my readers already know the implication contained in the word Karma, and for those who do not a brief sentence or two must suffice. Karma, as Lord Galton explained it, is the law by which the conditions of our existence on this earth are regulated. Man is not born for one life, but for many, beginning with the mineral stage, progressing through the vegetable and animal stages, and finally arriving at the spiritual stage. This is called transmigration and the rebirths are called reincarnations. The law itself is simple, but terrifying—at least in its application to man. By the sum total of our actions, words, and thoughts in one life is determined the environ-

ment of our next. The resulting successive lives may not harmonize with our conceptions of earthly justice, but are in reality infallible. "Karma," and this my friend dwelt upon, "never forgets."

It was at the close of this conversation that I, I think, queried, "Do men in one life ever know of their past lives?"

Instead of answering quickly, Lord Galton hesitated. His wife, however, leaned forward, and said, "Surely not."

I was dumbfounded. The reply had been in an authoritative tone. And yet—it appeared Lady Galton knew nothing of occultism.

Lord Galton, too, was astounded. "Why, Mina," he said, "have you been reading my books?"

His wife laughed. Again I noted the metallic ring. "Scarcely," she responded, "they are too deep for a leader of fashion. You must know," she added playfully, turning to me, "the *Times* calls me that."

"The *Times*," I gallantly replied, "maintains its reputation for truthfulness." With that we separated.

During the next weeks I saw little of my friend, and less of his wife. The Galtons were preparing, now that the provinces were safe again, for a journey northward. Lord Galton wished to examine ruins around Hyderabad and inquire farther of the ancient Hindu beliefs, and his wife, at his earnest entreaty, was to accompany him. "To see," she gaily retorted to one of her husband's remarks, "that Gerald does not imagine he has met some Hindu girl as a princess in a former existence."

Looking back, all these occurrences, so trivial in semblance, seem to have been freighted with obvious importance. In vain I now call myself a fool and a dullard not to have foreseen at least a shadow of the coming drama. Yet only one incident was, at the time,—how much more so now—a cause of thought to me. And even then I fancy I noted it because by its aid I determined the color of those wonderful eyes.

As I have said, Lady Galton appeared utterly uninterested in her husband's researches and theories. Yet when I came upon her in the drawing-room of the hotel one evening, I wondered.

The room was half-dark, for the dusk was gathering outside and the gas had not yet been lighted. Lady Galton stood in the embrasure of a window, straining her eyes at a paper in her hands. Even in the dimness I recognized it as a Thibetan manuscript her husband had recently shown me.

I approached her silently ; the carpet was soft and thick.

"Reading, Lady Galton?" I inquired.

With a start Lady Galton turned. I noticed she crumpled the paper in her hand. And for once I knew the color of her eyes.

They were blue—a cold, steely blue, that seemed capable of any malignity. I have seen the look twice before that—once in a panther crouching behind its victim, and once in a murderer, noted for the ferocity and brutality of his crimes. I hope I may not see it a fourth time.

However, Lady Galton soon recovered her composure. "Pray excuse my fright, Mr. Alden," she commenced sweetly. "My husband dabbles in story-writing ; some of his tales, this for example, are horrible. And then," she continued half-pettishly, "you came so softly and suddenly, I thought you were one of his frightful man-slaying priests of Kali."

Although I knew she was lying, I could not but admire her glibness. Ah ! Lady Galton was not an innocent débutante, just married. Under her twenty years, centuries—but I progress too fast.

I am sorry now that I did not mention to Lord Galton my rencontre with his wife. It might have aided. But, as Fate willed, I did not. Indeed as I think anew of the matter, I could not. The Galtons remained in Calcutta but three days longer, and in that time Lady Galton saw to it that her husband and I were never alone. In the drawing-

room, on the verandah, at the little dining-room tables, Lady Galton's voice and Lady Galton's self were ever-present.

Barely had the Galtons left when to my relief I was called to Madras, to remain there a week or so, and then sail for Singapore. I looked eagerly upon my arrival at Madras—I had given Lord Galton my address—for a letter, but none came. Only on the very day I sailed, when I was engrossed in the bustle of departure, a sealed packet arrived. I glanced at it; it was marked "Important." Yet I really could not open it. With some impatience I threw it in my travelling-bag and hurried to the steamer.

A few hours out of Madras I recalled the packet and ordered the steward to bring it. I broke the seal. Within was sheet upon sheet of closely-written Ms. I read a few lines. They told me afterwards that horror sent my face white. Then I fled to the cabin. Oh! how bitterly I regretted my carelessness!

The packet ran:

My Dear T—:

By the time you receive this, I trust I shall have passed away. Each hour that I live costs me agony untold, both physically and mentally; the remembrance of the last few weeks is strong in my mind. The hopes that I had cherished are dashed down—it may be forever. And yet—and yet I love, I cannot but love her. Perhaps we shall meet again.

During our few happy weeks in Calcutta I concealed from you my real purpose in visiting India. Your questions I parried with talk of science and occultism; I brought out my Thibetan manuscripts; I babbled of Karma. Ah! does Karma too go wrong? Are our existences nothing save misery, perpetual, perpetuating? Is the whole of Creation one vast, ever-revolving wheel, indifferent as Fortune to the dues of good and ill? Sometimes I think so. But—my strength is waning. I must make haste. And first I shall tell you a story of centuries gone by.

You asked me once if one could know the mysteries of a past life. At the time I evaded the inquiry ; now I answer, "Yes." I cannot—there is not time, and I have not the inclination—relate to you how I discovered these things. I can only say, knowing you will believe me, that I did.

To begin, then, my last incarnation was in India. There, in a city then populous and wealthy, now desolate and abandoned, I was born, the child of a Brahmin of the highest order ; I would have been no unfit mate for a princess royal. Versed in all the lore of my class, I grew up. I was learned and courtly ; they told me I was handsome. In time I came to the court of our king.

But before I came, the king had died, and his daughter, the Princess, had succeeded him. How it was brought about no one knew, for such things were contrary to the law ; only—men said love did it. Yes, those were strange times in our land. Men fell mad for desire of the Princess ; it was as if Kali had sown the murder-word broadcast. What is it one of England's poets says,

"To see her was to love her."

Ah! but the Princess was beautiful—beautiful as our Indian nights. Poets sang in passion-tossed verses of her hair, her lips, her form ; all the wildest eulogies of a poetic nation were showered upon her. Yet it was not this mere charm and grace of the woman, or the desire that lived and breathed in her walk and speech. It was, beyond all, the spell of her eyes. Their glorious black, deep as the space of an infinite heaven, drew men's souls from them, as surely as did ever the tones of the Greek sirens. And yet—only to hurl them contemptuously back.

For no one might aspire to the Princess. Such was her own dictum. She was cold as the Galatea of Pygmalion.

No sooner had I seen her than I, too, was among her lovers. Swayed by all the insane ardor that India permeates her children with—the fanaticism that knows no hindrance, if but the goal is won—I followed her. I bribed her women ; I corrupted her guards ; I risked my life to see

her walking in her gardens. And at last came my meed—she granted an assignation.

Paradise itself swung open before me. To my impatience the hours were years—yes, eons. As the sun sank in gorgeous crimson, and the moon burnt through the scented evening air, my passion met the Princess. It was hot iron upon primeval ice.

Still I fed on hope. And sometimes it pleased the Princess to be gracious. Once I was permitted to kiss her hand. At other times she was cruel, hard, unfeeling.

And at length she wearied of me. On that final evening, as I knelt beside the clear fountain in the shade of flowering trees, she told me to go. In vain I beseeched and implored; she was inexorable. Then slowly the balance turned. In hot rage I poured out crimination and recrimination; at last one daring word broke from my lips. The Princess became pale as the lilies in the fountain.

That night I fled. But the Princess's power was far-reaching; in a few days I stood in chains before her throne.

Sullen, desperate, I refused to speak. The Princess was ominously silent; in all the great hall only the tap-tap of her pet leopard's tail sounded. Then, finally she spoke—the sentence happily lost ages ago. Even her hardened minions grew ashy pale with terror. My own soul shook within me. The princess smiled.

Yet there is no need to recount my sufferings. Ages ago they ended. I bore them well; for the Princess stood near. And, when my fainting torturers could stand no more, she gave the word that dismissed me. She smiled still.

But why, you ask, have I told all this? My friend, you knew the Princess. She was reincarnated as Lady Galton and my wife.

How do I know it? I cannot tell you; time fails, even if I wished to explain.

When I married Lady Galton, it is true, I knew nothing of this. But I learned it shortly afterwards. And then

arose in me the destructive impulse to take my wife to India in order to relate all on the scene of her former cruelty. Ah! my friend, do not say it was utterly foolish. I loved; you have never done so. And she—she had married my wealth and rank.

Of our sojourn in Calcutta, and our later journey northward I shall say little. You observed how uninterested she appeared in my studies; after our leaving Calcutta she seemed yet more so. Alas! she was merely playing with me as the long-dead Princess had done. Lady Galton knew far more than I, had pierced much deeper into the esoteric realm. I was hoping; she was biding her day.

At length we neared Hyderabad. I proposed an archaeological trip to a neighboring ruin. Need I say the deserted city was her own capital? She assented only with reluctance.

Once within the wall where bird and beast alone were monarchs, I poured out the whole story. Carried away by passion, I fell upon my knees, and just as the boy lover had done, I begged and pleaded.

At first my wife—no, not my wife—appeared bored. She languidly requested me to rise. "Why such a fuss, Gerald?" she inquired coldly.

My only answer was a renewal of prayer.

And then it was that the conventionalities of civilization fell away from the barbarian Princess. Her bosom heaved beneath its laces; a menacing smile curved her lips; a steely light glittered in her eyes. And, smiling still, she drew from the folds of her dress a jeweled dagger.

An hour later a peasant found me bleeding. I am now slowly dying in his hut. To you I bequeath—

Here the Ms. of Lord Galton ended abruptly. What was it he bequeathed to me? A legacy of revenge? That would not have been his nature.

Lady Galton has vanished utterly. But, as I have said, Karma must and will find her. As a Theosophist I know it.

T. J. E.

THE GAME OF LACROSSE.

THE theory of Professor Frederick Starr, published some time ago, that the people of America would revert to the Indian stage of civilization if left isolated, was so novel and extraordinary that it was heralded most loudly by those papers least interested in science and never seriously considered by those in whose domain it would naturally fall. Still, new evidence has of late come to light which it is strange the professor should have overlooked, for it is certainly as convincing an argument as any which he has so carefully elaborated. What can the increasing popularity of lacrosse, that savage old game of the Indian, indicate, other than a reversion—a triumph of our animal instincts? Just as “on the bosom of Cayuga in the days of long ago,” there may have been “races well contested,” so, too, it is equally probable that at that time the wiry young Senecas or Cayugas met in fierce games of lacrosse in the neighborhood of the very spot where to-day the students of Cornell play the same sport, perhaps with as much skill and certainly with more science.

How long the game was played by the Indians before the Europeans came to America is, of course, a matter of conjecture, but even then it was their national game, and was called “La Crosse” by the French, presumably from the crossing of the sticks when the ball is set in play. Gradually it was adopted by the white man, and though long confined to Canadians, has of late spread in a modified form throughout the northern part of the United States. Late in the seventies it became one of the recognized athletic sports through the organization of the National Lacrosse association, which adopted a code of rules, to deprive the

game of some of its roughness and to make inter-team games possible.

While lacrosse has flourished in Harvard and several smaller colleges, notably Johns Hopkins and Lehigh, for twenty years, it was not until 1892 that the first Cornell team was organized and lacrosse began its career with a defeat at the hands of the University of Toronto by a score of 10 to 3.

A large majority of the team were Canadians to whom is due the credit of introducing the game but several of the men were students from Lehigh, Johns Hopkins and the College of the City of New York. Early in the fall a class contest had occurred, but it was not until late in the spring that the team was organized under the captaincy of H. C. Nelson, '92. The leading spirit in the lacrosse movement, however, seems to have been J. A. Leighton, '94, a graduate of Trinity college of the University of Toronto.

In the following three years the team prospered but owing to the short time it had been in existence was unable to successfully compete with those colleges where lacrosse had long been played. In 1893, a southern trip was made in which defeats were sustained at the hands of Lehigh and Stevens. In a game with Toronto at Ithaca, Cornell succeeded in playing the visitors to a score of 4 to 6. The first victory was made against the Marcellus team on May 27th. In 1894 Johns Hopkins was beaten on Percy field as were the Onondaga Indians but Stevens again defeated the Cornellians. It is remarkable that the first Harvard team to appear in Ithaca should have been a lacrosse team, over which Cornell scored its only victory in 1895, although extremely close games were played with Lehigh, Crescent Athletic club and Stevens.

Those who had originally started lacrosse had by this time graduated and in 1896 and 1897 no games were arranged. The management had experienced difficulty in meeting the large guarantees for home games and heavy expenses of the trips. Moreover the work of the men had

not warranted a schedule. In 1898 a body of Canadian enthusiasts revived the waning interest and although four of the five games played were lost, the foundations for the champion '99 team were laid.

In 1899 Cornell entered the Inter-'Varsity Lacrosse league in which, by victories over Harvard at Cambridge and Columbia at New York, she won the championship. Nine games were played that year of which Cornell lost only three and those to expert athletic club teams. In 1900 Cornell tied with Harvard for championship honors and last year won second place through a victory over Pennsylvania at Philadelphia. The schedule for this year includes only six games but the prospects for a successful season are more than favorable.

The Freshman, before he has been many days at Cornell, has probably stopped to watch a squad of men clad in light running suits, tossing and catching a hard rubber ball in long L shaped sticks on the Armory green. The men run with a swing and grace so easy and natural that the Freshman is interested or perhaps fascinated and longs to try it himself—to discover just what the peculiar little "wiggle" which the men perform the moment that the ball touches the net of the stick, really is. He will surely inquire what they are playing. Lacrosse? Oh yes, he has has heard of lacrosse but never knew just how it was played. It is so with most people, who merely have heard "it's the game where they wiggle the sticks."

Lacrosse is played by twelve men on a side, one of whom is goal keeper, another plays center and five play each on the defense and attack. The field varies in size but the ideal green consists of perfectly level turf about the size of the football gridiron, which in most colleges is used for lacrosse in spring. At either end of the field is a cage with an opening about six feet square, in front of which is marked a court of the same dimensions. The cage and court are the sanctum of the goal keeper which any other player enters at his peril. The object of the game, of

course, is to throw the ball into the cage from without the court.

At the opening of play the men are arranged on the field at irregular intervals, the offense of one team pairing off with defense of the other. The ball is set in motion at the beginning by being placed between the sticks of the centers, who pull their sticks apart on the ground. The swift, hard jerk sends the ball whirling off sidewise. It is immediately sought by both teams, one of whom after much passing, dodging and running with the ball eventually brings it near enough to attempt to shoot a goal. If the ball enters the cage a score of one point is tallied. But, as is often the case, if the ball flies wide of the mark or is warded off by the point or the goalkeeper, it is still in play and continues so until a goal is made. After each score the sides change goals. Ordinarily the time of actual play is two halves of half an hour each, though frequently this is varied by agreement.

From this description one would probably acquire the idea that lacrosse being played over a large area and consisting of running for an hour or more, would be fatiguing but certainly not rough. The rules, too, are simple, the most important being that one is not allowed to touch the ball with one's hands. It is permissible to body-check and strike the ball from an opponent's stick. Unfortunately in attempting to reach the stick, a player is very apt to shower blows on the body, head or limbs of his opponent. As lacrosse sticks are of hard, heavy hickory wood, the gut netting being an inconsiderable part, and lacrosse players are almost entirely unprotected in their running costumes, a close contest almost invariably results in bruised sides or shins and scraped arms or mashed fingers. Not infrequently also, one hears of split heads, torn ears and broken teeth. One case has come to the writer's notice of a goal-keeper on the team of the College of the City of New York, who lost seven front teeth as the result of one blow. "Worse than foot-ball," many observers have pronounced. This is in a measure true, owing to general lack of any armor whatso-

ever, although it is now becoming customary to wear rubber gloves.

The very roughness, however, affords opportunity for the greatest display of courage in rushing into the thick of the fray and for skill in avoiding the falling sticks. The length and nature of the game call for men who combine quickness and agility with muscular strength, men who are able to think and act quickly. From a spectator's point of view, lacrosse is more interesting to watch than almost any other game, forming as it does an ever varying panorama. It is free from the long, tedious waits which together with rowdiness by professionals, has caused the decline of baseball and from the heavy mass plays which make it impossible for others than experts to notice good work in many football manoeuvres. The open play of lacrosse with its graceful dodging, clever blocking, repeated races for the ball, long, swift, high throws by which the game may in a twinkling be transferred from one end of the field to the other and engage a new set of men, cannot but fascinate even the least athletic individual.

Lacrosse has had an uphill road to travel to popular favor. It has had to contend with a long established and attractive sport, baseball, which on account of the facility with which it could be played and its widespread adoption by all classes has attracted and still does attract more attention in the spring among college athletes. A number of the larger preparatory schools, however, have recently introduced lacrosse and as soon as they begin to furnish trained players to the colleges, lacrosse will stand on a higher and firmer basis. To-day at Cornell, notwithstanding the difficulties under which lacrosse as a minor branch of athletics labors and the few advantages derived from making the team, there are very nearly as many candidates for lacrosse as for baseball and it seems quite likely that within the next ten years lacrosse will supplant baseball, not only as a college man's game but with the public as well.

O. B. Y.

FEMME ET CHATTE.

(From the French of Paul Verlaine).

She was teasing pussy, and
Wondrous fair to see were they ;—
Slim white paw and slim white hand
Sporting in the twilight gray.

Wicked puss ! for, hid away
'Neath her mittens' silken strand
Murderous claws of agate lay ;
Sharp as swords of Damascand !

The other, too, with honeyed guile
Concealed her talons in a smile ;
The devil lost not by the seeming ;—

And, in the dusky boudoir, where
Her laughter tinkled, light as air,
Four little phosphor flames were gleaming !

Translated by L. E. Piaget Shanks, '99.

THE ERA

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THE ERA regrets the necessity of once more recording resignations from its board. Irving J. Goldsmith, '03, business manager, has withdrawn from the University temporarily on account of illness, and Windsor F. Woodward, '04, assistant manager, has been obliged to sever his connection with the magazine owing to the press of other duties. The first position has been filled by the election of

John M. Keeler, Jr., '03. A competition to determine the incumbent of the assistantship is announced, to close May 1st.

The peculiar misfortune under which the ERA has labored for some time in the frequent changes of its staff was commented on several months ago. Present experiences do not indicate any lessening of the difficulty. As is well known, the publication in its present form was the result of a reorganization of the journalistic activities of the University. It may well be that the transition period has not yet been passed, and the constant changes are largely the result of the seeking of their proper spheres by the various editorial workers.

The lack of interest displayed by the great majority of those well qualified to take part in college journalism, however, is deplorable and hardly excusable. Testimony to the value of the training obtained in writing for the college press is given unanimously by those who have passed through it. The literary standard set by the ERA is certainly not discouragingly high. Little more is required of the writer than that he should have something interesting to tell. Few students should be willing to admit that they do not possess the qualifications to some extent. Yet just now there are very few undergraduates ambitious or even willing to take advantage of the opportunities this publication offers them—opportunities to share in the certain pleasure and value of editorial work, and whatever profit and honor there may be. Once more, then, attention is called to the fact that positions on next year's board in all departments, literary, artistic and business, are now open to competition.

THE UNIVERSITY

IT IS with a feeling almost of disappointment that one hears the latest announcement of the Athletic Council, relative to the deficiency in the athletic fund. So much was said and written at the beginning of the year regarding the new system of raising funds, that it was hoped when all who were willing to do their share in supporting the athletics of the University had purchased season tickets the subject would be closed, and for the remainder of the year there would be no more canvassing. The damages inflicted on Percy field by the recent flood, however, have with other causes rendered insufficient the funds at the disposal of the council, and more money must be raised. The plan announced, to put on sale half year tickets at half the regular price, seems the best that could be devised. Those who bought tickets at the first of the year are entitled to exemption from further requests for financial support, according to the agreement made at the time. They constitute, however, but a really small proportion of the undergraduate body. Of the others there may be many who felt unable to pay the full price of a ticket. An opportunity to contribute a smaller amount may now properly be given them.

The condition of Percy field brings to mind more prominently than ever the desirability of a field on the hill. Two severe floods have visited Ithaca this winter, doing great damage. Slight injury to its power plant in the gorge was all that the University outfit on the hill suffered. There was no opportunity for the elements to do more. In the valley, however, the harm was naturally shared by the ath-

letic field. Such an event may not unreasonably be expected again, and the liability to injury of this sort must be counted in with the other objections to the field in the valley.

The idea of an organization to take charge of the winter sports of the University is a most commendable one, and the plan which has been proposed will undoubtedly result in a most useful and interesting club. Recent experience has shown the advantage of organized effort in keeping the ice of Beebe lake in condition for skating. A club which will put that effort on a more definite basis and will extend its energies to procuring facilities for skeeing, tobogganning and curling should become most popular with the faculty and students alike.

The excellent record which the Fencers' club is maintaining is a matter for sincere congratulation. The teams which have represented the club during the past five years have done uniformly excellent work and have met with much success. This has been accomplished, moreover, despite the fact that the membership of the team has changed every year. Great credit is due Mr. Brigandi for the regularity and success with which he has developed finished fencers from comparatively raw material.

An event which attracted little attention among the undergraduates, but which is of great importance to the University, was the introduction into the state legislature of a bill appropriating money for an agricultural building on the Cornell campus. Senator Samuel S. Slater, '94, is the sponsor of the bill, and its progress will be watched with interest. It is not alone in the education of the young men and women that come to its doors that a university can be of service. Through its extension courses in Agriculture Cornell is reaching thousands throughout the state and doing a most valuable work. It seems but proper that in some way the state should in part requite the expense.

THE ERA

A LETTER FROM PORTO RICO.

IT IS difficult to convey an accurate idea of the conditions which exist here because they are hard to realize even when one is in the midst of them. It may safely be said that conditions are improving, but progress is slow and the assimilation of American ideas will necessarily be the work of generations. Much will depend upon the good examples set by Americans who come here to live, but more I think will depend upon the young men who will go to the States to be educated.

Unfortunately the examples set by some American soldiers and by adventurers who came here shortly after American occupation gave wrong impressions and as a result many of the better class hold themselves aloof from Americans. Many of the better class are opposed to American ideals. But they are all right. Their ways of living and thinking have been so different from ours that it is hard for them to understand us. When we have convinced them that we have taken hold of the island for an honest purpose we will have won a great power over to our side.

The soldier has gone. The adventurer has found that this is not the place for him. Fortunes are not to be made here in a day. The opportunities for success in an honest business are great, but competition is getting close and it requires not only business ability to succeed but also a knowledge of the character of the people.

As to the poorer class, the less said the better. Most of them are poorly clad, dirty, hungry looking, and vile. How much of this has been the result of misrule and how much is due to their own fault, is hard to tell. In a climate where a crop can be started at any time of the year it seems strange that there should be so much poverty. Beggary is not in keeping with our institutions and customs. One could overlook much if the children were not taught to beg, if they were kept clean and kept from running naked in the streets. In a way, perhaps, one might blame Nature for part of the indolence of the poorer class for she is so lavish in her fruit productions that they do not always feel the necessity of exertion in order to live.

One recent legislative act is having a far reaching effect. Under Spanish rule no taxes were demanded unless the owners actually cultivated the land and made it produce something for market and then the tax was a certain percent of the product marketed. All land is now taxed a certain percent on its valuation. It stimulates the natives to work in order to keep their property off the market.

American industry and enterprise are already showing. An old Cornell man who since graduation back in the seventies has had an extensive experience in growing tropical fruits in Jamaica is now the manager of a big fruit farm at Rio Piedras. Several nurseries and fruit farms are being started. Clearing, ditching, plowing and planting are proceeding simultaneously. The contrast between newly planted orange groves and the old irregular hoed patches of the natives set down in the midst of a wilderness of weeds and wild pastures is pleasing enough. So long as free trade exists with the States these fruit growers are going to have a decided advantage over Cuba and Jamaica.

The facilities for getting over the country are in general bad. The best road on the island is the military road between San Juan and Ponce. By the end of the year the military road from Arecibo to Ponce will be completed. There is but one railroad here and that of the French type

with its characteristic poor service. One up to date trolley line connects San Juan and Rio Piedras. Another is being built at Ponce. An automobile company has been formed to carry passengers, mail, and express over the military road from San Juan to Ponce. There are a few other short macadam roads, but in the inland towns a carriage is seldom seen and the ponies become frightened at them. In most places a bicycle would create a sensation. Most of the transportation is by means of small pack horses on break-neck trails over which it would frighten an American to ride.

It seems that there is a great opportunity for the profitable investment of American capital for the purpose of establishing better means of transportation. The development of the island will depend largely upon it. The conditions here are such as will not only make the island a fit garden spot for the States, but the climatic conditions and beautiful scenery are such that it is bound to become a popular resort for health seekers.

Thomas A. Caine, '01,

Government Soil Expert.

Utuada, March 4, 1902.

.....

TRANSLATION FROM HEINE.

THOU art so pure, so sweetly fair
 Like to a budding flower,
 I look on thee and deep in my heart
 I feel love's thronging power.
 I feel as my soul put forth its hands
 To lay on thy shining hair,
 And pray that God may keep thee e'er,
 So pure, so sweetly fair.

F. W. H. C., '93.

HER TEST.

"SURELY, Cora, you do not mean that."

"Why not?"

"Why,—How absurd!"

"By no means, Maud. It will be a test, than which, none could be more thorough. If he does not love me he will then show it. If he does, and I know he does, it will be an infallible test of his character."

"But supposing—"

"There really is no supposition."

"Cora, dear, I have come to-night to tell you the old, old story, to tell you that I love you. Without you life would be a failure, with you—"

"Really, Winston, you must not talk that way. I am surprised. I—. Oh, dear! If I had only known."

"Do you mean, Maud, that you do not care for me? I love you more than you can ever know."

"No, no, Winston, you must not say that. I think a great deal of you, myself. But marriage—oh no, not that!"

"Darling, think again of what you are saying. I know that wealth is no inducement to you. Fame I have not, but believe me, Maud, a sincere love is not to be lightly turned away."

"I realize that, Winston, but my answer must remain the same. I sail for Italy to-morrow. When I return perhaps I may see fit to change my answer. But there—. I have said more than I should. However, I am grateful for your kind offer; and now it is getting late, I must bid you good-night."

"Good-night and good-bye."

"You really did?"

"Yes, I did. I confess I almost broke down but I have always said I would marry a manly man and now comes the test."

"Do you know, Cora, I feel awfully sorry for him. But here comes your train. A pleasant trip, and don't forget to write."

"There. Good-bye, Maud."

"Good-bye."

A year from the day on which the foregoing conversation took place, between Cora Langdon and her friend Maud Browning, a young woman might have been seen walking restlessly back and forth across the court of the old convent at Mantua. Tears fill those beautiful eyes as they gaze sorrowfully up at the large stone towers and above at the bright Venetian sky. A lonely sob struggles in her bosom. A crumpled paper, unnoticed, flutters from her trembling hand, as, with a hasty step she enters the sombre monastery—her future home. The wind blows the paper across the stone-flagged courtyard, over the high convent wall and across a neighboring field. On the following day good Brother Bartholomew, crossing the green fields beyond the convent walls, chances to see a paper caught in the branch of an old cedar tree. Slowly he reads: "Miss Cora Langdon, Hôtel Francais, Mantua, Italy. Congratulations. Winston proposed to-day. Test unnecessary. Maud Browning." The monk slowly tore the telegram to pieces. "So," quoth he, for Bartholomew was a wise man, and straightway forgot what he had read.

Edwin M. Slocombe.

PHASES OF A JOURNALISTIC EXPERIENCE.

WHEN I left Ithaca after graduating it was with a Phi Beta Kappa key dangling uselessly from my watch chain. Besides that I had been on one of the college papers, had tried my hand at athletics and had a general consciousness of having been more or less popular in my class and in the University. Naturally, I felt rather sorry to leave, but to offset that was the idea that the whole world was before me, and that now I was to strike out for myself. I had a large stock of self-assurance and confidence, and a desire to go into journalism, but that was about my whole stock in trade.

Soon after arriving home I confided to my father my ambitions and hopes. He looked around for a week or so and finally found a little sheet—it could hardly be called a paper—called *The Weekly Journal*, whose proprietor was more than ready to give up his business, provided we would pay his debts. After carefully looking over the ground, we decided to pay these debts, and in return get the *Journal*. We were confident that there was a good opportunity for an enterprising paper in our part of the city, and started in with sanguine hopes.

The next morning when I sat down at the desk of the office, I was editor, manager and proprietor of a weekly paper in the west end of one of the larger cities in Ohio. Connected with the paper was a printing office equipped with plenty of presses and type, but all of an old fashioned pattern. I started a new set of books, told the men what their duties would be, and then set to work with the experiment. Some of my experiences were amusing and many were pathetic, so I kept a sort of irregular diary, and here are some

of the things that I found jotted down in it when I unearthed it from a bundle of old dusty papers a few days ago.

July 1st.—To-day I got my first contribution for the paper. It was a muggy, drizzling morning, and I was sitting at my desk trying in vain to think of some good subject for an editorial. A timid knock at the door roused me and, in response to my "come in", the door opened, and an elderly lady entered softly. Her wrinkled face had a worn look but her eyes were sparkling with excitement. As she took a seat I noticed the plain black dress that covered her rather large frame, her shabby shoes and much mended gloves, and the reddish cameo brooch which fastened the stiff collar of her gown in front. On her arm was a bag of once black, but now greenish, cloth. After much fumbling in this bag she drew forth a roll of manuscript with a look of mingled pride and anxiety. It wasn't much, she said, but she had spent a good deal of time and trouble over it, and thought maybe she could surprise her daughter Mary, by helping out a little. When she was gone I looked over the story. It was entitled "Helen's Cross", and was written in a cramped old-fashioned hand. It turned out to be just what the title seemed to point to, a "Sunday school story". How pathetic was her attempt to write about probably the only subject she had found in her limited reading. The plot was conventional and uninteresting, and the style monotonous and crude, but I was deeply touched with the evident time and labor the poor woman had spent on it and the hopes she must have had in it. When she came back this afternoon, it was a hard task to tell her that I could not take it, and although I made it as easy for her as I could, the tears welled up in her eyes as she said good-bye.

July 13th.—To-day, just as the paper was about ready to go to press I received a special delivery letter with the following in it :—"Mr. Frank Minnemeyer's friends gave a surprise-party on him Wednesday night that was very handsome, to celebrate his recovery from a bad spell of in-

flammatory rheumatism which has kept him from his wheel for three weeks on which he has quite a record and wears three handsome gold medals." It was so good that I could hardly resist the temptation to print it unchanged.

July 15th.—I had not had much success in soliciting advertising lately, so I decided to try a new method, that of not taking "no" for an answer until I had tried every way I could think of to get it changed to "yes". I went into Christy's hardware store to-day and asked for Mr. Christy. I found him at the back of the store. He was about forty-five years old with grizzled hair, mustache and beard, and his face had a self-satisfied expression that exasperated me. He said abruptly that he didn't want to advertise, and didn't need it anyway, and that if he did he didn't want my paper. I was a little mad at that, but I kept my temper and waited around for a while and then began to talk to him. He didn't pay any attention, but just went on writing. I told him the *Journal* reached more people in the neighborhood who might give him trade than any other paper in the city, except, perhaps, the daily papers, and that they charged a very much higher rate. Besides, they were thrown away as soon as read while the *Journal* was kept for at least a week. Then I showed him what a good class of subscribers we had, and how many of his neighbors advertised with us and gave him an account of some of the returns they had received. All the time I didn't talk as if I were expecting him to take space with us, but as though I were just showing him how fine it would have been for him if he had given us an advertisement. At first he didn't seem to pay any attention, but finally he began to look over the paper while I took the opportunity to point out the good parts and to hide the bad ones as much as possible. After much haggling he decided to take a two inch space with us for a month's trial, and when I got out of the store I whooped with delight, in spirit, at least, for I had learned the secret of soliciting advertising.

July 21st.—The paper came out this morning and I had read all the proof carefully, so I thought it was all right. About ten o'clock I had my satisfaction rudely disturbed, by an enraged woman at the telephone. She was so mad that I couldn't understand her for a long time, but finally I made out that we had made a mistake with regard to her in one of our personal items. It read as follows: "Mrs. Jones and Senator Harrison have gone to California for a few weeks pleasure trip." There is not much difference in the spelling of "Mr." and "Mrs." and we laughed over the joke at the office, but somehow, the lady didn't seem to relish it, and our subscription list was diminished by one. I will have to be more careful in future.

July 28th.—Every issue seems to bring its own misfortune. Last Tuesday a woman marched into the office without knocking and announced that her name was Mrs. Harry Martin and that she had a paper which she had written for one of the woman's clubs of the city. She was about twenty-six, stout and short, with black hair and eyes. As she walked toward me, the ornaments in her hat bobbed up and down energetically, and her set lips showed that she had come with a purpose and was going to accomplish it. She planted her feet firmly down, placed some type written sheets bound together with fasteners, on the desk, and stalked out of the room. Her article was about one of the great painters with a great deal about his life. It was one that would interest a large class of our readers, so I accepted it. There were a good many objectionable and even immoral parts in the paper so I used the shears and blue pencil (I am getting to feel like a real editor now), with great liberality. This morning almost before the doors were opened, Mrs. Martin burst into the office fairly bubbling over with wrath and indignation. Fortunately, I happened to be out, so she unburdened herself to the office boy, who laughingly recounted his experiences to me. Cut her paper without consulting her—not again—right to be plain and *say what you mean*—we'd republish correctly or—

well she'd do her best to ruin the paper. I have decided not to do anything at all about the paper for that seems to me the only way to treat such people.

August 2nd.—I balanced up the accounts this morning for the month and I am afraid we have gone nearly \$100 behind. I don't know what to do yet, but I will try it for another month and see what I can do with it.

August 3rd.—I had an interesting experience with an advertiser, or rather with a man I wanted to make one of our advertisers. I went into a dry-goods store of the second class to-day, it was a pretty mean, cramped store, but I thought I would try it anyway. The proprietor was a fat red faced man with a good-natured expression. He seemed much pleased to see me and as he showed a tendency to talk I let him tell me much of his family history, how trade had treated him for the last twenty years, how his son had mashed a toe under a coal wagon the other day, and innumerable other incidents wholly out of the advertising line. I spent over an hour there and managed to convince him that advertising was a good thing, but he said that he could not afford it. I told him that it was not a thing to be afforded but an investment to be made, but in spite of my lucid explanation he could not seem to see it that way, so I had to leave without any tangible result.

August 5th.—We got another interesting society item to-day. It said, "Mrs. Rachel Rosenstein gave a delightful rose-pink luncheon to a large company of her select friends yesterday. After finishing the delectable viands, the merry party adjourned to the two left-hand boxes of the Bijou theatre, where the ladies enjoyed the clever antics and acting of the vaudeville company immensely. Before breaking up Mrs. Rosenstein took them all over to the Crystal pharmacy for ice-cream soda." I have been having some pretty amusing items of that nature every day or so.

August 12th.—We mailed this week's edition of 2,000 copies in about three hours. This includes folding, address-

ing with the mailing machine, and taking to the post office. This work is really as tiring and disagreeable as any we have to do, but somehow we are so glad to have all the printing, advertising and writing finished that we all feel in a jolly mood. Some of the best stories I ever heard were told on those Friday nights. This evening it was eleven-thirty before we finished. I had a long talk with the foreman of the office and he told me how he had started as a little boy in a printing office. He began at \$2.00 a week and at that time he did not know how to read a word. But he was gradually promoted up to working the presses, and it was at that time that he taught himself how to read. From that position he has risen through his own efforts to be the foreman of our office. He seems like a rather well educated man, and certainly has the right stuff in him.

September 3rd.—I looked over the accounts to-day and found that we just about made expenses this month. It looks as if we would be making money soon if we keep up at this rate of increase. I have decided to try to raise the standard of the *Journal* by printing it on better paper, and increasing the number of pages. I am also going to make an effort to get new subscriptions, and if successful I will get some one to write up our society news, and will devote myself to the business side of the paper.

October 2nd.—We made some money this month, without any doubt! I have made arrangements to get a new editor for two of our departments. I am also going to raise the advertising rate for new advertisers.

January 1st.—The paper is going to be sixteen pages from this time on. We cleared about \$350 in December. I am going to get a linotype machine, one of those new machines that set the type and make a solid line of metal for each line of type. By this means, the type, except fancy kinds, will not have to be used but will be kept new all the time.

January 27th.—The new machine has been here for a week and we have a fairly good operator. To correct a mis-

take in a line you have to set a whole new line for the machine casts a solid line of metal.

February 2nd.—We made the most awful mistake to-day in the paper. When the operator set a new line of type on the new machine, he forgot to take out the old one. We had a fine article in this issue. It ended with a bit of poetry which the linotype machine produced thus :—

And with the love light dancing in her eyes,
She said in accts, xzyvw sdamn damn damnation.

The operator had made a mistake in the line twice before and the third time had got mad. When he went to correct the mistake he had put the wrong line in.

February 10th.—I advertised for designs for a cover for the new paper, and some of the ones submitted were ridiculous. One had an Indian shooting at a trusty trapper attired in leggings. The smoke from the rifle in some strange way had managed to twist about and weave in cabalistic letters the name of our paper. Another design submitted had the dictionary and Bible in front of a row of books which was to be used for the heading of "New Books."

March 3rd.—Still the paper is progressing. We have not made much money lately because of the improvements, and of course have paid only a small part on the linotype machine, but subscriptions are coming in unsolicited, and it is not nearly so hard to get advertising. I really believe the paper is going to be a financial success.

March 20th.—To-day I have been weeding out a lot of the stories I received when I first started the paper. I ran across some of the funniest ones I ever read. One began in a storm in a night of inky blackness. A sudden flash of lightning revealed the hero on a milk white steed fleeing from Indians, while clinging to him was a maid of lily whiteness who had fainted. I forget how this one ended. Another flowed along with much smoothness until the hero

was suddenly dashed from a cliff, and discovered to be a secret villain, while the villain who turned out to be the personification of all that was admirable carried off the prize. I threw the whole pack in the waste basket as altogether worthless.

April 20th.—I am afraid I am going to be sick. I have not been able to sleep for a long time, and my mind does not seem clear any more. I think I have been working too hard. I have been getting up at six o'clock and seldom going to bed before twelve.

May 15th.—I have been ill for some time and have concluded to sell the paper. I cleared \$400 in April, but the work is too hard for me.

May 27th.—To-day I closed the sale of the paper for a good sum, and besides that I have some money in the bank which I have made from the paper. The experience, too, has been of great value to me.

These are a few of the things that I found in the little red book. They had lain there ten years and I had forgotten many of the incidents, but the little book has made me feel once more the joy of the first money I ever made. I hear again the rattle and clatter of the presses, the chug-chug of the little gas engine, the click of the linotype machine, and the laughing and talking of the type-setters. Instinctively, I reach down for the proof hanging from the hook on my desk, it is not there. My little note book with the day's work all planned out, which I always kept in my little vest pocket, I cannot find. The news of the week, the stories, the advertisements, the copy, they are all gone. Search as I may, I cannot find them except in memory.

SIDELIGHTS ON THINGS CORNELLIAN.

OUR PEERLESS SLOGAN.

IT WAS our first day in Ithaca, and we were seated on the lawn. Suddenly some galvanic force jerked us to our feet. Was it Gabriel's trump? A hoarse, tearing sound ran through us. It rose and fell, and again weirdly rose and fell away to a ghoulish whisper. The air trembled with hideous screams and pulsated as with the shriek of forty thousand demons. Paralyzed with terror we stood rooted to the spot till the last echo had trailed away over the hills. Then it was that our little sister, aged six, broke the ghastly spell.

"Ma," she questioned in awe-struck tones, "is that the Cornell yell?"

Bless the little maiden! She called back our faculties.

"No, darling," her mother answered, "it's only the Ithaca fire whistle."

THE SCHOLAR.

The Scholar in mathematics sits at the end of the table. He is fond of referring with an English drawl to the fact that he comes from "The Ohio State University, Columbus, Ohio, you know." He arrogates to himself the lion's share of the talking, couching his statements in language which he probably regards as befitting his exalted position as Scholar. He has an opinion on every subject, from the drama to horticulture; and occasionally one can extract from his wealth of chaff a kernel of meaning. He punctuates his flowing periods with elaborate settlements of his *pince-nez*. He no doubt regards himself as the star boarder. In the eyes of the table, however, opinions differ in a sort

of a University scale ; the Freshmen are in awe of him ; the Sophomores are somewhat sceptical of him ; the two Juniors criticise him, and our one Senior once had a choking spell over a swelling disquisition which our scholar was giving us on Buddhism and metempsychosis.

THE FRESHMAN SPEAKS.

I was walking slowly up the hill towards the Library. All at once some one drew up alongside and 'gave me a hearty "How d'ye do." I answered the stranger civilly. It was just after the fall term opened and I set him down for a new-comer. I soon found I was right. My new acquaintance soon began to talk ; he chattered of all sorts of things ; he seemed particularly inclined toward personal history.

"Yes," he rattled off, "I've got a sister, you know ; she's dead stuck on—"

"How do you like the view of the lake ?" I broke in.

"Nice, ain't it ; that's one of the things sister liked so well when she was here ; she was here two years ago, you know. Funny, she and Char—"

"How did you happen to pick out Cornell for a college ?" I put in, trying to stop his flow of family history.

"Well, now, I'll tell you. I did think some of Harvard. But one day I heard our minister say that most of the big men nowadays came from Harvard. I didn't think it was a fair shake that one should have them all, and so I hit Cornell. I was in doubt at first, but one day when ma and pa got pretty hot—"

"That's the Registrar's office," I said hastily, and turned into the Library.

VIEWS FROM THE UNDER WORLD.

"Say, mister, what kind of a place is this, anyhow?"

The thick mist and gathering darkness prevented me for a moment from making out the speaker ; but as the fitful arc-light flamed up, I saw two of the most genuine speci-

mens of the hobo genus that ever walked a turnpike. They were standing in front of the Library.

"This? Oh! this is a university," I answered.

"A what?" asked the larger one, with a startled look on his face, and with an apprehensive glance at the strong, stone walls of the Library.

"A university, a college, you know," I explained, and the worried look left his face.

"Oh! 'tis, eh?"

"Yes, this is Cornell," I said.

"Why, this is where them fellers as plays foot-ball and yells a rag-time yell comes from, ain't it?"

"Bill," he said impressively, turning to his companion, "we heard 'em last fall when we was getting on that Pennsy freighter out o' Philly. We could hear 'em yell for a mile. And I read all about it in the *Journal* when we got to New York. And this is where they come from!" he repeated, as he looked reverently about him. "But what's all them buildin's fer?" he asked, pointing towards the shadowy masses of Boardman and Morrill, looming up against the dark sky.

"Do they learn to play ball in all o' them?"

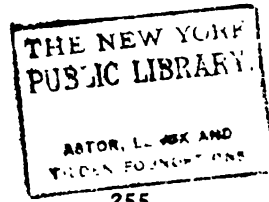
"Those buildings are to study in," I explained.

"What! do them fellers study?" he asked in a disgusted voice.

"Why, yes. They and the rest of us men and women, you know."

"And you got wimmin here!" he exclaimed in a tone that bespoke his shattered ideals. "I thought them fellers was the hull thing to Cornell. And they got to study!" he said with a world of commiseration in his voice. "The wimmin ain't good fer nothin' else, but *them* fine chaps!" He turned sorrowfully away, and the apostles from the Under-world splashed off into the darkness.

Lynn G. Wright.



SO SMITH SMOKES.

TWO young men, each holding in his hand a thick roll of large white copy paper, seated on opposite sides of Boardman A in the rear of the room, were eying each other suspiciously. From time to time they would cast short but furtive glances at each other and while one fidgeted about uneasily in his seat, the other sat perfectly still with no bodily movement other than an occasional scowl and twitching of the lips. Gradually, however, the two students, for it was evident from their dress and demeanor that they were students, began approaching each other, diffidently at first, and by degrees. When they finally met, the most careless observer could not help remarking the contrast between them. One was a tall but slightly built lad with light brown hair and keen blue eyes which together with the furrow that was already beginning to form in the center of his high straight forehead showed energy and indomitable pluck. The other was broad shouldered and thickset, with piercing black eyes which were crowned by heavy pointed eyebrows. The firm set mouth and square chin lent his countenance the stamp of determination and force.

With a faint attempt to smile and appear cheerful, the light-haired youth opened the conversation.

"Guess we're here to-night on the same errand, Millsie. Wonder how Heath came to forget to assign this debate? It certainly should have been covered by some member of the board. It was only by the merest chance that I happened to notice the mistake."

"Well, that's just exactly the case with me. I noticed only this afternoon that Heath had forgotten it and was counting on eight inches at least. But see here, Smith, supposing we divide this article? I'll write it up, take it

down and give you two-fifths credit. It's a miserable night to race. The wind is howling and whirling the snowdrifts and that Buffalo street hill was like a greased pole when I came up this afternoon. You run along home. I'll see that no one else scoops us."

"Um! I'll agree to the proposition turned around. I'll take three-fifths as you propose, and you can run along home."

"Pshaw. You don't need the inches as much as I do. You've a little lead now and everybody admits you've got your place sure if you work."

"Yes, but nobody is sure in this race. There's Ralstone gaining every day—assisted by Marshall, of course, who'll move heaven and earth to put him on the board. They're beginning now. I fear we'll have to race to-night but I do wish Ralstone were my opponent instead of you."

With these words, which were thoroughly friendly and sincere, they resumed their seats in the opposite corners of the room, to begin their stories. Newspaper "stories" are usually stereotyped, and a reporter after an experience of a year or two knows exactly how to begin a story of a disastrous accident or a fashionable wedding; of a great commercial combination or of a lecture on moral philosophy; he knows how to pad it with details and how to give it a strong ending. The *Sun* debate accounts contain an introduction, affirmative arguments, negative arguments and a conclusion. Almost any one with a fair command of English could write an excellent *Sun* story of a debate without the least mental exertion.

As soon as the debate was well under way it became evident that the Juniors had the side of vantage and were supporting it skillfully. The last speaker for Congress had just began his tirade to prove that the Nicaraguan "was the only feasible route," when Smith rose and moved quietly toward the door. Mills, who had been watching him as a cat guards a mouse, instantly detected him. Drawing on his heavy gray raglan coat and white woolen gloves, he fol-

lowed immediately. Smith's primary inclination to run was checked when a flurry of snow blew in his face as he opened the door. Instead he took time to properly adjust his long, yellow mackintosh and turn up the great velvet collar, and Mills came up.

"It would be useless to race all the way—that is, unless you want to. We can begin racing any time."

Mills was certainly satisfied with the arrangement. The basketball game which he had been playing in the afternoon had made him sore and tired. His knee was still stiff and he limped slightly as they passed down the walk by the Chapel without a word. The silence was only broken when they reached the Library by Smith's dissyllabic query, "Cross lots?"

Mills' answer was even shorter. He stepped out on the hard crisp snow whose icy crystals glistened and sparkled like gold dust in the yellow rays which shone through the row of windows of Boardman hall. They moved on side by side taking steps in unison. Occasionally the dead stillness of the night was broken by the chattering of Smith's teeth when the biting north wind blowing up the hill from the lake became too strong and cold. At times Mills' slipping on the ice would cause a grating noise. They were proceeding leisurely abreast when they reached Stewart avenue. "It's time now!" shouted Smith as he suddenly started scampering down the middle of the street, running, stumbling, slipping, sliding in the stiff, crusty ruts of ice in the roadway.

Before Mills realized what had happened, he had reached the sidewalk which was covered with a thin layer of ice as slippery as soaped glass. He started after, but having given himself an impetus he was compelled to slide, perpendicularly or horizontally, but slide he must. By the time he had managed to steer to a hitching-post, and had grasped it in his wild slide, and whirling round and round had finally reached the road, Smith had disappeared entirely. At Buffalo street Mills caught sight of a solitary black figure bobbing about in its zigzag course downward.

"Curse it! Why don't he fall or something?"

It was in the hope that his opponent would meet some accident similar to the one that had befallen him, that Mills continued the chase. He reflected that one is never sure of not falling on an Ithaca hill in winter unless one has just fallen and is still on the ground and that then one may slide indefinitely. But Smith turned the corner at Tioga street in safety, and as he disappeared Mills' hopes vanished.

When Mills reached the corner he perceived Smith standing on the porch of the *News* office rattling and kicking excitedly at the front door. This unexpected luck led Mills to spurt with renewed efforts for the building, but just as he reached it, the door was opened by the sleepy janitor. Smith was bounding up the stairs three at a time like an animal released from captivity as Mills pushed through the door, exhausted. He paused a moment to regain his breath and exchange a word with the smiling janitor about hard luck.

"Yes, an' the power's off agin. Smoke-stack blowed off in the power house. Its a good thing you don't get out a paper Saturday night."

Mills hastened up to the competitors' room of the *Sun* which was almost totally dark. The pictures of the former editorial boards around the walls and the files of papers were but dimly distinguishable. The huge center table was littered with exchanges and copy paper, across which Smith's mackintosh, coat and hat had been hurridly cast. Smith, in his shirt sleeves, was pacing the floor furiously and mopping his flushed, perspiring brow with his handkerchief.

"We're fools for racing," he muttered as Mills walked in, "the electric lights don't work, you can't find the file in the dark and can't finish your article—haven't got a match to my name."

"Sorry," drawled Mills sarcastically. "Happy thought for me to take those 'Windy Night' wax matches with that last box of cigarettes."

He closed the door of the editors' room, and unrolling his copy paper, added, by match light in the space he had left vacant for the purpose in his opening sentence: "The final debate for interclass supremacy Saturday evening between Congress and the Stewart L. Woodford club was won by the latter." A second match showed him the file hidden under an old number of the *Sun* on the edge of the desk. He forced his paper through the spindle with the satisfaction of a man who has accomplished a great undertaking.

Meanwhile Smith had been down stairs and by the light of the accomodating janitor's night lamp had penciled in his blank: "The Stewart L. Woodford club defeated Congress in the final," etc. He rushed into the editor's room, puffing and gasping.

"Well, you've gotten the best of me this time," he cried, endeavoring to conceal his chagrin.

"Yes," replied Mills smiling and lighting a cigarette. "Didn't think I would either, at one time. Have one?" he added, offering the box to Smith.

"Don't smoke."

Mills laughed in his own quiet way. "Pays to smoke sometimes. Wax matches, you know—and it's restful now after a hard race."

A long pause.

"Say, Millsie, I think I will after all."

That is why clouds of smoke filled the little editors' room in the *Sun* office during Smith's senior year and now curl up densely as he clips the papers and corrects copy till late at night for the *Syracuse Times*.

It's so restful, you know.

O. B. Y.

HIS EASTER SERMON.

THE tramp viewed the landscape with indifferent, half-closed eyes. Down at his feet the river gleamed, winding its way between low, grass-covered banks, till, a narrow thread of sapphire blue, it lost itself among the tiny islands far below. Above him was a sky of measureless, fathomless blue, while all around him lay the sunshine and the stillness of the Easter morning. Only a bluebird, trembling, vibrating with the impulse of the spring, broke the silence. Swinging daintily to and fro on the slender branch of a budding maple, he poured forth his whole soul in an ecstasy of song. An artist would have joyed to note how the blue of the bird's wing blended with the blue of sky and river. Sensitiveness to harmony of color, however, did not seem to be one of the characteristics of the tramp. Yet, despite the listless, expressionless eyes, despite the scowling lines of the face,—lines that come from habitually brooding over the proposition that the world owes one a living,—there was something in his face to rouse more than a passing interest. One wondered instinctively about the life he had known before his tramping days.

"Is you sick, man?"

The tramp opened his eyes wider. She came nearer, a wee maid, who might have counted her summers on the fingers of one hand, with eyes the hue of the bluebird's wing. Holding carefully a long stemmed lily, and with her free hand catching back her gown in a dainty feminine fashion, she peered with sympathetic eyes down into those of the tramp. He stirred restlessly. A sudden sense of his own incongruity with his surroundings and this dainty vision in blue and white woke within him. So he scowled a deeper scowl, and muttered, "No."

Neither scowl or frown abashed the little maid. She was as fearless as the bluebird.

"Then, why don't you go to church?" she persisted.

"Why should I?" came from the tramp.

The wee woman hesitated a moment: "'Cause it's Sunday, and Easter. Don't you hear the bells?"

No response from the tramp. She looked at him wistfully, a shade of childish pity in her face. "I wish you'd go, but, then, you aren't dressed for church, yet, are you?"

The tramp became painfully conscious of his appearance.

"I'll say my piece to you, would you like to hear it? It's very hard to say, and I don't know just what it means: I say it, you know, when I put my lily with the other ones."

"All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
All, all——"

She hesitated; "Oh, dear, what does come next?"

Unconsciously the tramp had straightened himself, as he took up the words,

"All I can never be,
All men ignore in me,—
This I am worth to God."

She flashed a wondering grateful look upon him. "Thank you, so much, now I won't forget it, I guess I'd better go. Good-bye!" But the tramp did not answer. He was gazing beyond her, beyond the river, beyond the weary years of bitterness and degradation of soul into the long ago time when he had known and loved his Browning.

Slowly the scowl faded from his face, and into his erstwhile listless eyes came the light of a new impulse.

"All purposes unsure," he murmured to himself.

There was a rustle again of the white gown. The little maid stood before him holding out her long stemmed lily.

"It's for you," she whispered shyly. "Please take it, and good-bye!"

For one half moment her cool, white hand rested in his grimed and seared one. Then he was alone, holding as if

it were a thing too sacred for him to touch, the pure white-petalled symbol of the Eastertide. No, not alone, for into his soul had come the consciousness of his manhood, the birthright he had well nigh lost.

And all the time the Easter bells were ringing.

J. A. S.

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THE PHOENIX.

LONG the bird gathered its own molten plumes,
 Fragments of spice-wood, richest myrrh, and oils
 Rarer than gold ; then massed them on the sand,
 The while the palms stood motionless, and the heat
 Shone visible. Next, darting high into
 The heaven, till, a mere pin-point, the eye
 Could just discern a blackness, it hung poised
 And waited. Sudden down the empyrean flashed
 The lightning's spear, tipping with blazing point
 The heap, till all flared out in flame, and blue
 The smoke curled skyward. Slow, in widening rings,
 Like some descending god, the great bird sank,
 Hovering o'er the brands. Down-dropping closed
 The wings, and it was lost.

Ash by ash
 The head grew gray, while white the bones, relic
 Of what had once been glory, lay half-hid
 Among the other. Up the last sparks blazed,
 And through the trackless desert reigned a deeper
 Silence.

Yet, as the one aspiring glow
 Touched its highest, forth sprang a living hue
 Of blue, gold, green, so marvelously fused
 That eye shrank dazzled back. Broadening wings
 Bore the new wonder up, as and, it rose,
 A strange, sweet song, divinely pure, thrilled through
 The land a rapture. Ever loftier
 Wheeled the rainbow bird, and, as it wheeled,
 The song rose clearer and more rapturous,
 Until a poet on far distant shores
 Heard it, and, hearing, swooned, so great his joy.

O. T. C.

A LEAF FROM MY JOURNAL.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1902.

THIS afternoon Harry called at my room and said :
" Come on, let's go skating ".

" I don't see how I can go to-day, old man, I've lots to do," I replied.

" Pshaw ! don't do it, come on. It's a fine day and I guess the band will be there ; besides, the ice is the best it has been this winter : I went up this morning to see, and it was smooth as glass and not a bit of snow on it. The wind is pretty stiff, but the air is so warm you don't seem to mind the wind at all. Come on, now."

Easily persuaded, the more easily, perhaps, because I had been longing to go all day, I hunted up my skates and in less time than it takes to write it, we were on the corner, waiting for a car. The car was crowded and everyone seemed possessed with the holiday spirit. At the Forest Home road there was a general exodus from the car of happy people who rushed merrily down the slippery path to the ice, and we went with the crowd. On the benches were seated a number of girls, some desperately gazing around to see if a man could be found who would put on for them the exasperating skates ; others were toiling laboriously to put on their own ; still more were ecstatically watching their cavaliers, as they worked with the straps and clamps, and were congratulating themselves on their good fortune in having some one to do it for them.

Near them stood other girls waiting for a chance at the benches, and beyond the ice was thronged with skaters of all ages, sizes and descriptions. Dignified business men and stern grayhaired professors mingled with the students and school children ; town and gown were about equally

represented. Not the least noticeable in the crowd, was the proverbial small boy, who was everywhere present, and whose observant eye, little escaped. Despite the fact that many had been hoaxed into coming by a vain hope that the band would be there, the skaters seemed happy and gay, even though there was no inspiring music. It was pretty cold for the band, and then they played all night last night for the Junior Prom. and I rather think they didn't feel very lively this afternoon. The sun shone warmly down upon the lake, casting a mellow light over the crowd of merry-makers. The day seemed almost ideal, the ice was in splendid condition, and everyone appeared happy and care-free.

The afternoon wore on, the bright sun-light waned, the air became more chill, the gayety grew less noticeable, so much are people influenced by external conditions. Many forgot the sun, as soon as its rays had ceased to warm, but those who watched it as it sank slowly below the horizon, witnessed a picture, with which the bright, warm, yellow rays of the afternoon could not compare. The western heavens grew purple and crimson; the red was reflected on the eastern sky. The light of the departing day, soft and rosy as it often is at dawn, seemed so cheerful, so calm and peaceful, that a feeling of quiet and contentment seemed with the oncoming night to possess the earth.

Let us take a glance at the panorama of nature; standing near the middle of the lake, let us gaze upon the picture before us. In a sort of bowl we seem to be, one of nature's amphitheatres, our little lake almost surrounded by wooded hills. Against a sunless winter sky, the trees which crown these hill-tops stand out with a distinctness almost ghastly, but to-night, softened by the rosy light, they have joined their cheerful surroundings, and their outlines though bare and leafless, are no longer desolate and drear. The soft splashing and low murmuring of the water of the lake, as it flows from under the ice and falls over the picturesque rocks in the gorge to the westward, come faintly to our ears

and mingle pleasantly with the softened chatter and subdued laughter and click of skates of those few who still linger on the ice.

Could painter imagine anything more ideal? See the rhythmic swing of those skaters as they speed over the glistening expanse of ice, their forms growing more and more vague in the gathering twilight; look above them, to the wooded hills standing guard over this playground of the children of men; look beyond the lake, the trees and the hills; through the breach in the hills to the west comes a soft, violet light, clothing in splendor the western hills; above all this, behold the sky, one wonderful picture in violet and pink, the light shining distinctly through the aperture of the wooded hills, and vaguely, suggestively peeping through the trees which hide so much of the western horizon.

The picture is fading, the tints are becoming paler, the glow has gone from the eastern sky, darkness is rapidly enveloping the earth, night is spreading a pall over the canvas. Let us stay a few moments longer; when we came, four short hours ago, how different was the scene, how bright, lively and sunny everything appeared. Now all seems happy but the noise and merriment are gone and quiet and peace reign instead. The sun's rays have disappeared, the picture is gone; there you can see the moon, which looked down, unnoticed as long as a ray of sunlight lingered. The stars are coming out, "silently, one by one," and in the radiance of these "forget-me-nots of the angels," and in your soft light, Luna, we will steal away, and leave the enchanting place to darkness and night.

J. E. M.

THE WAGER OF LOVE.

IT WAS the night of the Junior week Masque. The Lyceum was packed from orchestra to gallery. Jim Davis looked over the large audience with a feeling of pride ; pride in the good impression he knew it was all making on the fair Freshman by his side ; pride in the fair Freshman herself, whose beauty was drawing many eyes toward the box in which they were seated. There was still a third cause for Jim's pride and that was the greatest of all. While looking over the audience his eyes had wandered upward to the gallery, and there among the faces overlooking the gallery rail he saw Tom Morgan. The cause of his pride was this—Tom had once aspired to an intimate friendship with Janet Rockwell, his charming companion, and worst of all, he knew that although she was now engaged to him there still lingered in her heart a warm place for this same Tom. Now was a chance for bitter revenge.

With this thought uppermost in his mind he turned to Janet and said, "I never before saw such a swarm of gallery-gods."

"Gallery-gods?"

"Yes, that's what we call those fellows in the gallery above the balcony. You see a lot of fellows go up there who haven't enough college spirit to pay more than a quarter for the benefit of the Masque, or anything else. They never come down except to hear the Wilburs."

"Why the Wilburs?"

"Popular prices," and Jim laughed sarcastically.

"But don't you suppose they are fellows who really cannot afford to pay more?"

"Oh, yes, that applies to some of them and that's all right. But don't you know, there's a lot of short-skates—

that's what we call them—who never pay any more toward anything than they can help? They have no interest in the Masque, nor athletics, nor anything else. Just look up there for a second and size them up, of course you won't see anyone you know, but—"

"Why, yes, there's Tom Morgan in the very front row."

"Impossible! But yes, it is. I beg your pardon. However, he must not see us looking at him. See—the Glee club is ready to lead us in *Alma Mater*."

The Private Secretary was one of the most successful performances ever given by the Cornell dramatic club but there were two persons who did not enjoy it.

Tom Morgan had seen the look of recognition that passed over Jim's face when he first looked up into the gallery. He also knew that Jim directed Janet to look up and that she had seen him. If she had chanced to look up of her own accord he would not have cared. Tom seldom did things he was ashamed of and he was not ashamed of being in the gallery. Indeed he had cause to be proud of it, for he had invited two comrades to go with him who could not otherwise have gone. But he was angered at the contemptible spirit which prompted Davis to point him out in derision.

Janet Rockwell did not enjoy the play. She began to wonder if, after all, Jim was really the ideal she had thought him, when two years previously, in the impulsive spirit of genuine girlishness she had pledged her heart to him. This was not the first time during those two years that she had cause to question the depth of her love. Of course she liked Jim awfully well but she wondered if there wasn't someone who really had no faults, who came up to the ideal of her girlhood dreams. She tried to dismiss the thought as she had previously done with the philosophic sophism that all men are human and none ideal, but "it would not down" and she felt relieved when the counterfeit private secretary threw off his disguise, won his uncle's forgiveness and the hand of his lady-love.

After the Masque came the dances at several of the fraternity lodges but Janet did not enjoy them as the other girls did and was really glad when it was all over and the carriage rolled up in front of Sage cottage. Her room-mate was asleep but awoke as she entered.

Maude Mason was a delightful bit of femininity, always laughing, yet quicker to cry than most girls. Sympathy was her dominant characteristic and she often laughed away other girls' sorrows to go to her own room and cry over them alone. When Janet entered she saw at once that something was wrong.

"What's the trouble, Pussy? Has Tommy been flirting with someone else?"

When Janet saw the sweet look of sympathy on her room-mate's face, she ran over to the bed and throwing her arms around Maude's neck she burst into tears. Then she began to laugh and finally concluded by opening her girl-heart to Maude and telling her all her troubles.

"Very dramatic," laughed Maude. "Heroine chained by sacred ties to Doubtful Man. Doubtful Man scorns Honest Rival. The problem is—what to do? Now if this were a story that I was writing, and you were all characters in my story, I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd have Heroine fall in love with Honest Rival who reciprocates her love while Doubtful Man goes out into the dark night and hangs himself."

"No, that won't do," said Janet, laughing in spite of herself. "In the first place Jim won't 'go out into the dark night and hang himself,' and in the second place I'm not in love with Tom."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes."

"Are you very sure?"

"Yes."

"Are you very very sure?"

"No."

"O-ho! so perhaps my story will come true after all, but kiss me dearie and come to bed."

On the following day, while Janet and Jim drove to Taughannock Falls, Maude Mason remained in her room trying to think of some way in which she could help her room-mate out of her troubles. Suddenly she exclaimed, "I have it—that's just the thing to do." She hurried across the room to her desk and scribbled off the following note:—

My dear Tom—

Of course you know that I am engaged to Jim Davis. For this reason you may think I care for no one else. If so you are as much mistaken now as I was two years ago when I thought Jim my ideal man. May I not hope to see you this week? is the wish of thy sometime friend,

JANET ROCKWELL.

"There!" she exclaimed, "that gives him every encouragement while it does not compromise her—that is, so long as she didn't write it."

Junior week was over. Everything had been successful and everyone was happy. The Psi Upsilon theatricals were unusually good. The dances at the various lodges excelled those of previous years. The Cotillion almost eclipsed the Junior Prom. and the Junior far excelled all previous ones. The Cornell Livery and the Bool Floral Company had reaped rich harvests and some even whispered that business had greatly increased at Heggie's jewelry store.

On the night following the Junior Tom Morgan buckled on his campus-boots and ploughed through the snow to the Post Office, where he dropped into one of the three moving lines that nightly line up before the carriers' windows. He called for his mail and drew a solitary letter. Elbowing his way back between the lines he studied the handwriting carefully but it was unfamiliar to him.

When Tom found himself alone in his room the letter

was still unread. He tore it open, read it hastily, re-read it more carefully, and exclaimed aloud. "By Jove! that's a mighty queer move. Never thought Janet would do a thing like that. Hmph! Don't know what to make of that."

Tom was sorely puzzled. He had often hoped that Janet still cared for him; that the little misunderstanding which had brought an end to their youthful love had not entirely quenched the spark of affection. Still he had been too manly to press his claim when she had come to Cornell and their paths seemed once again to cross, for his home papers had announced her engagement to Jim Davis long before she came to college. Now, however, she had made the overtures and besides, as Tom told himself, "That Davis is hardly the fellow for her anyway. He's an out-and-out cad. Still, even a cad has some rights in the world. Better take it all—what shall I do! Hmph. Let's see—yes—still—hmph—yes, after all that's the only square thing to do."

He rubbed his head several times as if it ached, went undecidedly over to his desk and wrote a short note to Janet saying, that although he still liked her more than he cared to say, he could not think of renewing the old-time friendship until she had either broken her engagement with Jim or married him, in either of which events he hoped they should remain life-long friends. This note he addressed to Janet, enclosing with it the letter he had received from her, and sent it off at once by the landlady's boy to Sage cottage. Then he leaned back in his desk-chair and smoked far into the night wondering over the strange turn affairs had taken.

Whatever further plans Maude Mason may have had, were frustrated when Tom sent his reply by message instead of by mail.

Tom never for a moment doubted that Janet had written the letter. Great was his amazement then, when on the following day he received a letter from her saying:—

My dear Mr. Platt—I know nothing whatever about the letter you enclosed with your note. I assure you I did not write it. If you know me at all, you must know that I could never do such a contemptible thing as write to you disparagingly of one to whom I am engaged.

JANET ROCKWELL.

At first Tom was stunned. "What an ass I am," he cried, and then he swore, and then he jumped on a car and went down to Theodore's, where he joined some other fellows in crossing the Rubicon.

Owing to sickness in her home Janet did not return to college after the Easter recess and Tom was doing his best to forget her and the unpleasant episode that had concluded their friendship. Jim Davis was also doing his best to forget her in pleasant walks with her more vivacious roommate. For Maude Mason, since Janet had broken off her engagement with Jim, had found in him many good qualities and was doing her level best to make him a better man. This reformatory treatment required continuous walks to Forest Home, long drives along the shore of Cayuga lake, and sermons on the Cottage veranda.

Meanwhile Tom Morgan was winning in his uphill fight for recognition by his class. He had made the Varsity baseball team and gone with it on the Southern trip during the Easter recess. Some who were qualified to judge said that he was the pluckiest short-stop that had ever played on a Cornell team. Perhaps that was saying too much but nevertheless it was said and Tom was one of the idols of his class. The gallery-god had become an acknowledged idol!

And so the delightful days of late spring wheeled rapidly on and the day of the Spring Regatta drew near. Ithaca was thronged with admiring visitors who explored her charming gorges and took snap-shots of the pretty waterfalls. Every trolley car that climbed the hill was crowded with new arrivals eager to see the boasted beauties of the campus.

The day of the race dawned clear and calm. Shortly after lunch Tom hurried to the D. L. and W. station, for he had received a telegram from his sister saying that at the last moment she had decided to attend the races. She would arrive on the noon train and had a friend with her. The train was late—even later than usual—and Tom paced fretfully up and down the narrow platform fearing they would be too late to go on the observation car. But presently it rolled into the station and he saw his sister standing on the platform of one of the coaches, and with her—was it—yes, though he could scarcely believe his eyes, standing by her side was Janet Rockwell with the old look of girlish glee in her eyes.

The greetings over, they crossed the tracks to the observation train. The train started up the lake shore to the starting-point of the race. It had scarcely started before Janet exclaimed, "Why look—there's Jim Davis and Maude Mason just below us."

Maude recognized her old room-mate's voice and laughed back at them. Presently she scribbled a note on a leaf of the souvenir program and passed it up to Janet. It read, "Jim is a dear good fellow. I've wagered my heart on the Pennsy crew—really I hope they'll lose. I dare you to make a similar wager."

Janet passed the note over to Tom saying, "That's just like Maude, always treating serious things as if they were matters for jest."

"But" queried Tom, with a strange eagerness in his eyes, "are you going to let her dare you?"

"No," said Janet with affected abandon, but her lips quivered and the color fled from her cheeks.

Tom was happy. But now the race was on and all eyes were fastened on the three shells. The train slid back over the rails while the noise of the engine was drowned by incessant cheers.

The crews rowed close together and not until the end of the first mile was there a probability of guessing who would

win. From that on, the Cornell eight pulled slowly but surely ahead, while Pennsylvania and Columbia fought for second place. On raced the crews, and on followed the train. The cheering on the train was answered by the cheers from the shore as it became more and more evident that the Cornell men could hold their lead. Everyone that could sing joined in the Crew Song, the others unable to restrain their joy kept right on cheering. Men hugged each other like women, threw their hats into the air and wrung each other's hands. Girls waved their banners frantically in the air, cheered until they were hoarse, and pounded strangers on the back with never a thought of what they were doing, for however great the enthusiasm at a foot-ball game it is insignificantly less than at a crew race. At length Columbia crept ahead of Pennsylvania, but made no effort to overtake the Cornell eight whose long steady strokes rapidly widened the strip of water between them and the nearest opponent. The cheering increased in volume as the boats neared the finish, until one supremely deafening yell burst simultaneously from every mouth and told all the world that Cornell had won.

"We have won," cried everyone in a breath.

"We have won," shouted Jim and Tom significantly wringing each other's hands.

"We have lost," whispered Maude and Janet, and then everyone laughed.

Edwin M. Slocombe.



BEHIND THE SCENES IN DEBATING.

HE debater as he stands in the glare of the foot-lights, with one hand impressively resting upon the nearby desk laden with references, presents an interesting spectacle. Interesting because for the time being the fame of the University is in his keeping, for it remains with him and his colleagues to secure either victory or defeat. Therefore we, his fellow students, are all deeply interested in his success. It is a contest, a battle, and all the world loves a conflict, be it of brain or brawn. Only when the contest is over do we really learn what the average man really thinks about debating. He has perchance forgotten most of the arguments presented, but he recalls quite clearly that one man had red hair and long cuffs, that another was very large and shook his head a great deal, and he is willing to wager a fortune that the little fellow borrowed his dress suit because he sat on the coat tails and wrinkled them terribly. If the critic be of the fair sex she is quite sure to think that the other side should have won "because they were such fine looking fellows." The critic will then sigh a little and conclude the whole matter by saying, "My, how awfully dry it must be getting the thing all ready to speak!"

The latter remark voices the belief of practically every one not a debater. People imagine that those frequent meetings in White 16 must be a trial to the soul. Those present

are supposed to arrange themselves methodically around the room, sitting with much dignity, and never stirring except to answer questions or let fall words of wisdom. In short these meetings are supposed to be the most highly proper and stupidly dignified assemblages that can be imagined. What a pleasure it would be to take a person of such persuasion right into the midst of one of these afternoon sessions. He would probably hesitate as he came to the door and wonder if it were really safe to enter, for ominous noises come from within. The door once opened, what a sight appears! One man cutting waste paper with clipping shears, another whittling viciously upon the office ruler, and the third seemingly trying to break off the point of the Department's fencing foil in the key-hole,—all talking at once, all dead in earnest, and all so absorbed that they are perfectly unconscious of their ridiculous performance. The ruler is being waved up and down to attract the attention of the alternate, who is inclined to sleep upon the sofa. The fencing-foil is being used to point out the value of a pet line of argument to the head of the Department of Oratory, while the clipping shears are snapped emphatically to assist in expounding to the other faculty member a newly discovered plan that will surely lead the team to victory. Only the faculty members seem able to retain their equilibrium, the others for the time being are stupid monomaniacs, and should not be held responsible for their actions.

It may be asked why is this confusion allowed? Why does not the professor in charge compel the men to sit still and speak one at a time? There are two reasons. In the first place, these meetings are not class-room exercises in which the professor is in full authority. Indeed, the faculty members are present merely as advisers, and they wish the students to feel free to act as they see fit. In the second place, experience has clearly shown, that in the first meetings at least, such a method brings about the best results. At first no two of the men believe alike, yet these differences of opinion must be settled before anything can be accomplished

in the way of team work, and since nothing brings about unity of expression more quickly than free discussion, this is allowed. Debaters are merciless critics of their colleagues' arguments, and will point out a flaw with greater alacrity than would anyone else.

After a few spirited encounters of this nature, each man has abandoned the fond hope which he once held that his brief would be selected without alteration for the guidance of the team. When such a stage has been reached then it is time for systematic preparation to begin. Usually the first thing a Cornell team does,—for Cornell usually seeks, or is given the negative,—is to build up the affirmative case. Each man brings forward every argument of which he can conceive his opponents capable. For several days these arguments are collected and arranged until a very strong case has been made out; then it becomes the task of the team to demolish this "dummy." This means hard work.

To successfully overthrow these supposed arguments of the opponent, it becomes necessary to delve deep into figures, facts, and statistics. Here it must be frankly admitted that to most people this is anything but a pleasant task. Night after night to go on the hill in all kinds of weather, to wait with martyr-like patience at the Library call desk for the boy who is asleep with your books on the stair, and then to wade through volume after volume of the Statesman's Year Book, or the Census Reports, all this research is little else but drudgery. But even this task has its periods of relaxation, for it is impossible to work all the time. Now and then the overworked electric light plant will create a diversion by shrouding your labors in darkness, or some kind friend will rush up and spend half an hour telling you how busy he is, or perhaps a conversation party may be held in your vicinity, or most diverting of all, the periodical Library dog-fight may occur. If it were not for these diversions the studious researches of the debater would soon bring grey hairs. As it is he has frequent dreams in which he is pressed down, down, down, through

endless space by a mass of statistics which are slowly crushing him to atoms.

The next period in the preparation of a debate might well be termed the constructive period. Having ascertained the facts of the case, it now becomes necessary to build up a team argument. This means more frequent meetings, but now the meetings are much milder than formerly. Sometimes, indeed, the sparks fly as at first and a royal battle of words ensues. But gradually and carefully with careful discussion of every detail a brief is made out in which each of the three men is assigned his part. From this time on each man spends the most of his time and energy in perfecting his assignment.

These frequent meetings tend to bring about a unity in the argument that would at first seem impossible. There has however been another factor which has been instrumental in securing this desired unity, and that is the close association of the men. The more you are with him, the more you are willing to concede your colleague's ability. Indeed when you have enjoyed the hospitality of his room, smoked his cigars, and "stuck" him a few times for carfare, there grows up in your heart a real liking for the man and a certain sympathy with his point of view. It is this spirit of comradeship that does as much as anything to make the argument of the three men a unit.

From this point on the argument can be seen to grow daily in perfection. Everything seems to be progressing finely until about a week before the debate when suddenly the team seems to lose all the ground it has gained. The cause of this set-back is the scrub team and the criticism of a few professors who have been asked to witness a debate with the scrubs. The team goes to this minor encounter confident, and well pleased with its line of argument; it returns with its pride and argument both badly damaged. Nevertheless the men have merely been told the truth,—their gestures are crude, their pronunciation atrocious, their English ill-chosen, and their argument hazy. This

punishment is just what the team needs to spur them to their best efforts, and is no small factor in the production of a well conceived and logical argument.

When the all important night finally arrives the debater is given just fifteen minutes to show what he has accomplished in a period of over two months. If he wins he feels amply repaid. But win or lose he has received a training of great value. He has not been prodded on by a professor, or led on by hope of hours credit, nor has his work been done with the fear of a "bust" as an incentive; he has voluntarily given up many pleasures, and his valuable time, to do original research work in the argumentative field, and if he has been faithful he will find himself amply repaid. He who enters debating for a pastime will be bitterly disappointed, and he who enters it to secure fame may chase an elusive shadow, but he who debates because he likes it and desires the mental training will never regret his choice.

G. P. W.



THE IDLER

THE instructor in English had just finished reading a love-story for the delectation of a Freshman section. It was intended for their admiration.

"Well now, Mr. Blank, what do people want to read that kind of story for?" drawled a student.

The instructor asked a question in turn, "What do we want to get an education for? Are you familiar with Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies'?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Well, what does he say about the purpose of education?"

"I don't know."

"But I thought you said you had read it."

"Oh, I didn't read it; I studied it."

A Freshman English section was listening apathetically to the instructor who carefully read some selections from Hawthorne. To awaken interest and stimulate the dozing minds of the class, the instructor made a few remarks on the subject in hand, which happened to be ghosts, and attempted a question or two.

"Why, you all must have some idea of ghosts. Haven't you ever felt a person's presence in a dark room when you couldn't see them?" To the embarrassment of the instructor, the men all sympathetically and enthusiastically answered, "Sure!"

Saturday afternoon a Sophomore was standing just outside the recorder's office, talking to a man who, on the preceding afternoon, had acted as a special policeman. The policeman had just charged the Sophomore, in recorder's court, with taking a very prominent part in the disorder of Friday afternoon. Oh! The flood of impassioned oratory that student poured forth! His ruined and blasted career! His poor father! His poor mother! I believe he made some mention, also, of his poor sister. "Think, think of these," he cried, "and withdraw the charge. Gaze on my face and see my innocence. Do I look like a man who would hit a poor horse with a stone?" The policeman gazed but was evidently not satisfied for the charge was not withdrawn.

"No, I ain't hunted much o' late years," said old "Tip" Lewis, spitting contentedly at a leaf floating down the stream; "but when I war a boy there warn't many of 'em could beat me at it. I rec'lect one terrible hot day in July about forty years ago, I war mowin' over back o' Zebe Thompsons. I'd just got to the end o' my swath when I looked up an' thar, sir, right in front o' me, war a big buck deer. Waal sir, I took after that fool buck an' chased him clean over in by the Brocket Pond. I reckon folks as seen me that day thought I was runnin' some. But that thar buck could run, too, an' I'd never got him only long in the middle of the afternoon I chased him into a snow-bank an' killed him with my scythe."

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AMONG the many items of University news in the local press there appeared recently two which were perhaps of some interest to the readers of the ERA and were certainly of great interest to its editors. The first was a review of this publication, far from complimentary in its terms, taken from the *Oxford Magazine*. The second was a request from a western magazine for a story of Cornell life, by an undergraduate, for a forthcoming intercollegiate number.

When our English critic complained that all the characters of the stories were concerned solely with the subject of cribbing he indicated merely that he was reviewing only the number published at a time when that subject was of absorbing interest. When he thought that our authors must be mistaken in bringing their heroes to examinations in football sweaters he showed simply his lack of acquaintance with Cornell customs and standards. When, however, he deduced from the stories published very derogatory opinions of coeducation and the women students of the University he touched upon a real fault of our story-writers. Too many of their tales give an altogether exaggerated idea of a very unusual phase of life and affairs at Cornell. Of course it is to be presumed that the events described as occurring in the Sage parlors or back of the Library in the twilight do really take place, at times. But they are not typical; they are absolutely foreign to the experience of the average Cornell student. The continued repetition of this theme gives an entirely false impression of the state of affairs here, and an outsider judging entirely from the ERA stories is not to be blamed for getting peculiar notions of us.

* * * *

The request of the *Pacific Monthly* for a Cornell story emphasizes the same point. The University cannot afford to be unworthily represented, regardless of the nature of the occasion. If any contribution is to be made to the proposed collection of college stories it must be such a one as to give a general insight into Cornell life and character, and thoroughly typical. The editor of the ERA has been entrusted with the work of finding a suitable story to send west. None of the ones published in the past few years seem satisfactory, many for the reason given above, others because they are devoted to a topic which needs no advertisement, cribbing, or hold too narrowly to one line to be representative. The editor is still searching for the Great Cornell Story.

THE UNIVERSITY

AT the Junior Smoker Professor Morse Stephens announced his resignation from the University faculty, to take effect at the close of the college year. He leaves Cornell to take the chair of Modern History at the University of California. His loss will be keenly felt. To Cornell men at large he is one of the best known members of the faculty. The younger generation know him by personal contact, both in their University work, and in the many student interests; the older Cornell men know him as a charming and always willing speaker at Cornell banquets and smokers all over the country.

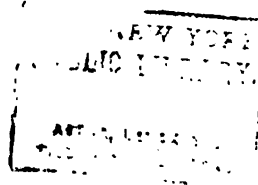
Professor Powers of the Political Science department, has also announced his resignation. He leaves Cornell to devote all his time to his Bureau of European Travel. Professor Powers has shown himself a most capable and interesting lecturer, and his courses are very popular.

The ERA wonders if something cannot be done to discourage this rapidly growing resignation habit among our faculty. Very recently we have lost such men as Benjamin Ide Wheeler and Professor Redfield, and at the end of this year we are to lose Dean White, Professor Stephens and Professor Powers. If other institutions offer these men higher inducements, can we not afford to make it worth their while to stay at Cornell? Other men may be secured to take their seats on the faculty and to go on with their work. But men like Professor Wheeler, Dean White, and Professor Stephens stand for something more than this; they are a part of Cornell, as well as a part of the Cornell

faculty, and they are the men who have made Cornell what she is to-day.

The base ball team returned from the Southern trip with the very good record of seven victories, one defeat, one tie game, and one game not played on account of rain. The work of the team while on the trip was very encouraging. When the team left for the South there was a lack of experienced pitchers. But the new men have shown up very well, and several should develop into good Varsity men. Another encouraging feature of the trip was the general ability shown to hit the ball hard and often. There is an unusually small number of candidates for the team this spring, but what material there is, seems pretty good, and if the team keeps on as it has begun, we should win a large percentage of our important games.

A Decoration Day race for the Second Varsity, to be rowed in Ithaca, seems at last to be assured. During the Easter vacation arrangements have been completed by which Harvard is to send a Weld or Newell crew to Ithaca. This is very good news for several reasons. It is some time since we have met Harvard on the water, and we are very glad of the chance to welcome a Harvard crew in Ithaca. Then a race in Ithaca centers interest in the crew as nothing else does, and is popular among oarsmen, students, and townspeople. Regatta week last year was a very enjoyable occasion. The ERA hopes we may have one this year even more successful.



THE ERA

WOODFORD ORATIONS.

OUR DUTY TO THE FILIPINO.

THERE come times in the life of every nation when politicians, party ambitions and petty jealousies should be laid aside, and the universal attention directed to the question of the hour. For the United States one of these times has come. Our duty in the Philippine Islands is the problem that every citizen of the United States should place foremost for his daily attention ; because on the wisdom of the solution of that problem, depends not merely the fate of eight million Filipinos, but in a more important sense the future of our own institutions is to be largely affected thereby.

The fact that our government has adopted a policy in regard to these new possessions should not satisfy us. To be sure any policy a government adopts has strong presumptions in its favor, but all governments, like the individuals that actuate them, are fallible ; and hence their decisions are open to question. We have adopted a policy in the Philippines that may well be criticised, because three years of experience there convinces the most optimistic that there is a weakness in it somewhere.

The weakness is two-fold. The extreme difficulty of applying the policy, and the total absence from it of fea-

tures likely to win the confidence of the Filipino. Our intention is to rule those islands by force, if need be, until such time as in our estimation the inhabitant is capable of ruling them for himself. But how are we to determine when the Filipino is capable of self-government? And when he is actually able to manage his own affairs who is to make us give him his government? We are the arbiters of the case, not the Filipino. We must agree and be satisfied that he has reached that condition. We make no pledge that we will give him his independence. We have not guaranteed it to him. There is not and cannot be any certainty in his mind that our government will ever consider him capable of exercising that right. There is no standard whereby we can measure efficiency for self-government, because the efficiency of republics is as variable as the efficiency of the men composing them. If we had a standard, a fixed, determined standard, that the Filipino could rely on, and if when he reached that standard, he could insist on the fulfillment of our obligation, our present policy would be less objectionable because the Filipino could then know that when he reached a certain condition his government would be handed over to him. But as it is, he knows that we have no criterion by which to judge him; therefore he insists to-day that he is capable of self-government, and he will continue his insistence and we will continue our refusal. The result will be eternal confusion, eternal discord.

To be sure, if he were an American he would view things as we do; but he is not, and he cannot see things with our eyes. He has been a victim of Spanish oppression for centuries, with the result that he has an ingrained prejudice against foreign rule, and an uncontrollable desire for self-government. He sees every other state that has revolted from Spain an independent unit in the great family of nations, and to think that he must still be a subject is almost unbearable. He thought that when Spain was driven from the islands his independence was assured. He did not know that when our army officials gave him to un-

derstand that the islands would be his, that our government was not bound by their promises. He believes that he has been tricked and is suspicious even of us, the justification of free government. And what have we done to allay his honest suspicions? What sympathy have we shown for this man, "bent by the weight of centuries?" Our sympathy has been blinded by such a high sense of duty and national honor that we have not seen the necessity of first gaining his confidence. This we must win sometime, somehow, and our present policy is not the best means of accomplishing that result, because we have swept the islands with an American eye-glass and our whole vision has been affected thereby.

Any right policy that we undertake toward the Filipino will recognize these conditions that harass him. If we want peace in those islands we can have it, but we must convince the Filipino of the fairness of our intention. We must give him a definite binding pledge that at some not far distant time he can be an independent man. We must show him a visible sign of our honest motives. If we want to end an otherwise interminable warfare we must hold up to his constant gaze, not alone the symbol of a strange liberty; but in every breeze that floats the Stars and Stripes let him see the little flag of his own republic. Then and not until then will the Filipino be content. Then and not until then shall the United States have discharged the duty that it owes to the Filipino, as well as to itself.

Now what insurmountable reasons are there for the continuation of our present policy? Trade reasons are farcical. One or two ports in the islands that would gladly be ceded to us, would be ample protection for all our trade interests in the Orient. Before one-tenth of our people knew where the Philippine Islands were, our trade had conquered the markets of the world. If those islands were ten times their size, ten times their worth, ten times their power, the damage to our trade from their loss would not be felt in the humblest home of the humblest laborer in our land. At all

events, shame, and shame again, on the man who thinks that for trade reasons the United States should rule the Filipino, without his consent.

But we are told that if we do not hold the islands, Europe or Asia will conquer them. Yet why do not we conquer them? We have been fighting them for three years and there is no sign of peace. We are as strong and brave as any power of Asia or Europe, and besides we have the nominal consent of half of the islanders; yet we have not conquered them. Where is the logic then in saying that a power of Europe or Asia would do it when that power would have the whole eight millions of Filipinos to overcome? I ask you, are we not a little inconsistent? England, one of the strongest military powers in the world, has been in South Africa for over two years trying to subdue a handful of Boers. Has she done it? No! And her historians are to-day writing the darkest pages of her history. Place eight million Filipinos in the Transvaal and England's power would last, not twenty-four hours. Europe and Asia have learned a lasting lesson from these struggles for independence, and if the rising and setting sun of these oriental islands glistened on mountain tops of purest gold, they would hesitate long before undertaking such a hopeless task. Those islands are safe from Europe and Asia, and if we did not know this in the beginning, there is little excuse for not knowing it now.

But granting that they might protect themselves, we are met with the assertion that they cannot govern themselves. If the Filipino can retain his island home against the rest of the world, if, as Admiral Dewey says, his intelligence is of a higher order than that of the Cuban to whom we have given self-government, if, as the president of the first Philippine Commission asserts, "they are a more educated people than is generally supposed and nearly ten per cent. of them are educated," by what strange process of reasoning do we come to the conclusion that they cannot govern themselves? This percentage would leave eight

hundred thousand educated people in the Philippines ; one man in every ten. Truly are they more educated than is generally supposed. If our government to-morrow were to call upon one-half the South American republics to present similar credentials for statehood or forfeit their right, at least five of these republics would have to return to subjection. Ten per cent. educated in the Philippines, not eight per cent. in these republics ? I ask again, are we not a little inconsistent ? Why deny independence to the Filipino and allow it in his inferior ? These South American republics exist and they are not costing us one hundred million dollars a year either ; they are not costing us any lives, and above all else they are not committing us to a precedent which may break the chain that links Roosevelt to Washington and that may weaken the corner-stone of all American greatness—I refer to imperialism. Imperialism that has drawn the shades of eternal night around a dozen empires and saps the life strength of as many more, stands at last at the feet of the Goddess of Liberty. Liberty—Imperialism ! What a contradiction ! Together, what an impossibility ! Better that the archipelago should sink into the bowels of the earth, than that the mission of the United States should be foiled by such an evil.

What is the result of our policy ? The Filipino still asks for his independence and there is every reason to believe that under our present policy the United States will never rule that people in peace. “ Our civil government,” says a writer in the March number of the *North American Review*, “ is enforced there, not by consent, but by the bayonets of our soldiers.” General Chaffee, himself, admits that the whole nation is set and determined against American rule. The war has already cost us nearly five hundred million dollars and many thousand lives, and still there is no end in view. This is the result.

Why persist any longer when every reason of honor, duty and interest is opposed to a long and forcible rule there ? Why not, since conditions are favorable give the

Filipino a binding guarantee of independence, that he may have something to look forward to besides American rule forever? Promise him the independence to gain which he is ready to lay down his life. Remember it would be only a promise of that for which we ourselves sacrificed so many victims to acquire. A promise of a right that we hope some day shall be extended to the whole world. We loose nothing, he gains much. You say a little thing? Granted. But it may be the cause of saving tears from the eyes of many a mother, sister, sweetheart. A little thing, but it may add another brilliant gem to liberty's diadem. A little thing, but it may end a useless warfare and establish a peace that will be another signal triumph for American justice, American honor, and American principles.

Francis Xavier McCollum.

OUR SOUTH AMERICAN POLICY.

HE who knows not our past policy toward South America is unfamiliar with one of the brightest pages in our history. Let him open and read in a single line that declaration which sounded the death knell to Europe's political power in the new world: "America for Americans!" Thus eighty years ago, when the republics to the south of us were yet in their infancy, did we constitute ourselves their protector; and to-day, standing upon the threshold of a new century, rejoicing in the strength of a world power, we warn all nations that we will defend to the uttermost the integrity of these our sister republics.

Excluding Europe from South America has given us the opportunity to work out our own salvation free from foreign entanglements, and has contributed in no small de-

gree to our present greatness. But what has this policy done for South America ?

We may justly claim that the people of these republics are more prosperous and contented under their chosen form of government than they could ever have been under the domination of Spain. And the rapid advancement of Chile and Argentina is a fit monument to the policy which has made that progress possible. Would that we might claim that under our beneficent protection *many* of these republics had blossomed into the perfection of prosperous and stable governments. But alas ! how few of them are either stable, or progressive, or even representative. How often they respond not to the voice of the people but to the imperial will of a dictator who has mounted to his seat of authority over the bleeding bodies of his fellow-countrymen. We saved South America from foreign foes and foreign dangers, but we have not saved her from the heritage of two hundred years of Spanish misrule and oppression. We have not saved her from the anarchy and strife that blocks her wheels of progress, turns liberty into license, and republican government into despotism. South America is the home of Revolution.

Ah, but you say, these conflicts are little more than mock battles on a painted stage. Do not imagine for a moment that civil war south of the Equator is one whit less terrible than civil war north of it ! A spirit of hatred fills the land ; brother is turned against brother, and father against son ; flourishing cities are laid in ruins, whole provinces given to the flames ; and thousands upon thousands of brave men sink into nameless graves. Go to the battle-fields of Argentina, where the dictator Rosas slew twenty-four thousand to gratify his inordinate ambition. Tell the people there that they know not the meaning of war ! Stand upon the plains of Colombia slippery to-day with the lifeblood of fifty thousand, and gaze at that soldier as he pillows upon his knee the head of his dying brother ; stand by that mother, as with tearless eyes and in silent agony,

she lays her only son deep in the quiet grave. Say to them that they know not the horrors of war ! Here is all the anguish, the sorrow and the bitter desolation of war. The history of South America is but a chronicle of its wars written in the blood of its people. War ! War ! War ! The curse of South America !

How to remove this curse ? For eighty years South America has struggled with this problem in vain. Shall we with cool indifference leave her unaided to struggle for eighty more ? Such a course would draw upon us the merited censure of the civilized world. Inasmuch as we hold ourselves the sole guardians of these republics, it is but just that we should do all in our power to make them republics worthy the name. But how shall it be done ? Shall we, as suzerain, enforce peace by the sword ? Such a policy leads over broken pledges and through a sea of blood ; for these people love their independence and will fight for it. Think you that liberty is less dear to them because their language is different and their skin a trifle darker ? Ninety years ago they drove from the land Spain, then at the height of her colonial power, and ninety years of independence has served only to implant deeper and deeper in their hearts, the love of liberty.

But there is a way for the salvation of our sister republics in full accord with our traditional policy of friendship. This regeneration is to be accomplished, not by war, but in the spirit of peace and good fellowship ; not by magic—the work of a night—but by natural means, by a gradual growth ; not by sacrifice on our part, but by a process that will even increase our prestige among the nations. The salvation of South America lies in the extension of its commerce, the increase of its industries, the development of its natural resources,—in raising the standard of living. Let the people once become thoroughly engrossed in business enterprises and industrial pursuits, and they will have little time, and no inclination, for war. And the United States, by virtue of its unbroken policy of friendship and its

supremacy in the industrial and commercial world, is of all nations best fitted to imbue this country with the new life that will be its salvation.

And the development of these republics is a fair and pleasant duty, did we but know it. From the broad reaches of the Amazon, glistening in the fierce heat of the equator, to the rocky, ice-bound Straits of Magellan four thousand miles away, there lies a country bountifully endowed with all the natural resources of a mighty empire ; threaded with mountain streams having the latent power of Niagara ; crossed by numerous rivers, each broad enough and deep enough to carry the fleets of the world ; a country covered with endless forests of rare woods and mighty timbers, with grassy prairies where the cattle roam by millions, and hiding in the rugged recesses of the Andes, exhaustless treasure-houses of coal and iron, gold and silver, and precious stones. A veritable Eldorado !

But to-day the exploitation of these marvelous resources is scarce begun. Argentina, the most progressive republic in South America, has only six per cent. of its arable land under cultivation and looks to Europe for the bulk of its finished products. A whole continent waiting to be developed ! How much longer will our merchant fleets seek the far-away shores of China, India, and Africa, and sail to the distant isles of the sea, ignoring the nearby trade, that if once developed and retained, would insure our commercial supremacy for generations to come ?

South America needs scientific husbandmen and modern implements to till her rich soil, mining experts and capital to exploit her precious ores, machinery to harness the power of her waterfalls, energetic capitalists to found new enterprises and manage her great potential energies. We can supply all these and not exhaust a millionth part of our resources, but rather by the giving increase our wealth and power many fold.

Send them of our American thrift, energy, and enterprise ; of our industry and capital and managing genius, and

then will you see a country transformed : fields of waving grain, orchards, and rich farm lands where to-day is naught save the lonely prairie or the giant forest ; the rush and the roar of the locomotive and the click of the telegraph, where now the stillness is never broken save by the cry of the wild beast or the dashing of the mountain torrent ; mighty cities astir with the busy cares of millions, where now are a few mud huts or a struggling village. New highways, railroads and telegraphs will draw closer and closer together the separated parts of each republic ; new steamship lines, an intercontinental railway and the Isthmian canal—all the power of steam and electricity—will join together in sympathy and mutual prosperity these two continents which the hand of Providence joined before time began. Bind city to city till each republic becomes a unit. Bind republic to republic till the whole continent becomes one in the realization of a common race, a common language, and a common destiny. Bind continent to continent till our prosperity becomes the prosperity of South America ! Then will the people of these republics—absorbed in industrial pursuits and in touch with the world—realize that the prosperity of their country means their prosperity, that her fame is their fame, her honor their honor. Then will they be less tolerant of anarchists and dictators, of war and bloodshed, and will be more and more content to bury petty strife and ambition in the all-absorbing love of a prosperous and united country.

Be it our proud boast at some future day, that as we called these republics into being, protected their infancy and fostered their growing strength, we also freed them from the curse of revolution, that the decree of destiny might be fulfilled, that the two continents of America might become the home of truly representative government, the dwelling-place of liberty.

George Payne Winters.

THE AMERICAN HOME IN ITS RELATION TO AMERICAN NATIONALITY.

The home is the basis of any state. From it have sprung all other forms of association and around it they all still cling for support. The moral standard of a nation is invariably a reflection of the home life of its people. France affords abundant proof of this assertion. Her moral standard is comparatively low and the homes of her people are but mere dwellings. This lack of conception of the true function of a home is given by social scientists as the principal cause for the very marked decline in the influence and power of France. Her recruits of to-day are far inferior to those of a generation ago. Her industries, her finances, and even her literature are fast falling into the hands of an exotic race—the Jews. When we look for causes we find the significant fact that France has no conception of home or its purposes, while the Jews make love for home and family part of their religion. Though no race has been so persecuted, denied so many privileges or driven about the world in such heartless fashion, still the Jewish race is stronger to-day than ever.

A reason for all this is clear. The traditions, the principles and the virtues of a people can best be inculcated in each new generation during its infancy and throughout its childhood—and infancy and childhood belong to the home. Churches, kindergartens, schools and other like public institutions can supplement its work, but the best teachings of any public institution can be counteracted by the influences of a vicious home. The subtle power of a good home cannot be found in a public institution. France with her baby farm and her creche, has learned this fact after a bitter

experience. Her experience is conclusive against the socialistic theory that desirable citizens can be reared by the state. There is an indefinable power existing in a home which cannot be generated in an institution.

Especially is this true in a free country where the people themselves are the rulers. In America where the national policy is subject to a change every four years the home is of vital importance in preserving American traditions and policies. These cannot be preserved in institutions, because institutions smack too much of government. They are better fitted for the training of subjects, while the true home is and ever must be the playground of free citizens.

Now what is the trend of home life in American society? The wonderful industrial achievements of the last fifty years have undoubtedly changed our standard of living. There is strong evidence that in this change we have lost much of the importance we used to attach to home life. The more intense struggle to set the pace or to follow the leaders, has blinded many people to the power lying dormant in home training. Parents are giving over their duties to the kindergarten, the church and the public schools, relying on these institutions for the moral and intellectual training of their children. In this way they have more time to devote to social duties, individual pleasures or the amassing of material wealth. Divorce statistics reveal a startling tendency on the part of the American people to disregard the marriage vows, which alone make home sacred. The more intense materialistic spirit of to-day is making marriage a mere question of profit and loss. The increasing number of celibate lives and the ever increasing proportion of childless marriages bear further witness to the workings of this materialistic spirit. These tendencies are all the more alarming because they prevail most among those classes better able to meet the financial obligations of home life. Recent census reports show a decided falling off in the birth rate among the native population. In striking contrast with this the birth rate among the negro and foreign population

is remarkably high. In our cities the slum districts have a large birth rate, while those districts characterized by business success furnish only a small proportion of future generations. The inevitable result of all this will be, that the sturdy stock which made this country powerful will soon be exhausted, and future generations will draw unduly from the inferior stock that has drifted here from the old world ; a result incompatible with social progress.

These facts have been cited not to prove that we have entirely lost our home life, but to show the existence of tendencies which if persisted in, will ultimately lead to such a loss ; to a condition of affairs in which marriages will be dissolved as easily as they are made, in which homes will be only places of abode,—no longer guardians of civic virtue or producers of the stabler kind of citizens. With such homes as her basis, America can expect no better fate than that which befell the Roman Empire and which now seems to await the crumbling power of France.

But American principles have been established at too great a cost to be lost so easily. Remedies to counteract the insidious evils at work must be found. The importance of the American home must be realized. Legislation can help in many ways, such as in laws to safeguard the marriage ceremony, and make the severance of marriage bonds more difficult. Laws protecting factory workers, prohibiting the crowding in tenement districts ; in short, laws which look to an improvement in the surroundings of the more unfortunate element, can do much to remedy present evils. But legislation to be effective must spring from a popular demand, which sees its need and will see that it is enforced. And so, after all, the real remedy lies with the people themselves. There must be created a public opinion that will estimate the home correctly and regard it as an institution making for the betterment of society, fulfilling offices peculiarly its own.

Instruments for creating such an opinion exist on every hand, but there are no more efficient ones than the schools

and universities. In them the men and women of to-morrow, the leaders of the future, absorb the broader principles of life. These institutions should not be content with the single aim to fit one for the battle of life, to enable one to earn a living. But the higher purpose of teaching one his duties toward society and his obligations as a social being should also characterize these institutions. The career-loving woman should be able to learn from the study of social science that there is no office possessing greater possibilities for glory, requiring greater qualifications, or productive of more far-reaching results than the office of true motherhood. A man's education is not complete unless he has learned to realize the influence a woman may wield from her position as mother, and to grant to her every privilege of education and refinement. She is the center and life of any home, and the highest type of an educated man, whether college bred or reared in the broad school of practical experience, possesses a profound respect for her and her world. It is along such lines that institutions of higher learning can be a great factor in shaping a public opinion that will be of inestimable value to the American home, hence to America herself.

Our social reformers and charity workers are beginning to realize that the forcible suppression of social evils does not guarantee a better society. They are beginning to work at the root of the matter and to eradicate social evils by creating better homes among the poorer element. The present alone profits when an individual is reclaimed, but the future will also rejoice when a home is reconstructed on a firm foundation. When the home becomes the agent of social reformers everywhere, society will speed its way to a more perfect state.

Thus the remedy becomes one of simple education, yet how difficult of application. To hold up an ideal is one thing ; to get people to live it is another. Would that I might paint in enduring colors an ideal home ! Not a glittering palace, nor yet an abode of passing elegance. But a

simple place where the finer forces of love, integrity and sincerity of purpose held sway ; where burns an ambition not for mere place, but for character ; where a mother's love generates in the young breast a love for friendship, for country, for honor ; where civic virtue is held above a greed for gold and glittering notoriety. It is only in such a place that American citizens of the highest type are reared. It was in such a place that every prominent man in America from the venerable Washington to the martyred McKinley received his first lesson in patriotism. And if America is to be the standard bearer of the world's progress in this great process of civilization, the American home must be kept and revered as the fountain of American principles.

Ralph S. Kent.

CECIL RHODES.

UP a freshly blazed trail to the summit of a lofty peak of the Matoppo hills, march in a solemn procession, five miles of English, Dutch, and natives, bearing to its rock-hewn tomb the body of a great Anglo-Saxon. The stately requiem echoes through the silent grandeur of the mountains ; the tribute of flowers and tears is paid ; the sad rites of Christian burial are performed ; the natives offer sacrifice to the shade of their Great Father ; and Cecil Rhodes is left with his kinsmen, the everlasting hills. And as they stand forth upon the South African landscape, heedless of storm and tempest, so shall he stand in South African history, unscathed by criticism or prejudice.

Rhodes left Oxford at sixteen, and journeyed to South Africa in search of his health. There his observing and thoughtful nature was deeply impressed by his surroundings.

At the Cape he saw unlimited wealth. Stretching far away to the north a vast continent of untold resources and most salubrious climate, lay unclaimed and unoccupied. With this land of promise he contrasted his own overcrowded England with its struggle for existence, its poverty, its misery ; and his youthful heart swelled almost to bursting as he thought of the golden opportunity here for the feeble and unfortunate at home. What a sturdy race would spring up from English stock and flourish on these great plains, and what a source of strength this would be to the British Empire !

He reflected again that this was the last great continent open to the civilized nations ; and, with characteristic foresight, saw that the nation which had a controlling interest here would be the nation of the future ; the civilization which prevailed here would be the civilization of the time to come. And he resolved that it should be Anglo-Saxon.

But note the magnitude of this youth's conception. In conversation one day with a friend, he drew his hand across the map at the Zambeisi river and, in a burst of confidence exclaimed "All English, that's my dream." What a Utopian dream ! How impossible its realization ! His friends laughed at him ; his government ignored him.

Utopian and impossible as it seemed, he, nevertheless, determined to bring it to pass. His was no idle dream or lazy longing. It crystallized into a fixed and definite purpose which was to guide and control his entire life. Being a practical man too he saw that to realize his ambition he must have power, and power was to be obtained primarily through wealth. "Gold," to use his own words, "not steel, is the Archimedes' lever of the modern world." And this lever he determined to acquire.

Though feeble in body and poor in purse, he was strong in energy and powerful in will. He completed his education at Oxford and acquired wealth at the same time. With the characteristics of an American business man, he seized every opportunity of making money, and not one failure

can be counted among his numerous financial ventures. He amalgamated the diamond mines, operated the *Gold Fields*, organized and managed the *Chartered Company of South Africa*, and had well nigh connected Cairo with the Cape, when his career was cut short by the hand of Death. The story of his triumph over the almost insuperable obstacles of that wilderness reads like a romance. He started a poor boy ; he died the possessor of millions.

On this account he has been called "mercenary," "adventurer," "money-grabber." It is true, he did not possess the sensitive conscience and chivalric honor which made General Gordon refuse the roomful of gold, offered him by the Chinese Emperor for crushing the Tai Ping rebellion. Rhodes frankly declared that he would have taken it and as many more roomfuls as they would have given him. Not, however, for selfish or personal ends ; but because he recognized the potency of wealth in the accomplishment of his great schemes. "It is no use," he says, "for us to have big ideas if we have not the money to carry them out."

This was his attitude toward wealth throughout his life and consistent even to death, he bequeathed the bulk of his fortune to further the cause of education and of world-wide peace. Wealth for him was a means—always ; an end—never. With simple tastes, no desire for luxury, a positive dislike for all ostentation and display, he combined the riches of a Croesus with the simple life of a Puritan. His fortune was not for himself but for his country, his race ; not to minister to his own desires but to the needs of mankind.

A great financier,—he was a greater statesman. He believed in peace, not war ; in union not isolation ; in harmony, not discord. As Premier of Cape Colony he did his utmost to unite the Dutch and British and to secure fair treatment for the natives. So successful was he in amalgamating the whites that the great majority of the Dutch in South Africa gratefully acknowledged his leadership ; while

in his own vast domain of Rhodesia, Boer and Briton to-day work and fight side by side in completest harmony.

With the natives he was equally successful ; his treatment of them has been described as " sentimental kindness." His plan of ruling them through their own tribesmen, his insuring them fair wages for employment, his Glen Grey Act, designed to protect, educate and elevate the black man, together with the progress of that race under his control are evidences of the highest statesmanship. The swimming baths, recreation grounds, schools and colleges built out of his own private purse testify to his generosity and his humanitarian desires.

Of all the statesmen who ever faced that delicate race problem Cecil Rhodes alone approached a successful solution. He alone met with the almost unanimous approval of the English ; he alone gained the confidence and support of a large majority of the Dutch ; he alone secured the absolute faith and love of the natives. By birth an Englishman ; by residence and interests a loyal Afrikaner ; by nature a friend of the weak and oppressed ; fitly is he called by the Dutch the " Englishman with the Afrikaner heart," and by the natives, the " Great Father."

Such masterly statesmanship, combined with great financial and organizing ability, are the qualities which made Rhodes successful where others failed ; which enabled him to realize the dream which others had pronounced absurd and impossible. In spite of the opposition of enemies, the discouragement of friends, the hindrance of his own government he persevered. The Utopian, impossible dream of his youth went to the Zambezi—its realization seven hundred miles beyond, embracing a territory to the north of that river about six times the size of the mother country. Almost single handed this man has opened up to all the benefits of Anglo-Saxon civilization the vast territories of Bechuanaland and Rhodesia, whose total area is equal to that of the New England States, the Middle States and the Southern States combined.

This extension of Anglo-Saxon civilization in the last great continent open to white men was his absorbing passion. It was the ambition of his life ; the lode-star which guided his every action. To accomplish this he cast aside the pleasures of a home, of leisure, of luxury, of enjoyment of wealth, and cheerfully sacrificed his fortune, his energy, his life upon the altar of his country. His last regret was that he could serve her no more, as again and again from his dying lips came the words, "So little done, so much to do."

But his efforts were not confined to his own country. His generous soul, his catholic sympathy, his broad vision extended far beyond and embraced the entire Anglo-Saxon race. Much as he loved his England, he loved his race more. It was Anglo-Saxon institutions in which he had sublime faith ; Anglo-Saxon civilization which he wished to dominate the world. America and England together he said, could compel world-wide peace ; and his remarkable bequest, giving to America twice as many scholarships as to the entire British Empire, will exert no little influence towards Anglo-Saxon unification and universal peace.

His labors now are over ; but his work, his spirit, his influence, his eloquent example live on. His enduring monument, the lofty Matoppo, towering in rugged majesty, is but the symbol of his living memorial in the hearts of his countrymen. In years to come a great South African nation will acknowledge in him its architect. The tomb now on the lonely mountains, will then be the center of a new world ; now the haunt of savages and wild beasts, will become the Mecca of thousands of Afrikanders. And when the mists of criticism and prejudice have rolled away, when the English-speaking countries of the world march shoulder to shoulder to fulfil their divine mission, among the immortal names of the nineteenth century, none will be brighter, none will be more gratefully remembered than the name of the statesman, the empire builder, the Anglo-Saxon,—Cecil Rhodes.

George Ashton Oldham.

THE DEBT OF HUMANITY TO THE MAN OF SCIENCE.

IN an old upper room, away from the crowd and noise of the great city of London, there lived and worked, some seventy years ago, a young man of science. In the midst of the bottles and instruments ever present in such a den, he might have been found, one autumn day, playing with a wire and a magnet. Troubled with no ambitions for wealth, distracted by no longings for the whirl of society, despite a small salary and cramped quarters, his whole being that day was aglow with the passion of his life,—the love of research. And in the quiet of that little room, after months of labor and thought, Michael Faraday was rewarded simply by the discovery of a new fact,—a physical principle.

In like manner buried in the work he loves, shut away from the popular things of life, the man of science has been found in the world ever since the spirit of investigation first fired the heart. So wrapt is he in his research that the question is often asked, Of what use is this kind of a life? What good is done by him who does nothing but experiment, "play with theories living and dead, and end up by producing a book," or a series of dry scientific papers? Is it not true that the really useful and successful man is he who has promoted a commercial enterprise, who has done some service to the state, or who has gained financial or political power? But what service to humanity has been done by him whose aim in life is to find out things?

When Michael Faraday was playing with his magnet and wire, he found out a simple fact, but one in which the world to-day rejoices. As the electric car carries us swiftly through the streets of the crowded city, when our pathway through the dreary night is lighted and cheered by myriads

of brilliant arc lamps, whenever we ponder on the possibilities of this electric age, the work of the man of science bears fruit in our life and thought. Although having no concern for the applications of his work, Faraday laid the foundation upon which has been built that mightiest of modern machines,—the dynamo.

A few days ago when messages were sent to a steamship over fifteen hundred miles at sea, and when the invisible vibration leaped the span of the Atlantic ocean, the world was astonished. Yet all through the past century a Henry, a Lodge, a Hertz, have been searching for truth because they loved it. To-day wireless telegraphy is but a single stone upon their broad, deep foundation.

So in all the details of modern life. You are born, live your allotted three score years and ten, and every day your pathways are illumined and enriched by something which took rise with the man of science. Indeed, there is not one of these marvelous exploits which mark the age, that does not rest upon the patient research of men whose lives were inspired, and made fruitful by the divine fire of the truth seeker.

Not only has the man of science changed the whole economy of life, he has exerted another influence upon humanity which is as broad, as deep, as far-reaching as civilization itself. In a more subtle way, not so quickly noticed, little talked about, yet year by year, with each change of scene in history, this influence has an ever increasing potency. For there is growing into the life and thought of man the scientific attitude,—the scientific spirit.

To the ancient philosophers, speculations and fancies were of more moment than these laws of nature. With human conceit supported by ecclesiastical authority, they argued that the earth was the center of the universe, with other heavenly orbs as satellites. But the truth-seeker, content with nothing not proved by all means at his disposal, put his eye to a crude telescope and the imperious Ptolemaic structure, built on naught but the sands of specu-

lations, tottered and fell. Research, simple though it was, brought forth the truth.

In like manner the justice and truth of every question that ever provoked thought has been found only after thorough investigation, and the man of science has taught humanity that to know the truth is essential to progress.

To be sure, there is much in life not proved, there are many unsubstantiated beliefs, and even in the realm of pure science there are theories without experimental foundation. Yet the man with the scientific attitude accepts them so far as the evidence warrants, while he stands ever ready to change his belief in the presence of more complete and perfect light.

That men have been afraid to replace error with truth is one of the most startling facts of history. Afraid of the steam engine,—the devil was in it ! So even scientists talked about Darwin's first work with "bated breath," and when the "Origin of Species" was issued, a fierce antagonism arose, while the battle which surged to and fro over all Christendom was so turbulent and was actuated by such fear and venom, that its effects are felt down to the present day. And why such bitter opposition? The opponents feared that some cherished theological dogma might be overthrown. They were unwilling to take the scientific attitude, to consider calmly the result of those twenty years of research, to candidly discuss its bearing on their old ideas, and if found true to fearlessly accept the truth and live by it. They chose rather to revile. From the point of view of the twentieth century, we look back through a brief space of but fifty years and learn that to dogmatically contradict and oppose the conclusions of research is to place obstacles in the path of civilization. So the man of science has taught that the fearless acceptance of truth wherever and however found is essential to progress. Not alone, then, must truth be known,—there can be little advancement of civilization until humanity has trodden underfoot the errors of darkness and lives in the broad free light ; for then and then only,

"Standing on what too long we bore,
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,
We may discern, unseen before,
A path to higher destinies."

The nations of the earth to-day are building the destinies of to-morrow. The colonies, war, China, are issues which compel the attention of the civilized world. What shall be the attitude of the "powers" toward these problems, is the most pertinent question that can be asked. Will they settle them hastily, ill-advisedly, stirred by low and selfish impulses? Or shall the scientific spirit bear fruit in these issues as well as in the more abstruse problems of science? The signs of the times augur well for the future. Rulers are calling to their aid the best trained intellects, and issues are being investigated with all the care and thoroughness of research. The Venezuelan boundary commission, the body of learned men which studied our oriental problem, show that the most enlightened government realizes that to know the truth is the first step toward justice. In the same spirit, the nation at home is studying the problem of the criminal class, the relations of capital and labor, the trust.

And not alone in the issues of the state, but in those questions which each individual must settle for himself, there is evidence of the growing influence of the scientific spirit. Even theology is casting off the fallacies of dogma and superstition, and sees that the building of character is the true purpose of religion; while all humanity is coming to realize that the laws of character and the laws of science are parts of the one eternal truth of the Infinite.

Whatever may be the ultimate solution of the problems of state and individual, however potent and however far-reaching in effect, the course of civilization is clear and unmistakable. To seek the truth and to fearlessly accept and live by whatever of truth is known, are the conditions essential to the progress of the race.

What is the debt of humanity to the man of science? It is the debt to the pilot of the ship of life on the rough sea of human destiny. In a night of ignorance and delusion, when many discordant voices would declare the way, tumultuous indeed has been the voyage. Yet from his station aloft the devoted man of science has continually called out the true course, as ever and anon, low down on the horizon, through a rift in the clouds, there has come to his clear vision the dim outline of truth, beckoning him forward. Despite the storms which tossed the ship, unheeding the siren voices of ease and pleasure, unmindful of the cries of fear, his keen, ever-watchful eye, has pierced the mists of dogma and the clouds of bigotry. Fearlessly, steadfastly, all through the tempestuous night, he has pointed the way toward truth.

However stormy the voyage out of the ages, however distant still the perfect truth, deem not

"The irrevocable past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks at last,
To something nobler we attain."

And that nation or that man who will fearlessly face and courageously solve every problem of life in this scientific spirit, can realize the largest possibilities, can attain to the noblest ideals.

William Chauncey Geer.

LIBERTY OR LAW: A PLEA FOR PRIVATE
ENTERPRISE.

THE unquestionable drift of affairs in America is toward an increased activity of the State. Here the State lends a helping hand through a subsidy; there it imposes a restraint through a revenue; and elsewhere it turns monopolist by assuming complete control. This movement has gone on till the State of to-day is making its influence felt in every corner of our vast industrial system. Meanwhile, our law-making bodies are besieged with appeals for a further increase in the scope of government. Infant industries must be fostered; trusts must be restrained; and even the railways and the telegraph must become the property of the State. And, there are those who predict, nay even hope, that this movement will end only with a complete subjugation of the individual by government. The American people are therefore face to face with this grave problem: Is the industry of the nation better in the hands of government, or better in the hands of private enterprise?

Nothing is more important than that we should at the outset understand the true relation of liberty and government. Seeley says that liberty is the opposite of government. Absolute liberty is anarchy; too much government is despotism. Anarchy is the enemy of government; despotism the enemy of liberty. The liberty which the American people enjoy was wrung from despotism. It was wrung from King John at Runymede, reclaimed from King Charles in the Petition of Rights, reasserted and glorified by the Continental Congress. How great then is the error of those who regard the encroachment of government as an enlargement of liberty?

Yet, so long as human nature is imperfect, government we must have; but so long as the race continues to rise

higher and higher in the scale of civilization, government should be making way for liberty. And, in case of a conflict between the two, the burden of proof is upon him who would take liberty away, rather than upon him who desires to be free. This is the principle that has made us a great and glorious nation. Yet it is a principle which Americans seem to be forgetting, for our present tendency is toward a despotism of law.

The restriction of industry by the State is likely to go much too far. It is proceeding upon the assumption that things have gone wrong; that the rich are growing richer, and the poor, poorer. If this be true, it is the saddest truth that has yet been revealed. If this be the present trend of our society, then we are retrograding. If it be true, education is a snare, industry an enemy to mankind, and civilization a delusion. But it is not true. The doctrine is false in its premises, and breeds in our society a dangerous discontent. The rich are growing richer, but the poor are growing more well-to-do. All of us have more to eat, more to wear, and more to enjoy than did our forefathers. It cannot be otherwise so long as the State allows private enterprise a free hand. It is private enterprise that has given us our large successful industries—industries which supply the markets of the world with steel, with oil, and with grain. All is done through the exploitation of genius, and not by oppressing the poor. For is not he who in any way cheapens production a public benefactor? As the inventor must confer a benefit upon society to reap the reward of his genius, so must the captains of industry cater to the wants of the consumer in order to realize the fruit of their skill. In the absence of law, a Northern Securities Company will not charge prohibitive rates. If the steamship lines are consolidated, men will still be able to go abroad. Trusts will not put prices above the reach of the consumer and turn from their doors competent young men seeking employment. To say the contrary is to assert that industry has a suicidal mania and must be restrained from self-destruction.

The superabundance of our American capital which is constantly competing for investment, and is jealous of every profitable enterprise, accompanied by a plenitude of expert skill to employ it, imposes upon trusts a restraint which, though potential, is nevertheless omnipotent.

But it is in the assumption, rather than in the restriction of industry, that the State would deal liberty and her handmaid, private enterprise, their death blow. The socialist would have the State assume complete control of all industry and reduce every citizen to the plane of a public servant. His theory is that public servants love their neighbors better than themselves.

The test of a theory lies in its application. If true, it works; if false, it fails. Let us turn, then, to history and enquire how public and private enterprise has each worked in the past. Private enterprise has cleared, drained, and fertilized the country. It has built towns, excavated mines, and reared our vast manufactories. It has invented and brought to perfection looms, steam-engines and printing presses. It has bound together our cities with electric wires, and netted the land with railways. It has threaded the deep with cables and furrowed its surface with steamships. It has utilized the other wave to transmit messages of life and death across the ocean. In a word, it has wrought civilization on the globe.

On the other hand, what has State enterprise accomplished? It has derived a minus revenue from our largest public estate. It is a half century building a State capitol which never reaches completion. It wastes millions annually for the maintenance of canals which have outgrown their usefulness. It led to the repudiation of State debts in the early forties through a wholesale construction of public utilities. It has made our transport service to the Philippines a pretext for party prodigality. Alas, the searchlight of truth reveals here a category of failures so deplorable that for sake of our patriotism we had best turn away. Did the State fulfill efficiently its unquestionable duties, there would be some excuse for this eagerness to assign it further ones.

But, by taking a cursory survey of the causes of these failures, we shall see that public enterprise is by its very nature impotent and must always fail.

First, public enterprise is slow. State agencies, when dilatory, the public must employ. Non-governmental agencies, when tardy, the public ceases to employ. Protected by sanction of the State, the public official can be shiftless. Exposed to the close scrutiny of private enterprise, the non-governmental employe must be punctual.

Secondly, public enterprise is stupid. Government fosters incompetency. Favoritism, operating through friendship, kinship and politics is sure to play its part. Private enterprise, on the contrary, weeds out incompetency. Every man tends toward his fittest function and is advanced according to his ability.

Thirdly, public enterprise is extravagant. To the State the present excess of government employes, many of whom are exorbitantly paid, means nothing ; to private enterprise it would mean ruin. Trade and mercantile bodies thrive by serving the public cheaply. They cannot saddle society with the results of their extravagance.

Fourthly, public enterprise is inadaptable. Unlike private enterprise which modifies its action to meet emergencies unlike our railways which double their trains to carry a special influx of passengers, state enterprise lumbers lazily along under all variety of circumstances at its ordained and habitual rate.

And finally, public enterprise is unprogressive. That the State should be scientific and inventive no one expects ; that it has been unchanging and often obstructive all will admit. It is private enterprise that has given us all our innovations.

Since this is the nature of State enterprise, must it not ever fail? It places genius at a discount and incompetency at a premium. It teaches men to enjoy the wealth produced by others rather than to produce it themselves. It teaches others that a just proportion of the wealth they produce is

not to be properly their own. The great force that has spurred man on to his greatest effort is his ambition for power, desire for wealth, and love of personal achievement. And if he does not know that he will reap, he will never sow.

Let us not place too much trust, therefore, in government. In the hands of private enterprise the destinies of the race will be safe ; in the hands of government endangered. A plea for private enterprise is a plea for liberty. Government restriction of industry means liberty curtailed ; government assumption of industry means liberty destroyed. Liberty curtailed means social stagnation ; liberty destroyed, social retrogression. The welfare of the nation depends not upon the scope of its government, but upon the freedom of the individual to exercise his faculties. A much governed race is a backward race. Government of an enlightened people should be decreasing and not increasing. That government is at present encroaching proves only that the hour of transition is at hand. Every citizen is called upon to choose between two alternatives : On the one hand law, public enterprise and social stagnation ; on the other liberty, private enterprise, and social progress. The history of all times and of all countries keeps repeating in our ears the warning, that till the sweets of bondage are proved, it is better to remain free.

Michael A. Ford.

THE MASTER OF TIME.

A NARRATIVE OF THE YEAR 2001.

MY recollections of the past few months are so terrible and startling that I hesitate to transcribe them in clear black and white. How can anyone—even of us who experienced the fact—grasp the frightful reality that has threatened the world? Even when we go and look upon the little mechanism now lying in the Museum in the innermost of four glass cases, surrounded by electric wires charged to the fullest, and guarded day and night by heavily armed men, how can we appreciate the almost completed annihilation of Time? During the day our experiences seem a dream and at night a fearful phantasm.

The beginning itself is commencing to fade from our minds. The personnel of the Master of Time and the manner of his dramatic entry into Washington can appear to our scientific minds nothing but a fantasy. There are already psychologists who insist that the world has undergone a universal hallucination, that there never was a Master of Time, and that the Time Mechanism could be destroyed without danger. They point to precedents of the eighteenth, nineteenth and twentieth centuries—the belief in witchcraft, the mania for mesmerism, the comparatively recent illusion concerning Mars. Nevertheless, in any case, an ordinary man can do nothing but accept. If it seems incredible that there was a Master of Time, there are in the Capitol Museum the documents and the Mechanism. It takes a very cold-blooded psychologist to dispute these.

As one of the throng who were drawn to the first speech from the balcony of the newly completed White House, I can testify to the happenings of that day. And as the lawyer who drew up the documents that passed between the

Master of Time and the President of the Trillionaire Trust, Mr. Hathaway, and Señora Mendoza, I know best perhaps the inner history of our wonderful four months. Finally, as one of the men who heard with bated breath from start to close the other speech of the Master of Time, I again speak as an eye-witness.

The first intimation of the inventor's existence I had was when I read in the *Washington Courier* that "on May 1, 2001, the Master of Time would address the people of Washington from a balcony of the White House." I do not yet know how he won permission to speak from such an honorable place; but certain it is he did. Nor when I read the notice, did I grasp the purport of the title, "Master of Time." I remember wondering what this queer honor could be, and deciding its bearer must be the hourly-expected envoy from Thibet.

I believe the advertisement of the speech caused only a ripple of excitement. Our gay capital was always on the lookout for the fantastic but this was not likely to prove so. Speeches from the White House balcony on various occasions by different grandees both of United America and of Europe had been, since their introduction in 1966, rather common and extremely dull. A lecturer with new messages from Mars or startling reports on the invasion expected from the gnome-like people discovered in the Earth's interior was sure of a large audience. So, too, was a risqué novelist or a beautiful danceuse from Paris. But a humdrum White-House orator—never!

However, on the morning of May 1, I strolled down Capitol avenue to the White House grounds. The day was remarkably fine. Spring was in flower, and the birds sang from private parks. Surely few days dawn so fair—and end so tragically.

The Master of Time had already begun to speak, for a medium-sized crowd had assembled. I looked at him half-interestedly, then wholly so. He was indeed a striking personality. Very tall, very thin, with high cheekbones, a

marvellously white and lofty forehead,—his whole face, in truth, was chalky white—and long, black hair, he was raving (as it seemed to me) and gesticulating wildly. His long, thin arms in their black sleeves flew about like windmill-fans, while his words and sentences fairly tumbled over each other. I caught the words "time," "mechanism," and "invention" more than once, but I frequently lost all sequence of thought. Resolved from a jumble of phrases his speech came to this: he had invented a mechanism much like that of a watch which not merely followed Time, but controlled it. A movement of a little lever along a graduated scale serrated by a series of notches sent Time backward or forward as one chose. As for him, he, though Master of Time, was poor; he offered his invention for rent by the month. And the price he named was \$500 a minute, in round numbers, \$5,000,000 a month.

Now, though in this present age of multi-billionaires and of the Trillionaire Trust, some hundreds of men in Washington could have easily paid the price demanded, they were not among the crowd. I doubt whether any of the persons present had an income of \$5,000,000 a year. And there were on the grounds some really poor ne'er-do-wells. At the maniac's—for so we deemed him—price a laugh soared among the listeners. The joke was good. Was this a new entertainment devised by the government?

Unfortunately our laugh was ill-timed. The Master of Time stopped short, stood still one moment, looked contemptuously over the crowd, and then—

Well—then nobody knows exactly what happened. Five minutes later we were standing there laughing, but in the interim we were—everywhere. To speak for myself, I had a confused sensation of rushing out briefs I had made the day before, of snatching sleep and meals. It was as if a day, or rather, two days, for we went back a day and came ahead again, were crushed into five minutes. The feeling was neither pleasant or unpleasant. The only ad-

adjective for it is confused ; it left one giddy as much whirling does.

When I once more stood on the Capitol grounds (for I had been hurled back and forth through space as well as Time) I was in more of a mood to listen attentively. The experience had thrown a new light on the speaker's words. Emphatically he was a true Master of Time.

However, if his words had come like a waterfall before, they were now a very Niagara of sound. In one continuous, unintelligible thundering stream they poured on and on and on. More people gathered ; the spacious grounds were taxed to their farthest limit. All Washington was crowding thither for all Washington wished to learn why time had so suddenly taken a backward course only to leap forward again.

Sometimes I wonder why one proof satisfied us, it all seems so shadowy now. Yet indubitably one proof did.

No one, however, seemed anxious to pay the required sum, even to attain control over Time. Again and again the Master of Time renewed his request, only to be met by grave silence. Then, in a frenzy of rage, he lifted aloft the Time mechanism and, holding it out in the glint of the sun, while the vast assembly watched in fear, shrieked, "One minute more ! And then—Time ends."

In one second the phrase flashed across our brains leaving behind a trail of terror. As yet one cannot declare the truth or falsehood of this statement. We had experienced positively that as the little lever with its accompanying wheels and cogs moved, so did Time. If the little lever were not to move at all—

A panic ensued. As the seconds ticked away, women and children were crushed by men in headlong flight. Useless, of course. But even on the Day of Judgment men will seek to flee. Danger in proximity seems greater than far-off danger.

For the nonce, however, Time was not to end. A hurried tap on the inventor's shoulder and a whispered con-

sultation stayed his heroics. It was, as I subsequently learned, an offer from the President of the Trillionaire Trust.

That night all Washington—to tell the truth, all the world—was agog. Men crowded the streets till long after midnight; learned societies conclave in heated discussion; aerograms flew between the continents. At the first news through the Marconi poles, Washington shook with horror. In London, Paris, Constantinople, Peking, Cairo, Natal, the turning of Time had been felt. A new and potent fear was added to the worries of everyday existence. This diabolical Mechanism—what was it? How did it master Time? What if it should be destroyed or injured? The nightmare was worse than any that had yet troubled civilization. Comet scares, the invasion from Mars in 1910, the appearance of the gnome-men, all were as nothing to this.

Meanwhile, however, what of the new Master of Time? According to an agreement which I myself drew up, for one month the ownership of Time was vested in the Trillionaire Paper Trust as represented by its President, on consideration of \$5,000,000 to be paid immediately to the inventor. At the month's end the Machine was to be returned to its former owner, or a second \$5,000,000 was to be paid.

But the change of owners did not quiet the world. If only the Mechanism could be destroyed! Yet the inventor protested such a proceeding the annihilation of Time. True or not, the risk deterred all experiment.

In spite of uneasiness the month passed tranquilly. The one incident of it—one of the most terrible connected with it—the President and I alone know. It occurred this way.

In buying the Time Mechanism the President had in mind only one thing, the maintaining of Time's ordinary jogtrot. Unlike Señora Mendoza, he purposed no tricks with it, and, unlike Hathaway, he had no cogent reason to turn Time backward. He intended to let the Mechanism lie securely in the most perfected safe he could find, and at the end of each month to renew the contract. If he had

dared he would have detained it forcibly from the inventor. But when a man can devise a Mechanism that dominates Time, he may—who knows—be able to do other things.

As the hour in which the President was to yield his power over Time drew near, I was closeted with him. The Master had not yet come. Before us in a velvet-lined case on the President's mahogany desk lay the Mechanism. I stared at it curiously. A slow tick-tick-tick was distinctly audible.

The President stretched his hand toward it. "Time's Master is late," he said.

I made no reply. The truth was too incomprehensible. That a mere man should usurp the Creator's place, go beyond Him, it may be!

"Do you know anything of his life?" I queried.

The President nodded, and began in his laconic way, "Poor and a mathematician. Londonese by birth. Believes in the Fourth Dimension; discovered this by the Fifth. Got the idea in Australia."

I shut my eyes for a second, as an Australian bush scene glimmered before my vision. I seemed to see the lonely inventor in the unexplored wild of North Australia figuring and plotting. Then—

An exclamation from the President frightened me awake. "My God," he exclaimed in a low tone.

In almost a shriek I echoed the ejaculation, though my brain seemed strangely dull and my hands and feet were like lead. For the Mechanism was ticking more and more and more slowly. At last it seemed to cease, while a great blackness spread quickly before my eyes.

The gradual crescendo of the ticking enlivened me. "I thought," I stammered, avoiding the President's glance.

He answered low, gravely, for him diffusely, "The Master's claim is true. As the tick sounds and the lever moves, Time goes on. When it does not,"—The rest was a shudder. Yet the President has nerves of steel.

Scarcely had we recovered when the door opened, allowing the entrance of the inventor and Mr. Hathaway, the wealthiest man in all Washington. He is reputed to be worth \$800,000,000,000.

The Master of Time opened the colloquy. "The month is up," he began.

The President glanced up calmly. I admired his entire recovery. "I wish to renew the contract," he replied.

"Mr. Hathaway is now its owner," the Master said with a wave of his thin hand. "I regret"—

"\$6,000,000," was the President's response.

"Ten, if necessary," Hathaway broke in. "I must have it."

"It is yours at \$5,000,000," the Master ended the controversy. "Yours till July 1st."

The motives that swayed Time's new owner differed far from those that had governed the President of the Trillionaire Trust. Hathaway was, as I have said, the wealthiest man in all Washington, he was also the most melancholy. For three weeks previous to his purchase, his pretty young wife, the recognized social leader of our city, had died from the effects of a fall on her own staircase. She had been tripping to meet her husband when a slip of her foot threw her against a marble bust of Hadrian. Since that tragic event the Hathaway mansion had been closed to the public and its master had immured himself in his library. Now, attracted by a vaguely luminous idea, he hoped to bring the dead to life by the aid of the Time Mechanism.

Directly upon obtaining the Time Mechanism Hathaway turned Time back one month, but so gradually that, though all the world reversed its methods of living, no sudden, giddy shock hurled us headlong backward. Nevertheless, consternation prevailed. Scenes of grief, terrible accidents, fires, quarrels all had to be lived through again—except that quarrels began, paradoxical as it may seem,

with reconciliation, fires, after flaring fiercest, left unscathed buildings, funerals passed into ascension from the dead, and accidents left men sound and whole. Altogether, during that month, life was unreal and weird to the extreme.

On the first of the month all commenced over again, this time right end up, but with one difference. As the Time Mechanism ruled Time, so it itself, though not its owner, was outside Time and could not be affected. Consequently it did not pass back into the Trust's safe, but to remain in Hathaway's possession. Transactions connected with it, by the power of attribution, were not to be repeated. Otherwise that first five minutes on the Capitol grounds would have been repeated over and over.

When Hathaway hired the Mechanism, he overlooked one thing. The diabolical Machine, in spite of its terrible hold on man, had, like other inventions, defects. One had already appeared, though we had never noticed it. The Mechanism had strength over things material, not things physical. When in the Capitol grounds Time had turned such a remarkable somersault, logically we should on recovering have forgotten its performance. But we had not. Besides, we all retained vivid recollections of what had occurred both pro- and retro-gressing since that hour. We do yet.

Other than for this defect, Hathaway found the Time Mechanism all that could be desired. The week slipped by—not in unmixed delight. The horrors that were surely to come unless time was driven back an indefinite number of periods, preyed on both husband and wife. Before Hathaway's eyes ever rose the marble staircase with his wife tripping down to him until—"Oh!" he prayed in the agony of his soul, "if I could but forget!"

Outwardly, however, Hathaway could only do and say and look as he had done and said and looked. All the wonderful tenderness born in his soul could have no expression. As always, day crowded upon day with new business and social duties. Try as he would he could not escape them

and snatch precious hours alone with his wife. Irony of Fate—he who was Time's master was yet Time's minion.

As the fatal day drew near, the most terrible truth of all burst upon Hathaway. He had bought the Time Mechanism after his wife's death, a month after, and he was in the past. Its iron chains bound him mercilessly. If he had gone into the future, Time would have been entirely his; he would have ruled all his acts as ordinary mortals had ruled theirs formerly. But now he was helpless. He must see his wife's death a second time, a third time, forever.

No pen can transcribe what Hathaway suffered as the sun of May 7th pierced his chamber-blinds. Writhing in the folds of torture, yet outwardly calm, he iterated the greetings of the day, ate breakfast, and entered the reception hall to take leave of his wife. Just as he glanced up expectantly—ah! what a double expectancy—his wife flitted to the top of the marble steps.

"Wait, Henry," she called.

At another time Hathaway's misery would have kept him speechless. Now he could merely say, "All right." How matter-of-fact, how cruel it sounded! Then—but why repeat the awful details?

The third possessor of the Time Mechanism, Señora Mendoza, the saltpetre queen of Chili, came in her airship from Santiago de Americana. Hathaway all too willingly resigned the prize. And with a Santiago complacency the inventor stowed away his third \$5,000,000 check.

When the new bargain was blared forth in the *Courier*, those who knew Señora Mendoza in person or by reputation trembled. Señora Mendoza was bold, mendacious, daring in the extreme. If a whim stirred the cobwebs of her brain—for there were not wanting physicians who questioned the Señora's sanity—heaven and earth must be moved to appease it; if a rara avis of any kind seized her fancy, all the Señora's income, if that were possible, would

have gone in a moment to satiate it ; if a passion shook her, friends and enemies feared for life.

For the Señora, rich beyond all the imagination of Greek fable, beautiful, and talented, wielded practically all power in Southern America ; she was a political goddess, to be propitiated at any cost.

Soon we realized that our dread was not unfounded. Scarcely had the Señora returned to Chili with her new plaything than, seated upon a verandah, she ordered her peons to assemble in the spacious courtyard. Shivering, they came.

The Time Mechanism lay in the Señora's hand. A sudden jerk drove the lever to the left.

It is difficult to say what the Señora hoped for. It was barely a month since the rage for hurry had, at the mandate of Time's Master, clutched the entire world. She herself had felt the results. Did she expect, then, to elude them because *she* held the Time Mechanism ? Well—why expect logic in a civilization gone mad ?

The Señora had anticipated a wonderful experience—in throwing other people about like balls in tennis. She won it—in diving headlong or rather feetlong through her wide-opened doors, in banging against furniture that she had once brushed by, in choking down food and drink, in breathing by startled gasps, in never having a minute's rest. One month with all its experiences the Señora had twice compressed into a minute. For luckily or unluckily she had not slipped the lever into the notch upon the graduated scale and consequently when she released it, it flew back. In less time even than I can write the words, Señora Mendoza, furious, boiling inwardly with hottest wrath, was again seated, outwardly calm and triumphant upon her verandah, the peons quaking with fright before her.

Still the Señora had not finished with the Time Mechanism, nor, to tell the truth, the Mechanism with her. Confusing the Machine with a wishing-stone and a traveling-carpet all in one, the Señora viciously pushed the lever

to the right. Could the peons but have stood many an aching back would have miraculously healed, and an unholy glee would have overspread each face. For soon the Señora shot like an arrow across the yard, fell higgledy-piggledy into the car of her flying machine, and darted away to the north like a traditional Salem witch on a devil-posessed broomstick.

When the Señora, tears of wild rage streaming from her eyes, and vigorous Spanish oaths flowing from her lips, could first see clearly, she noted on every side the snow-capped peaks of the Andes. She had pushed too far to the right. Hurlled through space, she was now a month ahead of Time—and wrecked on a mountain-summit. The future was worse than the past.

Nevertheless, in all its mistress's tribulations, the Time Mechanism had been a constant companion. Desperately glancing at her hand the Señora perceived it. A ray of hope shone clear. Carefully she turned time back to the day of her bargain with the inventor.

Slow as she was, however, a month condensed into a half hour is exciting. For a third time, regardless of the Señora's wealth, dignity and exalted position, the wicked little device drove and hustled the Señora beyond all endurance.

When finally the unfortunate Señora, still seemingly placid and almost rejoicing, sat in the presence of the Master of Time, she was literally bursting with fury. Never in all her life had she been so enraged. All the incidents that had hitherto roused her to ungovernable passion, the death of a favorite dog through a servant's neglect, the stealing of her valuable diamond necklace, the outdoing of her by Ramon of Brazil in the Bolivia silver deal, seemed of little moment. The Señora's fingers fairly itched to scratch the Master's face and pull his hair ; her throat was hot with desire to shriek and rave.

But the Time Mechanism was eternally changing the tables upon its presuming owners. In time past the Señora

had neither raved nor shrieked ; she had not been filled with deadly hatred ; she had merely bargained eagerly for the Mechanism. So now she did the same. Detesting the sight of the Time Mechanism, she grasped it more avidly than she had snatched at the famous Carolo ruby.

It may be conjectured that, after the mishaps of Mr. Hathaway and Señora Mendoza, the Time Mechanism was not in great demand. For the first time, at the beginning of a new month, the Master had no \$5,000,000 check to place to his credit. In a rage he stormed to my office, and later, against my advice, he advertised a second speech from the White House balcony.

His reception on the day set was flatteringly ominous. In spite of a gloomy sky, far as eye could reach a throng stretched away, in every eye eagerness, on every cheek white fear. Here and there menacing faces frowned, but they were few. No one could dare to offer Time's Master injury.

The speech began. Gesticulating furiously, speaking rapidly, the orator threw out threat upon threat. As he swept on, the heavens grew darker and darker. Great rain-drops commenced to fall. Thunder muttered. The superstitious crossed themselves.

Suddenly the Master stopped. "Unless," he enunciated with remarkable, terrible clearness, "I receive an offer in five minutes, Time shall"—

He would have said "end." But just then with peal upon peal of crashing thunder the lowering clouds were split by a forked flash. Straight toward the Master of Time the bolt flew. One moment the presumptuous man stood outlined with fiery red, then, blackened to a crisp, he fell back. Time's Master had met *his* master.

Fortunately for us all the Time Mechanism, thrown in a final effort by its discoverer, dropped uninjured on the grass. As we know, it is now in the museum.

T. J. E.

AN ITEM FROM THE JOURNAL.

"HELLO, Wilkins!"

"Hello, old man! Glad to see you. By George! Here's Pete and Bobby back, too. Come in, fellows. Hello, Smithy."

Wilkins threw down his pipe and greeted each friend with a hearty shake of the hand.

"It's like old times to see you fellows again. Find yourselves some chairs."

"Been here all summer, Wilkins?"

"Pretty much. I went up home for a ten days' rest after I got my shop off. It's slower than the dickens here in summer and I was glad to get away, even to go up into the country."

"Where do you live, Wilkins?" asked one of the men, sliding down in a Morris chair and putting his feet on the table.

"Oh, up the state about eighty miles. I go through Geneva and take the Fall Brook road. It's Marietta, a little country town, but it's our old family home and there are plenty of nice people there."

"I don't see how I've lived in the same house with you for two years, Wilkins, and never known where you came from. I knew you were a New Yorker, but you never mentioned the burg. Why don't you take me up there some vacation?"

"All right, Benton, I'll take you Thanksgiving if you'll go. Mother and Madge have often told me to bring some of the fellows up, but I never supposed any of you would care about going. There's nothing doing."

"Of course I'd like to go. Are there any sweet little country maidens for you to introduce me to?"

"Now I see what you're after, Bobbie, you old fusser. You think you can flirt with our country girls to suit yourself. Now you'll have to come any way, for I want the fun of seeing them put you to flight. Our girls are clever. There's Mollie Snow and Grace Winters and, by George, I'll take you over to see Nan."

"Nan, eh! Who's she?"

"Well, she's one of my sister's friends. I've always known her. We used to play kid games together, and, since we grew up, I've always taken her around when I've been at home for vacations. We just have larks together,—nothing serious, you know. She's a comfortable sort of a girl, one of the kind 'that cheers but not inebriates.'"

"I bet I'd like her."

"I got one little joke on Nan when I was up last week. Yes, it was a good one. You see she'd cut up so many pranks with me that I thought it would take me a lifetime to pay her back. I found out that she was going over to the next town to spend a few days with one of her friends and, since I had nothing to do, and the horse in the barn was getting stiff for want of exercise, I told Miss Nancy that I would drive her over.

"We started in the morning. Nan looked as sweet as a rose, and the turnout was rather fancy, so I imagined that we made a pretty fine appearance. I glanced around at the suit case sticking out from under the seat, and told Nan that anyone might take us for a bridal couple just starting off. I saw that it teased her, so I was in for fun, and when we got to the outskirts of the town where we were going, I stopped the horse and began to look at the houses in a distracted sort of way.

"'What is it?' " said Nan.

"'Who's that old duffer on that porch over there,' I asked.

"'Why, that's old Mr. Lane. Father knows him.'"

"'He's the man I'm after,' said I.

"I steered the horse over to that side of the street and

stopped with a loud 'whoa.' The old chap dropped his newspaper and looked at us. Then he picked up his cane and hobbled down the walk to the gate.

" 'Morning,' he said. 'Hello! It's Martin Brown's daughter.'

" But I cut him short.

" 'Can you tell me where we can find the clergyman?' I asked.

" 'He's out er town on his vacation.'

" 'But you surely have a Justice,' said I.

" 'Sartin, Lew Rice—you'll find his shingle down this street to the left.'

" 'Thank you,' said I, and I started the horse down the street at full trot. Nan was furious with me, but I had some debts to pay that young lady. I imagine she had a busy week or two denying the reports that old fellow started. I hope he didn't spread the news so fast as to spoil her visit. I haven't seen her since. That was two days before I came down here. She'll have some trap laid for me at Thanksgiving. Lucky that I'll have you along to keep her diverted, Bobby."

Wilkins chuckled to himself.

"Come in," he called, in answer to a thump on the door.

"Hello, Sandy! How are you? You fellows are the stuff to come around so soon. Glad to see you—Yes—Well, don't shake my hand off!"

"You old lobster," shouted the new comer, swinging Wilkins' arm up and down in a manner that was plainly causing pain to its owner, "I don't see how you have the nerve to sit here and talk with the fellows in this deceitful fashion, when you've gone and tied up."

"Tied up! What in the dickens do you mean?"

"Just listen to this then, in the *Ithaca Journal*, copied from some country newspaper."

" 'Married, September 18, by C. P. Roby, justice of the peace in Willowtown, Miss Anna Brown, daughter of

Martin Brown, a prominent citizen of Marietta, to Mr. Charles Wilkins. Mr. Wilkins is a student in Cornell University. A fuller account will be given when the particulars are known.' "

Two students turned down Wilkins' bed and laid him gently upon it.

M. E. Y.

.....

THE FLOWERING OF LOVE.

LOVE knows nor time, nor season, so those say,
Who stand about, within the garden's pale,
And view the aloe's floweret, sweet and frail,
Burst into bloom, a glorious purity ;
They reckon not the hundred years' essay,
The hundred summers' heat, the winter's gale
That raged a hundred times, the pelt of hail,
Or the soft rains ; they see but the one day.
So, too, they speak of love as though it were
A glory rising from a second's glance,
A rapture, sprung from half a moment's touch.
Yet is it not ; before the wondrous stir
Of new life, that is love, must come—perchance
An age of the soul's time—and that is much.

O. T. C.

AS TO FRENCH CLOCKS.

LADIES and Gentlemen : The next stunt will be an essay at literary imitation.

Not long ago there appeared in one of the minor magazines a story entitled "Reveries of an Optimist." It began thus :

"The little French clock ticked monotonously. He stood by the fireplace, gazing into the ashes, not more charred than his own prospects. For—he loved a beautiful woman, and she had loved another."

"A friend of mine noticed this, and was not pleased with it. So he sent a number of copies to different authors, asking them to rewrite the paragraph, leaving the first sentence as it stood.

The first reply he received was from Alfred Austin. It read thus :

"The little French clock ticked monotonously.
Upon the rug before the fire stood he.
He stood and gazed into the dying fire ;
Not dead was he, more dead than his desire ;
For his desire she was fair to see,
And she, alas, another loved than he ;
That is the reason why, as you can see,
The little French clock ticked monotonously."

The next reply was from Mark Twain :

"The little French clock ticked monotonously. Not that it was in the habit of doing that sort of thing, you understand, but because it had been to a prayer-meeting and 'got religion.' Usually French clocks are anything but monotonous. I once had one that gained a day during the week and rested Sunday. It had 'got religion,' too, you see, but in a different way. There was another French

clock I had once that was a trifle monotonous. It was right twice a day, but the rest of the time it was way out. I never could find out what was the matter with it until I came to take it apart, and then I saw that they had left out the works."

Rudyard Kipling's answer was as follows :

"The little French clock ticked monotonously. The mainspring was wound to the full, the jewels well oiled, so what else could it do? The Man who owned the clock was standing by the fire. He had just proposed to Her, and She had rejected Him. It was at the ball the De Willoughbys gave to celebrate—but that is another story."

Stephen Crane contributed the following :

"The little French clock
Ticked monotonously.
The man
Looked into the dying embers.
The fire was dead, so was the wish of
His heart. For
He loved a
Woman, and she loved
Him not."

The last answer received was from Elbert Hubbard.

"The little French clock ticked monotonously. Yes, sometimes, they do, but for keeping good time there's nothing like the clocks made by the old Dutch master-workmen, with the loving marks of the saw still upon them. There was a man standing by the fire. He did not tick monotonously. He gazed into the dying embers, charred and blackened like the desire of his heart. He loved a beautiful woman, and she loved some other man. I can sympathize with him. I can remember a time, dearie, before I met you, when—but never mind about that just now."

J. J. K.

A "FIN DE SIÈCLE" AGAMEMNON.

THE other day the local columns of the Paris newspapers related the shocking death of a rather picturesque Brittany poet, M. Narcisse Quellien, who was almost instantly killed by an automobile going at full speed. The young gentleman who steered the vehicle was described as follows: "M. Agamemnon Schliemann, twenty-four years old, student of sciences at the University of Paris."

The reading of this item carried me back to the summer of 1880 when I went down from Berlin, where I was then living, to Leipsic for a Fourth of July dinner, given by the United States Consul. The principal speaker, by the way, was our present Ambassador to Germany, who was then American Minister.

I had put up at a rather famous hostelry, the Hôtel de Prusse, kept by a loquacious landlord, Herr Kraft, full of anecdote about the celebrities who had slept under his roof. He naturally introduced me to Heinrich Schliemann, who, with his wife and children, was then one of his guests and who was engaged in correcting the proofs of the German edition of his "Ilios."

It will be remembered that the distinguished archeologist's passion for Greece was carried so far that he not only married a Greek woman and built a palatial residence at Athens, but gave appropriate classic names to his servants and even did not hesitate to handicap his children with appellations that always provoke a smile when heard for the first time in this prosaic twentieth century.

During my brief sojourn in Leipsic I was sitting one afternoon in the pretty garden of the hotel when the Schliemann maid, who was probably known as Miss Jones in her native England but whose name had been metamorphosed, since her advent into the Schliemann family, into Euryclea,

or some other famous nurse of antiquity, came into the garden accompanied by Andromache and Agamemnon, the son and daughter of her master. A half hour later I was suddenly awakened from my siesta by a violent quarrel between the boy and girl, who were apparently struggling over a big toy, which one was trying to pull away from the other. I noticed that the latter was evidently getting the upper-hand. Finally, when the battle was at its height, Euryclea intervened and exclaimed in a commanding tone : " Now, children, stop this fighting immediately ; Andromache, give Agamemnon his donkey."

This, my first acquaintance with Agamemnon Schliemann, had a highly comic touch about it. But there was real tragedy in my second meeting with him, nearly twenty-two years later, after that fatal accident on the outer Boulevards, for Agamemnon was now a homicide. And yet, even this time, there was a dash of humour in the event. The victim was wholly after the heart of Heinrich Schliemann ; for, like the old Greeks, poor Quellien had willed that his body be cremated and he was always proud of his classic Christian name. Agamemnon had slain Narcissus. Nor does the Hellenic cast of this episode end here, for the lawyer who defended Agamemnon is known, and well-known, to the Paris bar as M. Triantophyllides.

Theodore Stanton, '76.

THE IDLER

THIS is the time of year when suckers begin to run, when every small boy rigs up his tackle and joins the crowd along the river banks, when my friend Tip Lewis enthrones himself on the stump he has occupied for years and gazes blissfully at the water hurrying by. "Don't expect to catch nothin' much," he says; "suckers don't make 'specially good fishin' anyhow. But 'tain't suckers I'm after so much as it is rec'lections of the good messes I've caught an' the good messes I expect to catch this summer. Sittin' here on the stump in the sunshine sort o' conjures up them soul-satisfyin' rec'lections an', speakin' figeratively, makes a feller feel warm about the chest."

"None of your new-fangled fishin' contraptions fer me," said old Tip Lewis putting down his cane pole and taking a fresh chew of tobacco. "When I get hold of a fish I don't want to reel him in and out and diddle with him and be dragged around like a ten-year-old boy leadin' a bull; I want to pull him out." Just then Tip's line moved up stream and Tip jerked. The fish resisted vigorously but in vain. It flew from the water, described a great semi-circle and came down on the fish with a flop. "I don't monkey with 'em," said Tip with pardonable pride; "when they take hold of my line they've got to come."

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THE ERA takes pleasure in announcing the re-election to next year's board of Jane L. Drake, '03, Louise F. Brown, '03, Arthur J. Tietje, '03, and Edwin N. Ferdon, '03, in the literary department, and John M. Keeler, Jr., '03, in the business department, and of the election on the basis of competition of Lynn G. Wright, '03, Edwin M. Slocombe, '04, Clarence P. Obendorf, '04, and Henry C. Hasbrouck, '04, in the literary department, and Fred B.

Humphrey, '04, in the business department. No election was held in the artistic department owing to the lack of competition.

* * * *

In this number the ERA presents to its readers the six Woodford orations of this spring's contest. The annual competition for the prize established by General Woodford is the oldest of the several contests conducted by the Department of Oratory, and has always been of great interest. To the winner, Mr. Ford, sincerest congratulations are due. The honor of winning a place on the stage, however, is but slightly less than that of the final victory. It is to attain this distinction that the best efforts of the members of the Senior class are put forth; the six orations which successfully pass the preliminary competition represent the best ability of the class. It has accordingly been deemed proper to here put on record in permanent form all of the orations presented on the stage this month.

* * * *

The business management wishes to announce that all those who pay for their 1902-3 subscription before June will secure a special rate of \$1.50, instead of \$2.00 as heretofore. This is a very liberal offer and all old subscribers should take advantage of it.

THE ERA

A FRENCH BOY'S EDUCATION.

IT IS very fortunate for American higher education that the agitation, begun some years ago, for the improvement of our secondary education has not ceased, and that men so capable of making critical and helpful comparisons between our own and foreign school systems, as Professor Münsterberg of Harvard, are frank enough to give us the benefit of their criticisms.

If it is true that at the age of fifteen not only he, but all of his German classmates "were prepared to pass the entrance examinations for Harvard College," where, as President Eliot said some years ago, the average age for admission had been for years gradually rising, and was then eighteen years and ten months, if, at the age of eighteen, at the end of his secondary schooling in Germany, a pupil of average standing has already reached "the scholarly level of an average college graduate in this country," and if a doctorate may be taken readily at Leipzig "at the age of twenty-two," while here a man is at least three years older than that before he is prepared for any field of professional life, it is well that we should profit by the knowledge of what is being accomplished abroad, were it for no other reason than the economy of time.

I do not purpose to enter into a discussion of the relative merits of our own and the European systems of secondary education ; or even of our own system and that of France. Indeed, the latter comparison has been carefully made by Geo. W. Beaman, in an article upon "Secondary School Programmes, French and American," in the *Popular Science Monthly* of 1890 (Vol. XXXVII, pp. 48-64), and I take the

liberty of citing from his conclusions the following interesting facts. Between the ages of eight and seventeen the French boy devotes more time to study than the American boy, spending, in his classical course at the *lycée*, some 8,560 hours in the recitation-room, while the pupil of the Boston Latin School, which is taken as a type of the American school, spends only 7,790. The former devotes 1,000 hours to the study of modern languages, while only 380 are given by the latter ; to Latin, 1,500 hours, while the Boston Latin School boy devotes only 1,293 ; to Greek, 840 hours, instead of only 512 ; to drawing, 7.9 per cent. of his time, while the latter employs only 2.9 per cent. In mathematics, however, the difference is reversed, the French boy having only 740 hours to his credit, as against 1,387 hours. To the study of his own language the American boy devotes also a slightly larger proportion of time, 28 per cent. instead of 20.8 per cent. These figures, of course, would not apply to all American schools, but in many the difference would be even more in favor of the French student, and without further comparison I wish to outline the system of public instruction in France, and particularly to give to the reader an idea of the way in which a French boy of the middle class, in pursuit of a liberal education, spends his time and in what schools he studies.

Before proceeding to the principal object of interest, however, a few words must be said regarding the French public elementary and primary free schools, which do not draw their pupils as a rule from the middle class, but rather from the poorer classes, or from the *petite bourgeoisie*. It was for these classes that in 1881 the law making instruction gratuitous was passed, and it was also largely with their interests in view that in 1882 compulsory education and the secularization of instruction were accomplished by another law. The three words *gratuité*, *obligation*, *laïcité* represent the ideals of public education in France, as the famous *liberté*, *égalité*, *fraternité* voiced the political ideals of the First Republic.

Public primary instruction is under the direction of

three different kinds of schools, not to mention the *crèche*, which can keep children only until the age of two or three years. They are these : *écoles maternelles*, *écoles*, or rather *classes enfantines*, and *écoles primaires*.

The *écoles maternelles* receive children between the ages of two and six. A directress is at their head, and, if there are more than fifty pupils, she is aided by an *adjointe*, or woman assistant. Of course, the program consists largely, as in our kindergartens, of games, manual exercises, practice in drawing, language, a little reading, writing, and figuring.

The *classes enfantines*, which have supplanted the *écoles enfantines*, although a few of the latter still exist at Paris, are intermediary between the *écoles maternelles* and the *écoles primaires*, and must be annexed to one or the other. Both sexes are received between the ages of four and seven. The education partakes of the nature of that of the *écoles maternelles* with a beginning of elementary instruction, and in communes where there is no *école maternelle* they replace it.

The third division of schools dealing with primary education is that known as *écoles primaires*, of which there are two kinds, *élémentaires* and *supérieures*. Communes of less than 500 inhabitants may have a mixed *école primaire élémentaire*, but those of more inhabitants must maintain one for boys and one for girls. Seven years is the age of the youngest pupils. The teachers in the boys' schools are men, called *instituteurs*, and in the girls' schools are women, called *institutrices*. An *instituteur* in a primary school must be at least eighteen years of age, and an *institutrice*, seventeen. No one under twenty-one can direct such a school, and no one under twenty-five can direct an *école primaire supérieure* or a school having boarders (*internes*). Public instruction is entirely in the hands of the laity. In the *école primaire supérieure* two years is the minimum length of study, and only those which comprise three years or more are said to be *de plein exercice*.

The pupils who frequent these schools are, as has been said, mostly children of the poorer classes, or of the

petite bourgeoisie, and, as all French school children are required to attend school from the age of six to at least thirteen, the payment of tuition might in many cases be a hardship for the parents. All of these schools are, therefore, free.

The instruction in the *écoles primaires élémentaires* is intended to give a general knowledge of French, arithmetic, history, geography, the natural sciences, and civics, and is such as will prepare them for practical life and early wage earning. That of the *écoles primaires supérieures* comprises applied arithmetic, the elements of algebra and geometry, ordinary accounts and book-keeping, notions of physical and natural sciences applicable to agriculture, industry and hygiene, geometrical and ornamental drawing, modeling, ideas of elementary law and political economy, French history and literature, the principal epochs of general history, especially of modern times, industrial and commercial geography, modern languages, wood and iron work for the boys, and sewing, cutting, etc., for the girls. The diploma which is given at the conclusion of the primary work is a *certificat d'études primaires*. Mention might also be made here of a certain number of manual or professional schools, which are likewise public.

Let us now return to the boy of the middle class as a type more likely to appeal to the readers of this article. While nothing can have prevented such a boy from beginning in any of the public primary free schools, and indeed from continuing in them as long as he likes before entering the *collège* or *lycée*, it is a very unusual procedure. There are at least two reasons for this, 1st, because the instruction in the public free schools has in view the preparation of boys and girls for trades, business life, etc, rather than the conferring of a liberal education, 2d, because the cost of instruction in the splendidly equipped *lycées* and *collèges* is quite within the means of all except the really poor.

In the communal colleges the expenses of an *interne*, or boarding scholar, do not average more than \$120 a year, not including clothing or extras, which two sums may together

amount to about \$27, while the expenses of an *externe*, or day scholar, are much less, averaging not more than \$18 a year. In addition to these, there is another class of students called *demi-pensionnaires*, who take supper and spend the night at home. The expenses of this class fall about midway between those of the *internes* and *externes*.

In one of the French *lycées* a boy may receive board, instruction, books (which are loaned), writing materials, clothes, washing, and medical attendance for from \$120 to \$240 a year, according to the class and *lycée*, while the expenses of a day scholar are only from \$16 to \$50 a year, and those of a *demi-pensionnaire*, midway between. In addition to the price above mentioned, each *interne* is required, upon entering the *lycée*, to furnish a trousseau worth about \$100, consisting of clothing, bedding, toilet articles, etc. This covers the whole period of his school life, and whatever else is needed is furnished by the school. More than one-half of the children of the French *bourgeoisie* are boarding scholars. Neither Germany nor England has so large a proportion.

If our middle class French boy, therefore, begins his schooling at the age of six, for example, he will probably enter one of the elementary classes of the same *lycée* or *collège* through which he expects to pass. Of course, his secondary education might be taken in part, or wholly, in some private or religious school, which is the case with a great many boys of the aristocracy and of the Catholic *bourgeoisie*, but the course of instruction in these schools is practically the same as that of the state schools.

The *collège communal* does not depend entirely upon the government for its material support, but is rather maintained by the town in which it is established, or even more often, by the principal at its head, who profits by whatever gains he may make. The *lycée* is entirely under the direction of the state, and is, in general, of a higher grade, and situated in larger cities than the *collège communal*. Both schools, however, if they are *de plein exercice*, prepare for the baccalaureate *ès-lettres* and *ès-sciences*. The teachers in

both are men, and, in most cases, of better calibre than the teachers in our secondary schools, and sometimes, particularly in the *lycées*, are scholars of real note. There are likewise *lycées* and *collèges communaux* for girls, in which the teachers are women, but they do not enter into the scope of this article.

The administration of a *collège communal* is in the hands of a principal, assisted by a *surveillant général*; the instruction is in the hands of professors of three orders, according to the degrees that they hold, *licenciés*, *bacheliers*, and those provided with the *brevet supérieur* or *certificat d'aptitude pédagogique*. This last class may teach only the primary pupils.

The administration of a *lycée* is in the hands of the *proviseur*, who is the supreme head of the school, and whose duty it is to direct the instruction, discipline, and material organization of the establishment, the *censeur*, whose duty it is to watch the conduct, morality, and progress of the *internes*, oversee the coming and going of the *externes*, and who is responsible for the general discipline of the school, the *maîtres répétiteurs* or proctors, known also as *maîtres d'études*, and called disrespectfully by the students "*pions*," and lastly the *économe*, whose duty it is to collect the dues of the students, to buy food, clothing, etc., for the *internes*, and who is responsible for the financial management of the school.

The teaching staff in a *lycée* is composed of *professeurs titulaires*, *chargés de cours*, and *professeurs de classes élémentaires*. To be a *professeur titulaire* it is necessary to hold the degree of *agrégé*, which requirement at once establishes the superiority of the *lycée* over the *collège communal*. The *chargé de cours* must hold the degree of *licencié*, a degree more or less equivalent to our master's degree, and which is the highest degree required in the *collège communal*. The *professeur de classes élémentaires*, as his title suggests, is only engaged with students below the *huitième*, or less than seven or eight years of age, and it is enough for him to be provided with a *certificat d'aptitude*. These professors live

at their own homes, and return to them after their classes are over. They have nothing to do with the discipline of the school, save in their own classes, and thus avoid a certain amount of friction which unfortunately is so often apparent in boarding-schools where the teacher is charged with the discipline.

If we take the *lycée* as the most typical, as well as the highest type of French secondary schools, and if we suppose that the boy, whose education we are considering, has reached, after passing through the elementary classes, the age of nine (although at the age of seven, if he can read and write, he may be admitted to the same class), we shall probably find him in the lowest grade of the *lycée* proper, or what is known as *la huitième*.

Here he begins a programme, arranged by the minister and council of education, which is uniform for all French children, so that at the same time of year, and one might almost say on the same day and at the same hour, the pupils of all the schools of France and her colonies are at work upon the same lesson. This scheme of centralization of education is one of the most essential features of the French system as organized by Napoleon I, when in 1806 he grouped the three orders of instruction—primary, secondary, and superior—into one body known as *l'Université de France*.

At the early age of nine, then, while the mind is still retentive and the vocal cords susceptible, the study of a foreign modern language, German or English, is begun. Throughout this grade the study of one of these languages (4 hours per week), of the French language (9 hours), French history (1½ hours), geography of France (1½ hours), arithmetic (2 hours), physical and natural sciences (1 hour), and drawing (1 hour) is pursued.

Our boy then passes, at the age of eleven, from the *division élémentaire* into the *division de grammaire*, of which the *sixième* is the lowest grade. Here we are confronted with the problem as to which of the two degrees he shall ultimately take, the baccalaureate of *l'enseignement se-*

condaire moderne, which crowns the modern course at the end of six years, or that of *l'enseignement secondaire classique*, which crowns the classical course at the end of seven years, for he must now begin to prepare himself with that in view.

If he intends to prepare for the former, his work will be in the following subjects: French, German, English (Spanish or Italian in some regions), history, history of civilization and art, geography, arithmetic, geometry, algebra, trigonometry, zoology, natural history, geology, botany, physics, chemistry, philosophy, elementary law and political economy, ethics, hygiene, book-keeping, writing, and drawing.

This is the first dividing of the ways, but it is not the last, for at the end of the *classe de troisième*, an elective course in mathematics of two years, crowned by the degree of *bachelier ès-sciences*, is offered to those classical students who do not care to take the last three years which lead to the degree of *bachelier ès-lettres*. This second dividing of the way is the famous *bifurcation* so often spoken of by writers on French secondary education.

At present, the degree of *bachelier ès-lettres* opens the way to certain governmental privileges and sanctions to which neither the modern nor the scientific degrees entitle one. M. Georges Leygues, minister of public instruction, has, however, just presented a plan for the reorganization of secondary education in France, which has already passed the *Chambre des Députés* and only waits the sanction of the Senate to become a law, which provides, in lieu of the old system, a new and more elaborate one of *quadrifurcation*, or division into four classes of equal length (seven years), all of which lead to a single baccalaureate degree, with special mention of the line of studies pursued, but with the same governmental privileges. It is proposed to divide secondary instruction into two cycles, the first cycle having two divisions, somewhat equivalent to those now known as *moderne* and *classique*, only that in the second division Greek is optional, the second cycle having four divisions, 1st Latin and

Greek, 2d Latin and modern languages, 3d Latin and sciences, 4th French and sciences without Latin. The wisdom of this system of electives in secondary education is doubtful, and many will feel as Professor Münsterberg, who says: "At least the high school ought to be faithful to its only goal of general education without professional anticipations."

As the classical course has at present a certain prestige in the eyes of the French themselves, and probably always will have, no matter what elective courses may be offered, and as it stands in a special manner for culture and as paving the way for university training, let us follow our chosen boy through this road to the goal of his classical baccalauréate, with no further reference to by-paths. His schedule of hours will be as follows throughout the remaining years of his course:

	DIVISION DE GRAMMAIRE			DIVISION SUPÉRIEURE			
	<i>Sixième</i>	<i>Cinquième</i>	<i>Quatrième</i>	<i>Troisième</i>	<i>Seconde</i>	<i>Rhétorique</i>	<i>Philosophie</i>
French	3	3	2	2	3	4	----
Latin	10	8 ¹	5	5	5	4	} 1
Greek	----	2 ¹	6	5	5	4	
English or German	1½ ³	1½ ³	1½ ³	1½ ³	1½ ³	2½	
History	1½	1½	1½	1½	1½	1½	3 ⁵
Geography	1	1	1	1	1	1	----
Mathematics	½	½	1½	1½	1½	----	3
Phys. and Nat. Sciences	1	1	----	1½	----	1½	3
Philosophy	----	----	----	----	----	----	5 ⁵
Drawing	1½	1½	1½	1½	2 ¹	2 ¹	2 ¹
Total per week	20	20	20	20½	20½	20½	17*

¹ 10 hours until January 1.—² from January 1.—³ plus one lecture of 1 hour.—⁴ an optional lecture of 1 hour.—⁵ 1½ hours during the second semester.—⁶ 6½ hours during the second semester.—⁷ optional.

*In *Philosophie*, twelve lectures of one hour each are devoted to instruction in hygiene.

The boy is now eleven years of age. It will be noticed that he begins the study of Latin, and that it occupies nearly half of his time in the *sixième*. He begins the reading of easy texts, such as "Epitome Historiæ Græcæ." In the modern language chosen, he is drilled in translation, pronunciation, conversation, and composition. In French, he is reading La Fontaine's fables, and receiving drill in grammar, spelling, and composition. In geography and history, he is studying the countries and history of the oriental peoples and the oriental beginnings of Greek history, all well correlated with a view to the study of the Greek language, which is to begin the next year. In science, an elementary course in zoology is given.

At the age of twelve, he enters the *cinquième*. With the first of January Latin is decreased by two hours a week, which time is devoted to Greek then begun. He finishes Greek history this year. In Latin, aside from drill work, he is translating such texts as these: "De Viris illustribus urbis Romæ," "Selectæ e profanis scriptoribus historiæ," and the fables of Phædrus. If we suppose that English is the modern language chosen, aside from drill work, he is reading De Foe's "Robinson Crusoe," Franklin's "Autobiography," Miss Corner's "History of Greece." In French, he is reading La Fontaine's fables, Racine's "Esther," Fénelon's "Télémaque," besides having drill in the use of language. His geography is that of France. His sciences are very elementary courses in geology and botany.

At the age of thirteen, he enters the *quatrième*, the last grade of the grammar division. Here he begins the reading of Greek texts,—Xenophon's "Cyropædia," Lucian's "Dialogues of the Dead," Babrius' fables. The time given to Latin has decreased, and the time given to Greek increased, until the latter occupies one hour more a week. After this year, the same time will be devoted to each. In Latin, he is reading Virgil's "Æneid," Ovid's "Metamorphoses," Cæsar's "Gallic War," Cornelius Nepos, and

Quintus-Curtius; in English, Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," Washington Irving's "Life and Voyages of Christopher Columbus," Miss Corner's "History of Rome;" in French, Racine's "Athalie," Boileau's "Episodes du *Lutrin*," Bossuet's "Histoire universelle" (3rd part), Fénelon's "Dialogues des Morts," Voltaire's "Charles XII." He begins and finishes this year Roman History. His geography is general. He begins the study of geometry.

At the end of the *quatrième*, a difficult examination is held for entrance into the *division supérieure*. To those students who leave school at this time, if they pass their examination, there is delivered a *certificat d'études*.

At the age of fourteen, our student has entered the *troisième*. In Greek, he is reading Homer's "Odyssey" or "Iliad," Herodotus, Xenophon's "Anabasis;" in Latin, such works as Livy, Cicero's "Pro Archia" or "De Senectute," Pliny, Sallust, Terence's "Adelphi," Virgil's "Georgics" and "Æneid;" in English, Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield," Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare," Macaulay's "History of England;" in French, Corneille's "Cid" or "Cinna," Racine's "Iphigénie" or "les Plaideurs," Boileau's "Satires" or "Épîtres," Montesquieu's "Considérations sur la grandeur et la décadence des Romains." In history, he is studying that of Europe and France down to 1270.

At the age of fifteen he enters the *seconde*. Here he reads in Greek, such works as Euripides' "Iphigenia at Aulis" or "Alceste," Plato's "Apology," Plutarch's "Life of Pericles" or "Life of Caesar;" in Latin, Virgil's "Æneid," Horace's "Odes," Cicero's "Orations against Catiline" or "De Amicitia," Livy, Tacitus' "Agricola;" in English, Shakespeare's "Julius Caesar" or "Coriolanus," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," some novel of Walter Scott, Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" or "David Copperfield;" in French, "la Chanson de Roland" and selections from Villehardouin, Joinville, Froissart, Commines, Montaigne, Corneille, Bossuet, Racine, Molière, La Fontaine, La Bruyère, Rousseau, and the history of French literature to the death of Henry

IV. He pursues the study of French history from 1270 down to 1610. In mathematics, he continues the study of algebra and geometry, and drops the sciences for this year.

At the age of sixteen, he enters the *dasse de rhétorique*, which is not called, as might be expected, *première*. In Greek, he is now reading such works as "Sophocles' "Œdipus Rex," "Œdipus at Colonus," or "Antigone," Plato's "Crito" or "Phædo," Demosthenes' "Philippics" or "On the Crown ;" in Latin, Lucretius, Virgil, Horace, Cicero, Livy, Tacitus ; in English, Shakespeare's "Macbeth" or "King Richard III," Byron's "Childe Harold," Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," Dickens' "Nicholas Nickleby," George Elliot's "Silas Marner ;" in French, classics of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the history of French literature from the reign of Louis XIII. In history, he is studying the period from 1610 to 1789. In the sciences, he is studying anatomy and hygiene.

Upon the completion of this year the student presents himself for the first part of his examination for the *baccalauréat ès-lettres*. He must be at least sixteen years of age, he must register with some *faculté de lettres*, which corresponds with one of our universities, and which has charge of the examination, and he must pay the sum of forty francs. For the second part, the sum of eighty francs must be paid.

The examination is composed of both written and oral tests. The former consists of a Latin translation, a composition in French upon some literary or historical subject, and the translation of a passage from French into English or German. The latter consists of the explanation of passages from the works of certain French, Greek, Latin, English or German authors, and questions upon the subjects of literature, history, and geography taught in the *classes de troisième, seconde, and rhétorique*.

At the age of seventeen, and having completed successfully all of the preceding grades, the student enters upon the last year of his secondary education, which is known as

the *classe de philosophie*. His work in languages practically comes to an end, and the time which they have taken goes to philosophy, history, mathematics, and the sciences. Psychology, logic, and ethics are among his studies for this year. In history, his work is in the contemporary period, from 1789; in the sciences, physics and chemistry; in mathematics, algebra, geometry, and cosmography. Among the philosophical authors read are Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, Lucretius, Cicero, Seneca, Descartes, Malebranche, Pascal, Leibniz, Condillac and Cousin. The benefit of the philosophical training of this year is apparent in the clear, concise, and logical style of those French writers who in their youth have followed the classical course to its completion.

At the end of this year the student presents himself for the second part of his baccalaureate examination, which is composed, as was the first, of written and oral tests. The former consists of a composition in French upon a question taken from the programme of philosophy, and another upon some scientific subject studied in the last year. The latter consists of questions upon that part of philosophy and history taught in the *classe de philosophie*, upon the sciences taught that same year, and upon the philosophical writers read. If he is successful, the student emerges a full fledged *bachelier ès-lettres*. That these examinations are extremely difficult is evident from the large number of candidates who fail, the proportion of those who pass being but slightly over half.

I should like to describe the manner in which the subjects are presented to the students, but I will not strain the patience of the reader further than to suggest that the lecture system is employed much earlier and more extensively than here, that more stress is laid upon examples in grammar study than upon rules, that very much more memorizing is done than with us, and that the recitation periods are, in the main, of two hours in length, although the new project of reform has in view their reduction to one hour.

We have surveyed briefly the system of primary instruction in France, and have followed somewhat carefully the education that an average boy of the *bourgeois* class is likely to receive, for, unless he prepares for some definite profession, he is less apt to attend university courses than the English, German, or American boy of the same class. On the other hand, as can be seen by the programme of his studies, which I have given, perhaps even too fully, he is better equipped than our average Sophomore, and might, perhaps, put our Junior to shame.

So admirable is the system of secondary education in France that we might well expect her to be one of the most exemplary of nations, if, as Plutarch says, "the very spring and root of honesty and virtue lie in the felicity of lighting on good education."

E. W. Olmsted, '91.

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MIDSUMMER EVE.

THE starlight falls across the lake,
The lithe canoe beneath the tree
Waits for its quivering life to wake,—
Oh, my beloved, come with me !

The crescent moon floats low and pale,
Sailing adown the azure sea,
Silent and dark is all the vale,—
Oh, my beloved, come with me !

Waveless and still the water lies,
Shining and smooth as porphyry,
Mystic and soft as thine own eyes,—
Oh, my beloved, come with me !

The dusky splendor of the night
Thrills with Pan's old, strange melody,
Drink to the fill its wild delight,—
Oh, my beloved, come with me !

F. L. M.

THE SENIOR, THE MOTHER, AND ALMA MATER*

IN CONFIDENCE TO "JOURNAL."¹

O, JOURNAL, you know, when the heart is full to flood-tide, one must have a friend to take the overflow. Infinite love, ineffable joy, and immeasurable pride have so filled mine. Will you be that friend? May I come to you with my soul's honest outpour, exempt from vain-glory, and untrammelled by that conventionality which bids a mother conceal from the world, under an assumed indifference, the inalienable heritage of her child, his mother's love, her pride in his achievements, her honor for his integrity, and her glory in his possession?

Journal, I want to tell you of the most delightful, soul-satisfying experience of my mother-life, whose only imperfection was that cloak of conventionality, which restrained the tributes which my loving hands and heart so longed to offer.

So let me bring my frankincense and myrrh to you, and in the sanctuary of sacred confidence, from the altar of eternal mother-love and pride, let the sweet fragrance of thanksgiving praise arise.

O, this motherhood! How it glorifies the world and its beloved!

But listen to this true tale of beautiful yesterdays.

*Copyright, 1902, by Flora Osborn Coffin.

¹This article should be of especial interest to Cornellians, since it is by the mother of one of the most popular men of '96, Raymond Lynn Coffin, A T. Graduates will remember that Mr. Coffin met his death as the result of a severe cold contracted while practicing with the "Henley Crew" on the Inlet, at a time when the ice had to be broken before the men could row.

Once upon a time in June, such a charming June, seemingly attuned to my joy and pride, I left my Western home, and, as "upon the wings of the wind," swept across the continent to the Mecca of my heart and ambition, my darling boy's "Alma Mater," which so proudly crowns an Eastern summit.

It was "Senior Week". How much of pride and hope is bounded by those two mystic words!—and *I* was to be his best and only girl during that historic time, and share with him, my companion, friend, and lover-boy from babyhood, the proud honors he had merited and won by years of studious application. Journal, dear, he was to receive his first degree! *Bachelor of Arts!* And *I*, favored and fortunate *I*, was to see the fruition of our hopes! O, Joy and Pride, how you did vie with one another in my heart!

Yes,—yes,—I know there are other mothers and other boys, and have been, for uncounted ages, but *this was mine*, and on that joyful journey all nature seemed to understand and rejoice with me. How she did bedeck the fields and hillsides all along my way, for *us, just us two*, and the father who could not go! *Poor father!*

O, that I could tell you about it! But word-pictures cannot tint with nature's hues her exquisite handiwork. It seemed a pathway for some favored bride and conquering hero, so lavishly flower-strewn and laurel-decked it was. Journal, have you ever seen a daisy-field in full bloom? Those old-time farmer-pests, ox-eye daisies, now glorified into marguerites? If not, see one when

"The field is as full as it well can hold,
And white with the drift of the ox-eye daisies,"

and die content.—And the buttercups and cowslips! You many think them old-fashioned, but you should see, in June, happy June, when your heart bubbles over with gladness, the meadows,

"Where the buttercups across the field
Make sunshine rifts of splendor."

and follow the laughing, sheeny cowslip-broidered brooklet, as, bedight with a livery of shiny gold, it plays hide and seek through pasture and wood; then absolve them from the commonplace.

The pathway to my "Mecca" lay through some of the most picturesque regions of our land; over hill and down dale, through woodland and vale, and God's sunshine over all. The mosaics of those hillsides are among memory's brightest pictures, but, even to *you*, I can only describe them as living poems, visions between dreamland and reality. Far away, to the eye's limit, in the warm radiance of the sunlight, stood the hill,—God's sentinel,—clothed as a goddess in her best array, with petticoat of cloth of gold, the buttercups; a silver tunic of sweet marguerites all studded with golden dew-drops, and bordered with elder-blossoms, transformed into the daintiest of filmy laces, which the softly whispering breezes saluted with wonder. Wreathing her head, were flocks of gauzy clouds, now pictured in reflected light upon the hillsides, then dissolving in soft diffusion,—cloudland and earth uniting; while in her lap lay strands of liquid watery pearls, called brooklets, which

"The Spirit stooping earthward,
With his finger on the meadows,
Traced the winding pathway for them,
Saying to them 'Run this way.'"

And they ran down through hamlets basking in the sunshine, scampering over the miller's wheels, and prattled through sedges to the lakes and lakelets, set, opal-liké, within the emerald meadows upon which she stood.

O, Journal! "What hath God wrought!" My ecstatic soul, at such a sight, could well declare with Montgomery,

"There is a land, of every land, the pride,
Beloved of heaven o'er all the world beside!"

and claim it as mine own.

But, the "Mecca!" O, Journal! Can I ever make you comprehend a mother's glory in such a week, at such a

time, in such a place, and with *such a son*? You understand, of course, about the other mothers. All honor to them and *their* sons! You probably know the usual form of such festivities. One continuous round of gayety and courtesies in honor of the seniors and their guests. You are also aware of the custom obtaining among "Senior Frats." of entertaining young ladies as guests of honor during the, to them, week of all weeks. But you do *not* know, Journal mine, that, in all that house-full of girls, *I* was the *only* mother-girl!—*My baby's sweetheart mother*!! Be still, fond, proud heart! And remember those other mothers! Right here I must tell you, with blushes, though 'tis only *you*, that, upon one gala occasion, dressed in my smartest evening gown, *I was taken for his bride*! Don't smile! He didn't, but such a look of pride o'erspread his face, as brims a mother's cup of happiness, effacing bygone pain and care.

You're wondering about the hops and the glorious "Senior Prom." O, yes! We were all right, for my "dancin' days" were not over, and I could trip the "light fantastic" with the youngest, even to the latest steps.

I haven't mentioned his cap and gown, have I,—and I was, and am, so proud of them, his badge of honor. I wish you might have seen him, when, in our promenades, he consented to wear them; for, though the Senior costume for that week, he felt them rather marked, and only donned them to gratify my pride. Dear boy! When did he ever deny me?

The details of that memorable week, I must pass as a tale untold with just a backward glance at our delightful "Frat. House," with its alluring associations, where the diffusion of college spirit "embraced us all till we forgot but that we were really a part of the grand whole, and could give the yell" with quite the true ring. Let us linger though, just a moment, with the dear boys and their guests in the music room, and listen once again to the inspiring college songs, the like of which was never heard on "sea or

land," and join, in spirit, in the grandest of all, "Alma Mater." Then, Wordsworth, we can truly say with you,

"The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more."

Perhaps, with its echo still there, I can tell you of the crowning glory of that week—"Commencement."

Hush! Tread softly! This is hallowed ground. O, my Journal! I cannot show you the beautifully bedecked hall, in festive attire for the "Senior Prom.," the auditorium, crowded to repletion with Seniors and their friends, or the Faculty and Alumni upon the platform; for all my fond eyes can see,—and that, I may not even show to you,—is my brave, beautiful boy, as, in cap and gown, he stepped upon that platform, the embodiment of manly grace, modesty and nobility,—remember, Journal, he was *mine*, and my *all*—and bravely crossed its length to receive from the president's hands, *his diploma*, his reward of merit, then, with graceful acknowledgement, passed on, giving room for the other mothers' boys. All I can hear,—and *you* cannot hear that,—is the proud beating of my heart, which seemed about to burst its bounds and proclaim to the multitude, "He is *mine, mine, mine!*!" How my arms yearned to enfold him then and there, and how I pitied those other mothers, whose boys were *not* mine. Dear heart!! And, yet, conventionality forbade. So, there I sat,—perhaps in the midst of the other mothers,—outwardly calm, but, with a heart surcharged with thankfulness and pride, for the gift of such a son and such a privilege.

'Twas over! Like a dream, the whole has fled, and lingers but a memory, thrilling my senses at every thought.

Did you ever look down, around and about you, Journal, upon one of Nature's masterpieces, from that glorious Campus? Come, then, with me and my crowned hero. Behold its beauties, and say farewell. Stand, with us, upon its eminence, and gaze upon a pictorial landscape unrivalled in the world. See, in adoration kneeling at its

base, the peaceful and thriving hamlet. Look upon its gem-bedecked hillsides; the grandeur of its forests; its abundant and fruitful husbandry; its meadows, with daisies and buttercups pied. Then peer into its enchanted ravines, and listen to its laughing, crystal waters, as they rollick and romp, leaping from rock to rock, then wander through chasm, over cataract, through glade, and creep into glen to fall asleep 'neath banks smiling in ferns and wildflowers. See all this, and more than tongue can tell or painting express, mirrored in the limpid waters, which, to the horizon-line lap in homage the feet of those classic hills whose halo is *our* "Alma Mater." Look upon it with my eyes, illumined by love, that light from heaven, and know, if through my soul's gladness, I have "multiplied visions and used similitude," "out of the abundance of the heart, the mouth speaketh."

Flora Osborn Coffin.

PSYCHOLOGY AND A NIGHTSHIRT.

IT all came out of the Nightshirt Parade, the hypnotist, and Jack Williams. In it was involved a broken friendship, a threatened engagement, and many other matters—notably Professor Titchener's lectures. And that brings us to a beginning.

Every year there is thrown open to the deserving Sophomores of Cornell Philosophy I, a series of lectures on psychology, logic, and ethics. We all take it (for all Sophomores at Cornell are deserving), and we all adore Professor Titchener. He is the gentleman who from September to January impresses upon us that our minds are "*not* little animals" sporting about within us. Toward the close of the term he addresses us on hypnotism and kindred themes.

During the year of which I am writing, most of us, like previous classes, devoutly entered in our notebooks Professor Titchener's learned censure of the quacks that advertise in the dailies and small monthlies of America, and of the charlatans that travel from town to town giving exhibitions of their "marvelous will-power." We desired to pass the semi-finals. But Jack Williams was always queer. Ever since I had known him he had persisted in questioning the heaven-sent knowledge of our callow instructors, and the more awesome experience of our wise professors. He had even—oh, blasphemy of blasphemies! in our Freshman year dared to disagree with a note in Bennett's Latin grammar! What though it were a misprint! the offense remains uncondoned. Accordingly, when now Jack informed us that he for one rather doubted the hypnotic theories of Titchener, we were not greatly shocked. We merely advised him to consider the January examinations.

As usual though for a long period nothing sprang from Jack's doubts, at length they, again as usual, passed to the fore. A one-night-stand showman, described on the monster playbills that placarded Seneca and Buffalo street postingboards as Dr. Disraeli, the "Marvelous Miracle-worker and Mesmerist," and the "Weird Wonder of the World," came to the Lyceum theatre. He vouched his ability to "overcome the will" of any "man, woman or child in the metropolis of Ithaca," and his power to "insure their execution of any command fulminated by himself." For all this he would charge the "moderate sum of fifty cents."

Naturally, we all went. But before that we discussed him. That is, Jack Williams and Ensor Mallison Hayes did. The rest of us lay around on the sofa and listened.

Ensor Mallison Hayes, my dear reader, is what the Professor of History would style conservative, while Jack is, as I have hinted, just the reverse. Yet the two are—or were—the firmest of friends. We called them Damon and Pythias, when we were polite; when we were not, we hailed them as the Long and the Short.

Ensor, besides, is engaged to one of the prettiest co-eds on the Campus. (Now don't extract from that remark that all we Cornellians are in love. We aren't; Ensor is in that a *rara avis*.) He is also accustomed to meet her beneath the Library arch every day as the chimes ring in the lunch hour, and accompany her as far as the avenue to Sage, the girls' dormitory.

To return from this digression, three evenings before we visited the hypnotist's performance, Ensor and Jack united in dispute over the merits of the exhibitor. For ten minutes or longer Ensor spouted forth quotations from Titchener's "Outline," and from Wundt, with interludes in the shape of rehashes of dead-and-buried lectures. To these harangues Jack, whose knowledge of psychology had before the semi-finals been somewhat hazy, and whose knowledge thereafter (since we were now in May and the drearinesses of Ethics) had steadily diminished, retorted

with monosyllables, or quick, puzzling questions. Whereupon Ensor was once more set off. Finally a chance remark of Ensor's drew from Jack a strong expression of belief in post-hypnotic suggestion; and Ensor countered with an equally strong expression of disbelief. Jack then quoted Titchener, Ensor's God. But for once Ensor revolted. "I admit that with my own acquiescence I can be hypnotized and so made to perform, in accordance with suggestion, certain deeds, or think certain thoughts; still, I refuse, entirely refuse, to grant that I can many hours later be induced to act or think in accordance with a suggestion imposed upon me while in the hypnotic state."

These were Ensor's own words. And, as might be supposed, they closed the debate. We showered the two with sofa pillows.

As Jack's room-mate, I had a suspicion that Ensor's marvelous sentence would bear fruit. True enough. During the following two days Jack went about with a pre-occupied air. Once I surprised him closing a copy of psychology lecture notes; and once I found him poring over Wundt. Yet he gave no sign of his schemes. And the Nightshirt Parade drove the affair from my thoughts.

What is the Nightshirt Parade? Well—that is a celebration scarcely explicable to non-Cornellians. In the hot nights of spring when we can't study, don't want to talk, and even the thought of a walk to Zinck's or The Dutch fatigues one, some unquiet student who, retiring early, has found sheets and pillows even more torrid than his clothes, arises, goes to the window, and lets out a yell. At this signal a dozen other equally uncomfortable students rush to their windows and add their voices to the lonely whoop. Speedily a tumult bursts forth. Books, cards, cigars, mandolins, conversations are abandoned; from Hazen street to Stewart avenue, Freshmen, Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors, pour out pell-mell, garbed in strange and barbaric fashion. Gay pajamas and nightshirts are the orthodox costumes; but for the pleasure of the scandal-mongering New York

papers many wear nightrobes only over their more conventional garments.

Then from every side, in twos, in threes, in groups, the shouting, singing, whistling students converge to Cascadilla Bridge at the entrance to the Campus, whence they march up Central avenue, where the central body is joined by side forces from the fraternities along the route, to Sage. There they serenade in every way possible the young ladies, already crowding the windows. All is jollity and good nature ; nothing save an ebullition of college spirit is intended.

That particular Nightshirt Parade was to me of no more significance than had been several others. But to Jack it meant a solution of his enigma. I knew it by the peculiar twinkle in his eyes as he glanced aside at Ensor in his long, white nightrobe, and by the irrepressible giggle that came from Jack's bed about fifteen minutes after our retiring.

It was only on the next evening, however, when the thrice-glorious Dr. Disraeli, a tall, lank man with "piercing black eyes," (I quote from the program ; those "wells of strength" were really a sad, discolored brown,) stepped before the Lyceum curtain, and sought in "ringing tones," as the *Ithaca Journal* put it, young men on whom to display his power, that I gained so much as an inkling of Jack's plot. I saw Jack whisper to Ensor, and Ensor shake his head in dissent. Another whisper ; and then Ensor started toward the stage.

I need hardly detail the professor's tricks with Ensor. Our friend passed willingly under the hypnotic influence, and made himself as ridiculous as he well could. Under the impression that he had ice cream, he attempted to eat a raw potato with a spoon ; he played the piano upon a chair-rung ; he waltzed with a broom.

So far, so good. But I saw more. At the close of the entertainment I beheld the hypnotist glance at a paper in his hand and hesitate. Only a fraction of a moment, how-

ever, for in the next instant his eyes (and mine) caught the flutter of a bill Jack had slyly withdrawn from his pocket. The next, bending over his unconscious subject, he whispered into Ensor's ear a few quick words.

After the show I questioned Jack. He was reticent, yet at length admitted that a plan was on foot. "It won't hurt Ensor," he added. "It will just liven him up a bit."

It is true I felt serious doubts concerning this livening process; Ensor was so dignified. But from previous experiences I had grasped wisdom; I withdrew to watch. For two days nothing happened. Then—ah, then—the denouement flashed out with startling details.

It was Friday, and within ten minutes of the hour the chimes would peal forth. All the Library was in a bustle. The sleepy youths who hold despotic sway over the stacks were casting longing glances toward the hall; at their desks students were hastily heaping up books in readiness for departure; here and there could be discerned "fussers" waiting for a favored co-ed. Without, one knew, a long, sinuous trail was hastening down the Campus from Sibley, from Lincoln, from Boardman, from White. Ensor and I were studying history.

Suddenly, at precisely three minutes to one, Ensor gave a start. His eyes sought the floor, and dilated; a deep crimson spread from cheek to forehead. Even his ears, I am positive, flushed a vivid red.

Then, without one word, he slammed shut his Gardiner, leaped up, and ran—absolutely ran—from the Library. I have never seen anything like it. I have watched men collide with young ladies at the catalogue boxes, stammer a muttered apology; and walk away *very* rapidly; I have seen belated Freshmen rush out at 10.02 to make a ten o'clock; and I have seen co-eds fleeing with swish of skirts from the gyrating bull-dog that rejoices the hearts of weary students on winter days. Yet this—never before, and, I presume, never again!

Ensor's trail was easy to pursue. Within the Library

he had sundered two of those "pairs" so sweetly oblivious to all save themselves, and had almost overthrown the much-amazed attendant hurrying toward the cloak-room and his lunch-pail. On the steps that lead down to the main entrance he had brusquely tossed aside two of his class-mates languidly discussing the latest Poly-Con. paper; and on those without he had crushed the tail of a forlorn shepherd dog.

Guided by the soul-rending howls of this victim, I rushed to the corner of the Library. Ensor was a buffeted dot in the distance; I could just discern the waves his passage had left behind, while to my ears drifted highly-colored remarks from the men, and "Oh dears" and "Oh mys" from the ladies. Some of the flotsam was indeed extremely interesting. I could (alas for my metaphor!) scarcely help thinking of Julia Ward Howe's lines,

"They are tramping down the vintage
Where the grapes of wrath are stored."

Only—in this case the wrath seemed likely to overwhelm Ensor. Surely, if the throng had been other than collegiate, Ensor's pugilistic ability would have been severely tested.

However, as in everything, the worst was still to come. At the same moment I caught sight of two people. One was Jack Williams, a doubled mass of laughter; the other was Eleanor, Ensor's fiancée, her face white with anger and injured pride. Later I learned that Ensor, on seeing her waiting, as usual, beneath the Library arch, had redoubled (if such a thing had been possible) his speed.

The explanation? It all came out when I, breathless and fearful for Ensor's sanity, cornered him, locked in his room. I am sure I pounded and yelled for five minutes before he would open. And then I found him wildly dressing.

To my avid inquiries he refused, for a time, any reply. At length, however, he burst out, "Damn it, man, couldn't you see I had my nightdress on—there in the Library!"

Staggered, I fell back upon the sofa. Then like a flash

the truth flared before me. The psychology notes, the argument in our room, the Nightshirt Parade, the by-scene in the Lyceum, all were clear as day. My room-mate had certainly solved the puzzle and scored over Ensor. In connivance with Dr. Disraeli, Jack had, through post-hypnotic suggestion, led poor Ensor to believe that he had a night-shirt on—"there in the Library!" Alas for conservatism!

At present the situation is brightening up; it threatened to be very serious. Ensor and Jack, though no longer Damon and Pythias, have ceased to "Mister" each other. Eleanor, while pacified, has, I am told, her doubts. For how can a fellow tell a girl that he fled from her because—oh, it is positively shameless—because he had, or thought he had, a nightshirt as his sole wearing apparel.

T. J. E.

ART POETIQUE.

(FROM THE FRENCH OF PAUL VERLAINE.)

MELODY before everything,
 And this to compass Unequals choose,
 For these are freer with air to fuse,
 With naught to fetter the fancy's wing.
 Nor let the life of the muse be spent
 In choosing words that are clear alway;
 There's naught so dear as the song of gray
 In which the Vague and Precise are blent.
 'Tis the glance of Beauty behind a veil,
 The sunlight trembling when noon is high,
 Or in the heat of the autumn sky,
 The scarf of night with its starry trail!
 The last fine shading our need beseems,
 Not Colour, nothing but shades and lights!
 Ah! Shading only it is that plights
 The troth of flutes and of poets' dreams!
 Music ever and all the time!
 Let your verses be but the perfume light
 That falls to earth as the soul takes flight
 To other heavens and loves sublime!
 Let your verse breathe of the fortune pure
 On the crisped wings of the morning strown,
 Where scents of mint and of thyme are blown . . .
 And all the rest is literature.

Translated by L. E. Piaget Shanks, '99.

THE IDLER

HE LEFT Ithaca on a warm summer's day. He had been with her the night before until late—very late her mother thought. But this was not enough. She was at the station to see him leave and he stood on the rear platform of the train vigorously returning the farewells which she waved with a tiny white handkerchief. After the curve was rounded he went within, told the porter to bring him a pillow, and was soon dreaming lazily.

He listened for a moment. What were the flying wheels saying as they sped over the clicking rails. "Alice Jenkins. Alice Jenkins. A-l-i-c-e J-e-n-k-i-n-s." When the train stopped at Trumansburg to let off and take on a few village folk he was fast asleep.

* * * *

When he awoke he was in the Middle West and rapidly nearing his home. The old familiar scenes were soon visible. There was the Bungalow turnpike, over which *they* had so often driven, and up the road a few hundred yards he could plainly see the rustic watering trough, where "Marengo" was always allowed to drink beneath the shade of a big elm tree. Soon the train crossed the river and the moonlight canoe trips they used to take together came back to him very plainly. A few moments later they sped by Judge Mitchell's place with its massive pillars and sloping lawns.

What were the rails saying now. He listened for a moment. "Dorothy Mitchell. Dorothy Mitchell. Dorothy Mitchell. D-o-r-o-t-h-y M-i-t-c-h-e-l-l." Yes, that was it. Would she be at the depot with the others to meet him? Would her cheeks be as rosy and her hair as golden as in

the days of old? These and other questions passed quickly through his head.

He alighted from the coach, placed the expected coin in the waiting palm, and hurriedly looked about. There was a rustle of skirts. Yes, she *was* there and he greeted her first.

* * * *

They were standing on the Pequot dock, looking out over the sail-dotted Sound. She was a charming girl with just such dreamy blue eyes and wavy brown hair as most book-heroines, and few co-eds, have. He was a Yale man; she from Cornell, visiting New Haven for Senior Week.

"Your arguments are weak, Tom."

"But strong enough to win the point."

"I think you men are perfectly horrid. Just because we aspire to higher education, you make all manner of fun of us, and say we'd better be learning to keep house. You are narrow and prejudiced—so there."

"Hear! hear!" drawled lazily from under his straw hat.

"And then again—there's our athletics. You ridicule our 'co-ed crew' and everything we do."

"I hate poetry."

"You're horrid."

"Thus I aspire—" But a scream of anguish cut his laughter short. Turning quickly, he saw the upturned bottom of a cat-boat several rods beyond the pier. Hastily he ran into the boathouse to get a rope, but, unable to find one, he seized a canoe and rushed to the rescue. Too late. Just as he reached the end of the dock he saw, on the float below, the dripping figure of his late companion and in her arms the drenched victim of the disaster.

Tom Platt, Yale, 19—, sprang down the ladder, and standing in the middle of the float with uplifted hat cried,—"Hurrah for the 'co-ed stroke.' Cornell I yell-yell-yell-Cornell!"

THE ERA

A Journal of the University

VOL. XXXIV

JUNE, 1902

NO. 6

TERMS.—The subscription price is \$2.00 per year in advance and \$2.25 when it has not been paid by April 15th. Single copies, 75 cents, may be obtained at the *College Bookstore*.

BOARD OF EDITORS

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Entered at the post office, Ithaca, N. Y., as second class matter.

THE ERA takes pleasure in announcing the election of Arthur J. Tietje, '03, as editor-in-chief for next year, the re-election of John M. Keeler, Jr., '03, as business manager, and the election of Fred B. Humphrey, '04, as assistant business manager. The position of artistic editor, left vacant for the present, will be filled by a special com-

petition, which will close November 1st. Candidates are requested to confer with the new editor immediately.

* * * *

With this issue the present board completes its editorial labors and passes the pleasures and responsibilities of office on to its successors. The change is usually made the occasion of valedictory remarks on the part of the retiring editor, and a few words of the sort may here be not inappropriate. The ERA has now completed two years as a monthly literary magazine, and has completed them with a fair degree of success. There can no longer be any doubt that the change made two years ago was a wise one and will be permanent. The position of this publication in Cornell journalism seems to be definite and assured.

Not the same satisfaction, however, can be expressed over the support that has been received from the students. Neither in subscriptions nor in contributions has the help accorded been as extensive as it easily might have been. In these days of strenuous athletics and of "practical education," the attention and support given in college to the art of writing seems to be on the decline. The retrogression is by no means peculiar to our University, but is not the less to be deplored.

However, in this their last word, the ERA editors of the class of 1902 wish to express to those who have helped by subscription or contribution their heartiest thanks, and to their successors the best of good wishes.

* * * *

The attention of subscribers is called to the fact that a perfect volume for binding, correctly paged and free from advertising, may be obtained by omitting the book reviews from each number.

* * * *

The retiring editor has chosen "Psychology and a Nightshirt," published in this number, as the story to represent Cornell in the intercollegiate series being published in the *Pacific Monthly*.

THE UNIVERSITY

PRETTY girls and matronly patronesses, old "grads" who had prospered and grown stout with age, "prep" school boys and girls from Buffalo, swains and swainesses from Varna and Caroline swarmed into old Cayuga town on Memorial Day, not to do honor to the fallen heroes of 1865, but, perhaps less appropriately, to honor the brawny heroes of three crews. The old town has seldom seen such a motley crowd—one which presented such strange mixture of many types. As a rule the influx of visitors is the bevy of charming maids who linger for a few days at Junior and Senior Week. On Memorial Day everybody comes—all loyal Cornellians if we may judge from undulating streamers of red and white which flutter conspicuously. At all events the race is popular. Thousands crowd the observation train and pleasure boats, and thousands more line the shore.

The unsteadiness and erratic playing of the base ball team has marred the record of a nine which not only consists of a set of strong individual players but contains one or two men who are perhaps without a superior in the college base ball world. Still the team has won but one "big" game—that against Pennsylvania. The team and "Hughey" and "Whin" have worked conscientiously, the best of harmony prevails, and yet something is lacking. The team has too great a propensity to aeronautic excursions, or perhaps misses the necessary quota of first-rate pitchers. Be that as it may. They have not won, but they have played excep-

tionally clean, gentlemanly, sportsmanlike ball, and after all that is as important as winning.

The seniors were boys again, if only for a morning, on the 14th of May. The uppermost of the dignified upper classmen returned to their childhood days—but it required some practice. It was really fun to watch the serious-faced fellows laboriously trying to spin tops ; merry to see them chasing hoops across the quadrangle ; even a little ludicrous to see the “bull in the ring” and “red rover.” In any event, they seemed to have a good time.

The lacrosse team which has been silently but steadily practicing for the past two years with quiet but deep enthusiasm, surprised the university—and perhaps themselves—in winning the intercollegiate championship by a series of decisive victories over Pennsylvania, Harvard, and Columbia. The developing and coaching of the team rested almost entirely on the shoulders of the captain, H. M. Wood, who, beside turning out a team which would have reflected credit on many a professional coach, aroused so much interest in the sport, that the small nucleus of old players left should find no difficulty in forming a creditable team in 1903.

THE DUEL.

LOVE and Friendship met one day ;
Words were high
And they drew their swords to see
Who should fly.

Love laid low proud Friendship's crest
In the road,
And without a parting glance
Off he strode.

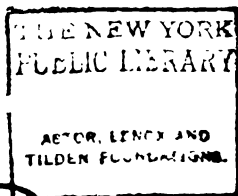
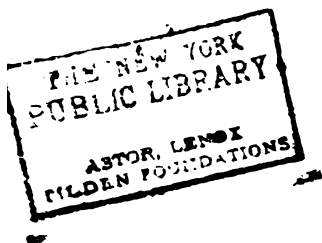
But poor Friendship, wounded sore
Past relief
Took his dagger, thus to end
All his grief.

"Wherefore linger in the world
Ever maimed?
Would not death be better than
Love untamed?"

Low they found him in the dust,
Cold and dead,
And he'd scratched upon his shield
What they read :

"Love and Friendship, fighting here,
Bid adieu,
For the world was far too small
For the two."

R. L. G.



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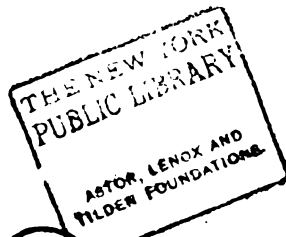
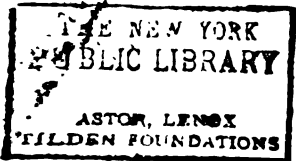
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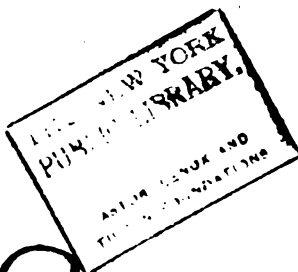
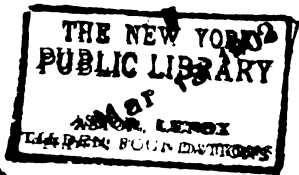
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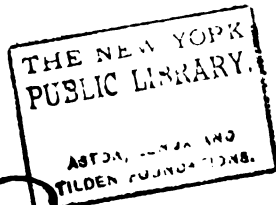
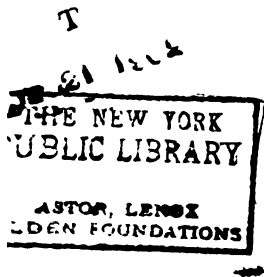
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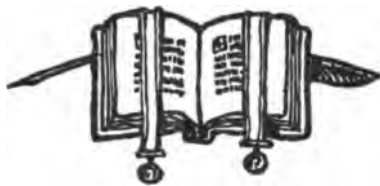
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U-PI-DEE.

A new Co-ed has alighted in town,
U-pi-dee, U-pi-da!
In an up-to-datest tailor-made gown, U-pi-de-t-da!
The boys are wild, and prax is, too,
You never saw such a bulls-ba-ton.

CHORUS. — U-pi-dee-t-dee-t-da! etc.

Her voice is clear as a soaring lark's,
And her wit is like those trolley-car sparks!
When 'cross a muddy street she flies,
The boys all have constipation fits!

The turn of her head turns all our, too,
There's always a strife to sit in her pew;
'Tis enough to make a parson drunk,
To hear her sing old co-co-che-lunk!

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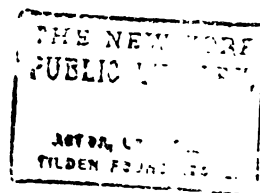
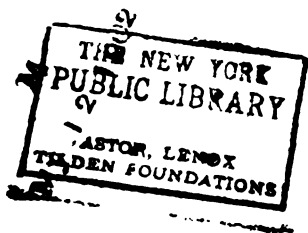
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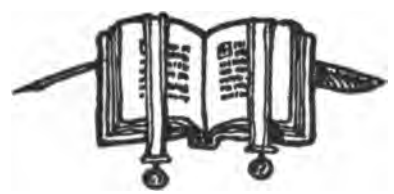
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BOOK REVIEWS

Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. By Charles Major. The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

"Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall," Charles Major's new book, is in a good many ways like his first novel, "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Both are simply told, thorough-going love stories, and when that is said the books are characterized. In "Dorothy Vernon," however, Mr. Major has written a much better book than "When Knighthood Was in Flower." Dorothy is a strong character who has a most marked personality, and, with all her charm of face and figure and her overwhelming love for John Manners, she makes a delightful picture that the reader is glad to take away with him. John Manners is also a strong character and well drawn. The secondary love story of Madge and Malcolm serves to round out the book and to keep the main love story from dragging. Even a cursory glance through Dorothy Vernon can scarcely help revealing the dramatic possibilities of the book ; in fact, the book is really only a series of dramatic scenes strung together. One cannot help wondering if the author did not write it with a view to dramatizing it. The historical side of the book is incorrect, and historical incidents are twisted around to suit the purposes of the story. In fact the whole book is written with the purpose of making an interesting and entertaining story, without much regard to probability. In this object Mr. Major has succeeded extremely well, and his charming story is well worth the reading. His vigorous and forceful style has helped him much in accomplishing his purpose.

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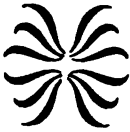
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